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MODERN SCREEN

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with Fay Wray, Leo Carrillo, Stuart Erwin, Geo. E. Stone, Joseph Schildkraut, Henry B. Walthall, Katherine De Mille. Produced by David O. Selznick. Directed by Jack Conway. From the screen play by Ben Hecht, suggested by the book by Edgcomb Pinchon and O. B. Stade.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

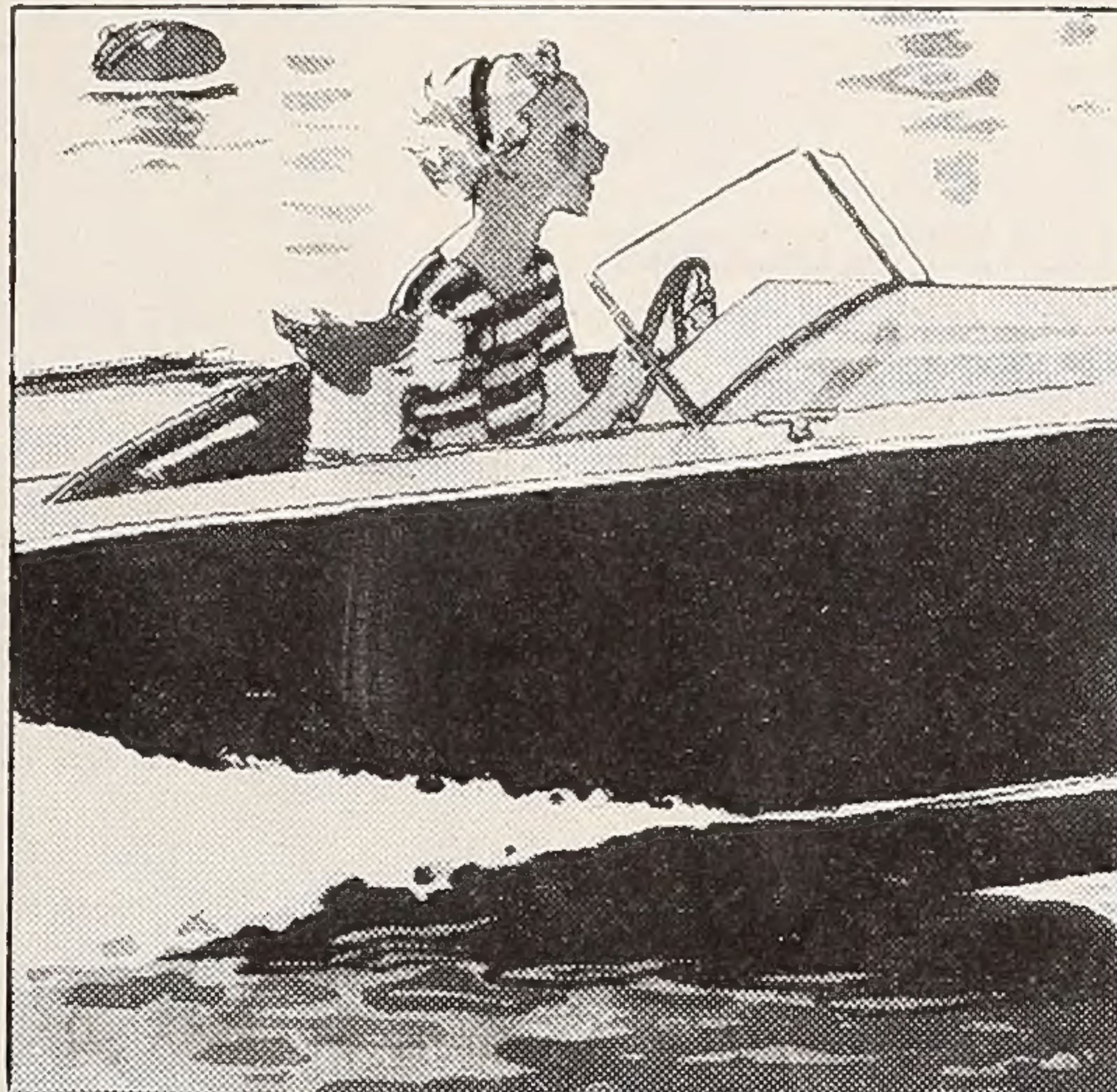


Isn't It A Shame!

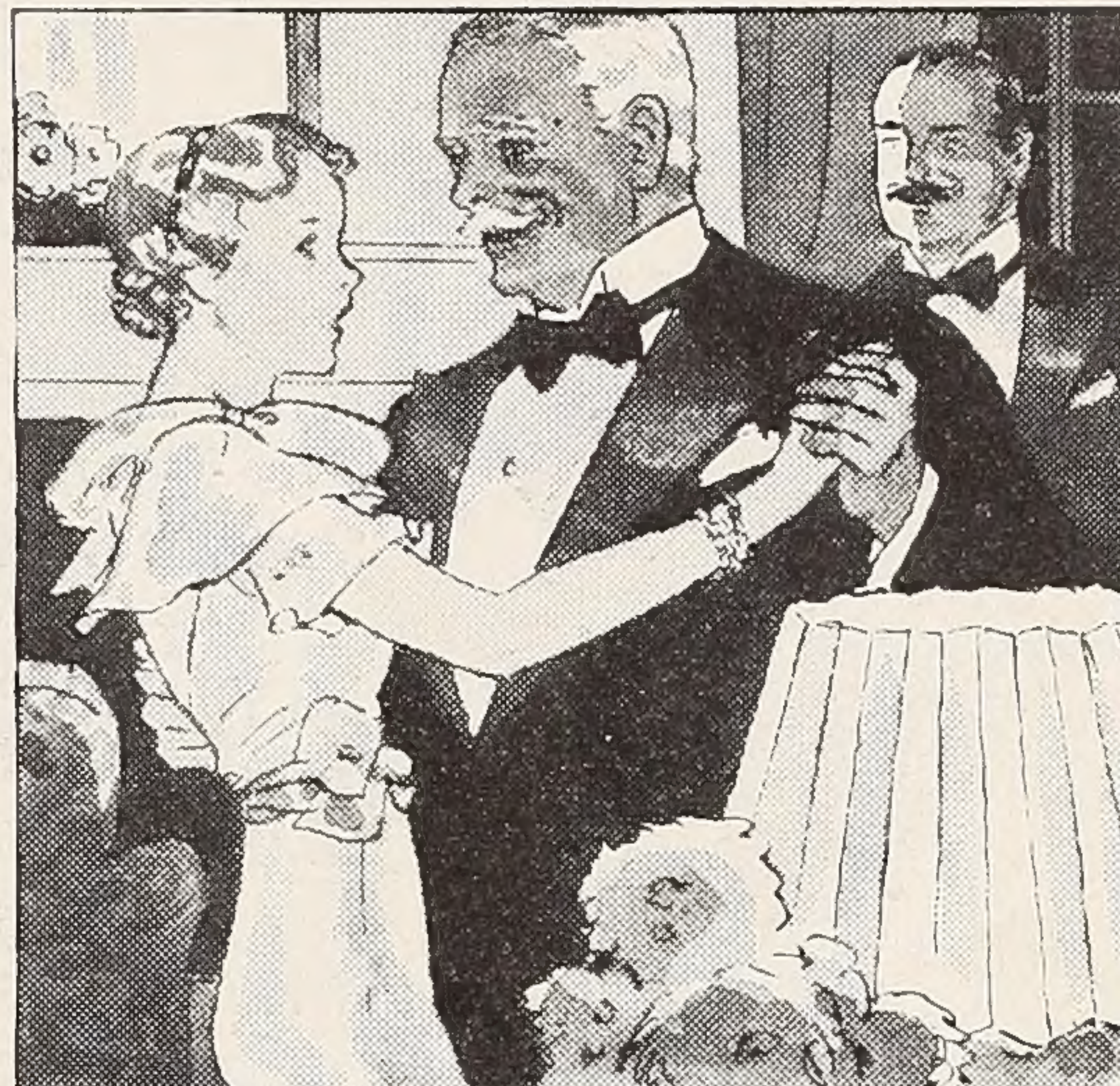
HER FAMILY HAVE A GRAND PLACE IN NEWPORT—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



When Ellen's at Newport, her life is a round of bathing, beach parties, luncheons, and contract. Her father has money. But—there's a "but" about Ellen!



Ellen speeds in high-powered craft—wins cups in the yawl races—goes cruising on her father's yacht. But the "but" about Ellen spoils her good times!



The men who spend week-ends with Ellen's father ask Ellen to go dancing. But where are the young men? The "but" about Ellen is her teeth!



Why doesn't Ellen's father tell her that her teeth are dingy, unattractive? She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" can rob a girl's smile of its charm!



Ellen should go to a dentist. He'd tell her to begin at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.



It wouldn't be long, with Ipana and massage, before Ellen would have sparkling teeth again—and young men to go sailing with, and dancing with!

Older men are gallant—but young men size a girl up! Even though a girl has money, she had better be attractive-looking, too! And that includes being attractive when she smiles.

Don't be an Ellen. Clean your teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste, and each time, put a little extra Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

massage it into your inactive gums.

Gums today are inclined to be tender, and to bleed, because today's foods are neither coarse nor crunchy enough to exercise them properly. That is why you should massage your gums with Ipana.

The ziratol in Ipana plus the massage aids in stimulating and toning them, so that "pink tooth brush" is kept at bay. And in avoiding "pink tooth brush," you should avoid gum troubles like gingivitis and Vincent's disease. Your teeth are safer, too.

Ipana is excellent for the teeth—and keeps the gums healthy. Use it! Be good-looking when you smile!

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Modern Screen

FOR JULY

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Modern Screen

MAE WEST



"IT AIN'T NO SIN"

with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, Duke Ellington & Band • Directed by Leo McCarey
If it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!



ALL THINGS *Considered*

BY THE EDITOR

LADIES and gentlemen, boys and girls, brethren and sistern! There are two things I want to tell you about today.

First, let me announce that, in the next issue of MODERN SCREEN, we will launch a brand new department and, what's more, a brand new idea. We will call it "MODERN SCREEN'S Dramatic School." How many want to join? Maybe you'd like to know just what the nature of this new department will be. All right—listen:

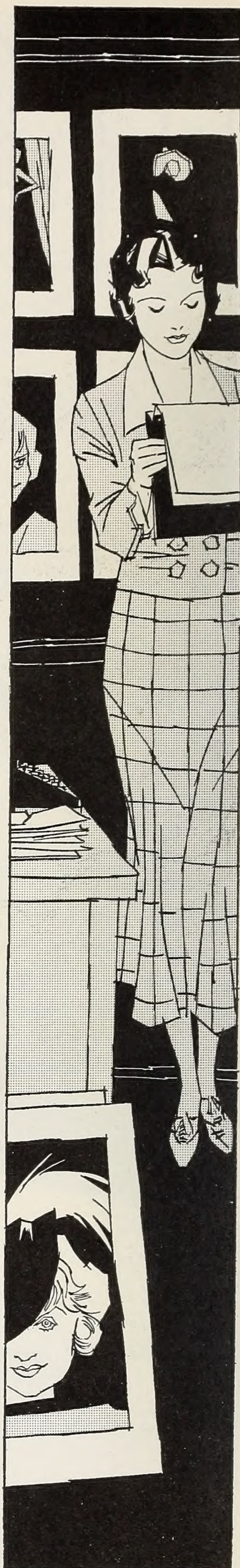
It will do a great deal more than a quick glance at its name would indicate. First, it will contain informative and interesting articles on dramatic technique for those of you who are truly interested in a stage or screen career. I receive many letters from young people who are most eager to take steps toward such a career—but they haven't the faintest idea how to begin. Well, we won't, of course, guarantee to make you famous or launch you in Hollywood. But we will tell you many things which will be a help to you if you want to be an actor or an actress. Several important Hollywood directors have already expressed their willingness to contribute articles to this department. And you will get the real stuff—no hooey. Real advice about speaking, stage deportment, the right way to make up, dress, walk, stand, sit. How to make the most of your best points and cover up your bad points.

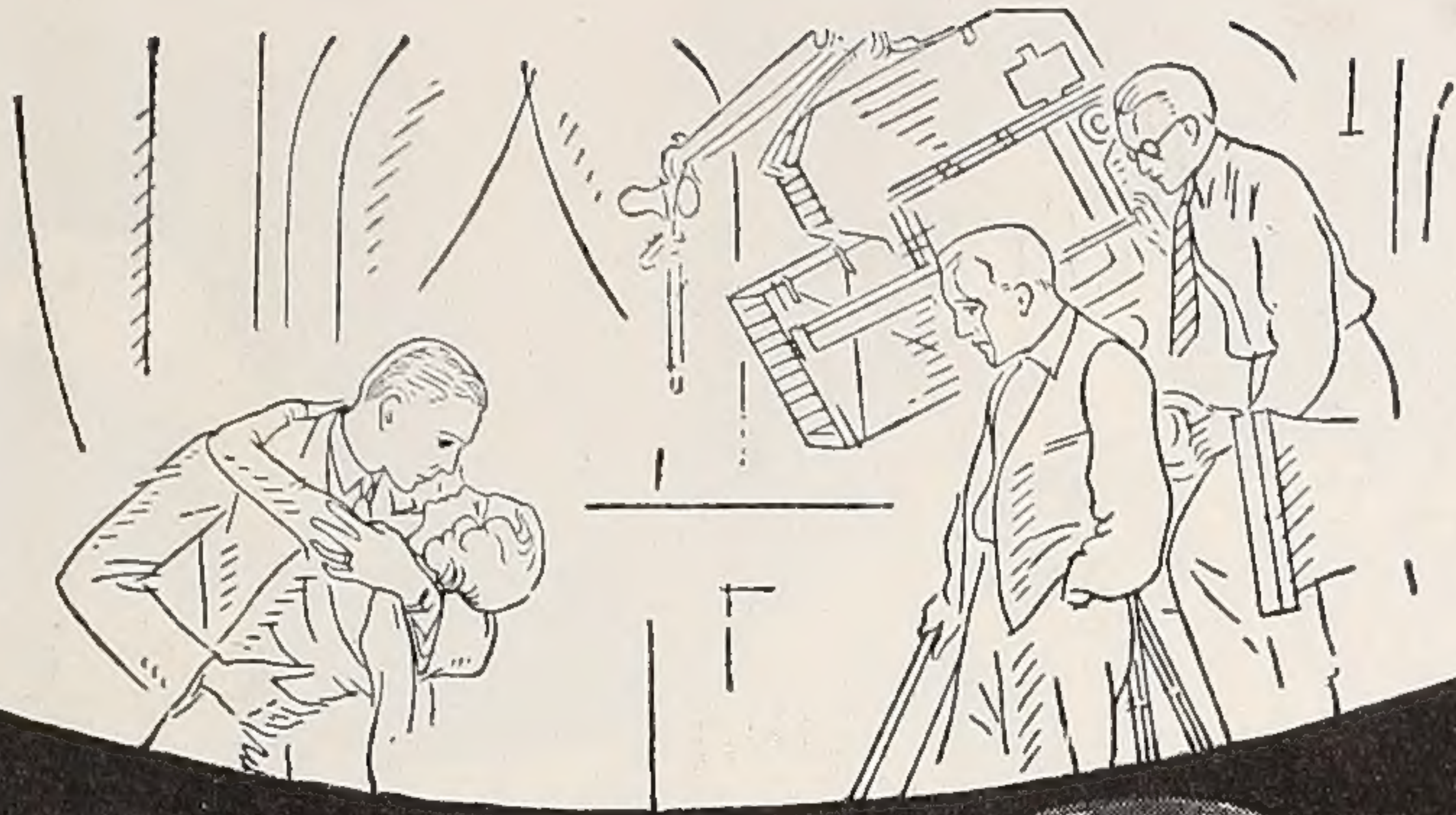
Then, the second purpose of this department (or maybe you've already guessed it) is to give helpful advice to those of you who, perhaps, don't give a whoop about a dramatic career but who would, nevertheless, like to be more attractive and forceful people in your everyday lives. After all, the very things which make an actress glamorous and alluring would make any woman glamorous and alluring, isn't that so?

We will make the article just as technical—or just as general—as you want. Write to me with suggestions.

Then, the other matter I want to mention is also a department—and also a brand new idea.

This second department is one which we are starting in response to many requests from our male readers. We have been scolded for giving the ladies too much of a break. All right, gentlemen! In a very early issue of MODERN SCREEN we will commence a department for you. We'll give you articles on the various purely masculine hobbies of the Hollywood men-folk. A famous Western star will talk to you about horses and riding. The amateur photography bugs will discuss that enthralling pastime with you. The star Hollywood athletes will tell you how to improve your tennis, golf and swimming. We're after Joe E. Brown, right now, for a baseball article. And—well, how about some suggestions from you? We aim to please.





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THE MODERN HOSTESS



Adrienne Ames, Bruce Cabot's charming wife, gives the June bride of today—and yesterday, as well—tips on how to hold her man, speaking from a culinary standpoint. Simplicity is the keynote of success in this direction, says she. (Left) An array of cooking aids which every housewife should have in her kitchen, if she would be truly modern.

By PHYLLIS
DEEN-DUNNING

THIS being the month of June, and June being the month of brides, I feel I should send out a special message about home-making to the girls who are altar-bound.

How to be happy though married is a subject upon which everyone

loves to air his views. But if you think I'm going to attempt to give you a few pat rules for holding a husband you are wrong. Not that I shouldn't love to—I have a complete set of wonderful theories which I'd simply adore to have you try out—but this department is consecrated to

tested and proven facts about home-making and is, therefore, no place for anything which can't be reduced to level measurements. And so I am going to pass on to you some ideas which Bruce Cabot's charming wife, Adrienne Ames, set forth in a recent conversation I had with her.

The big, general, all inclusive principle of running a home of which you can be justly proud—whether it's a Spanish hacienda in Hollywood or a New England cottage on Cape Cod—is to keep everything simple, never attempting to do any more than you can do with ease and charm, says Adrienne.

To illustrate: if you are having friends or relatives in for dinner, don't work yourself into a frenzy preparing an elaborate meal. Content yourself (Continued on page 99)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

MODERN SCREEN Magazine

149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

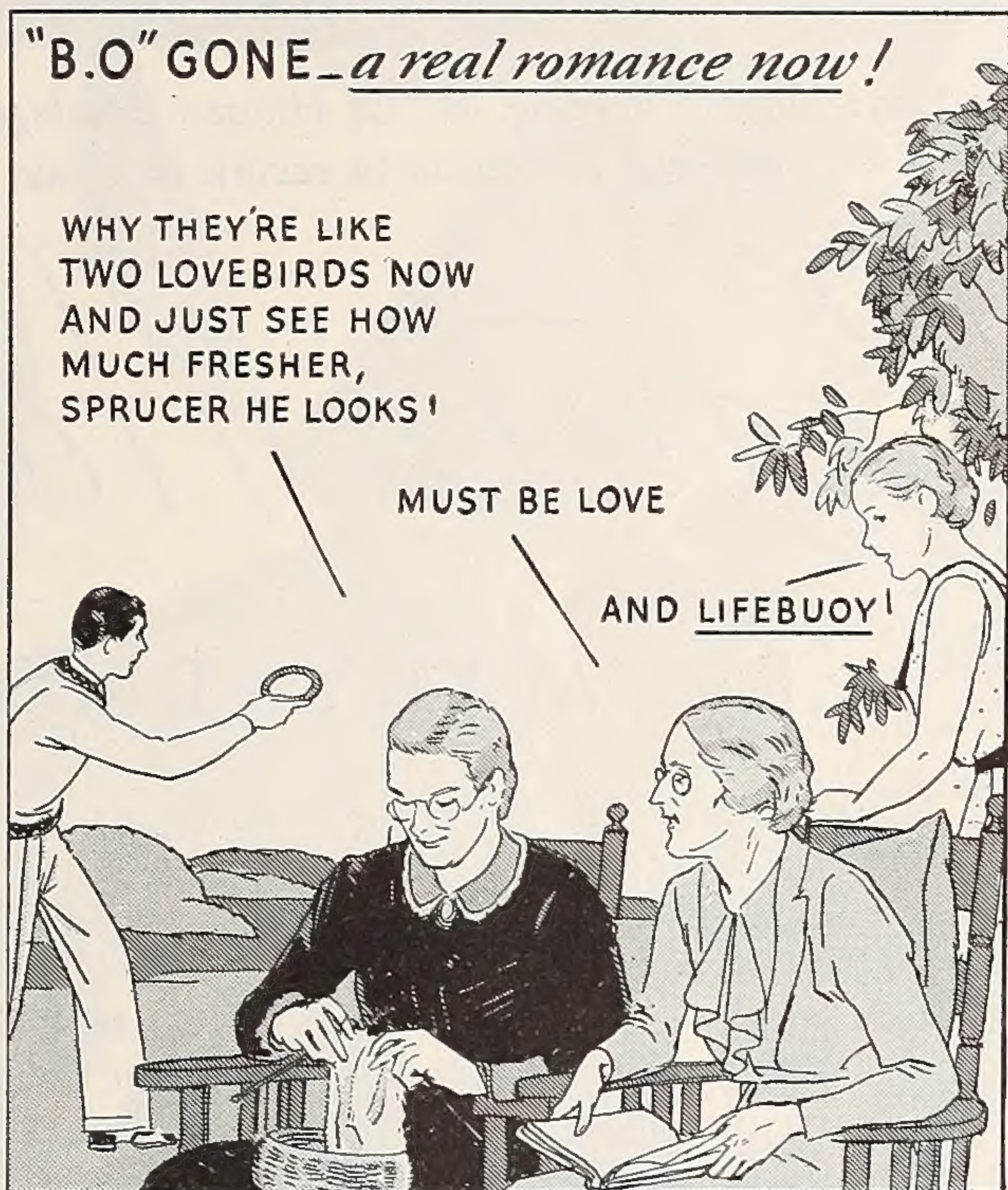
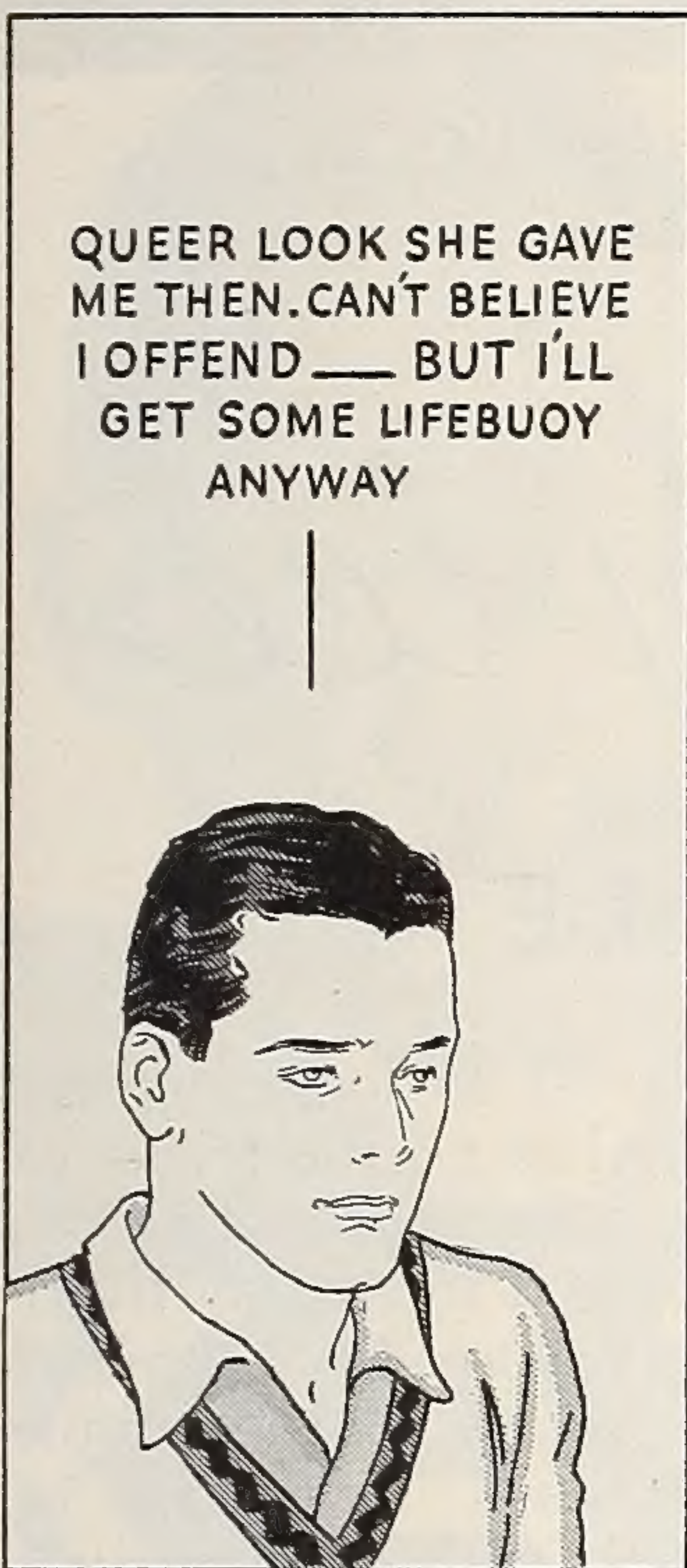
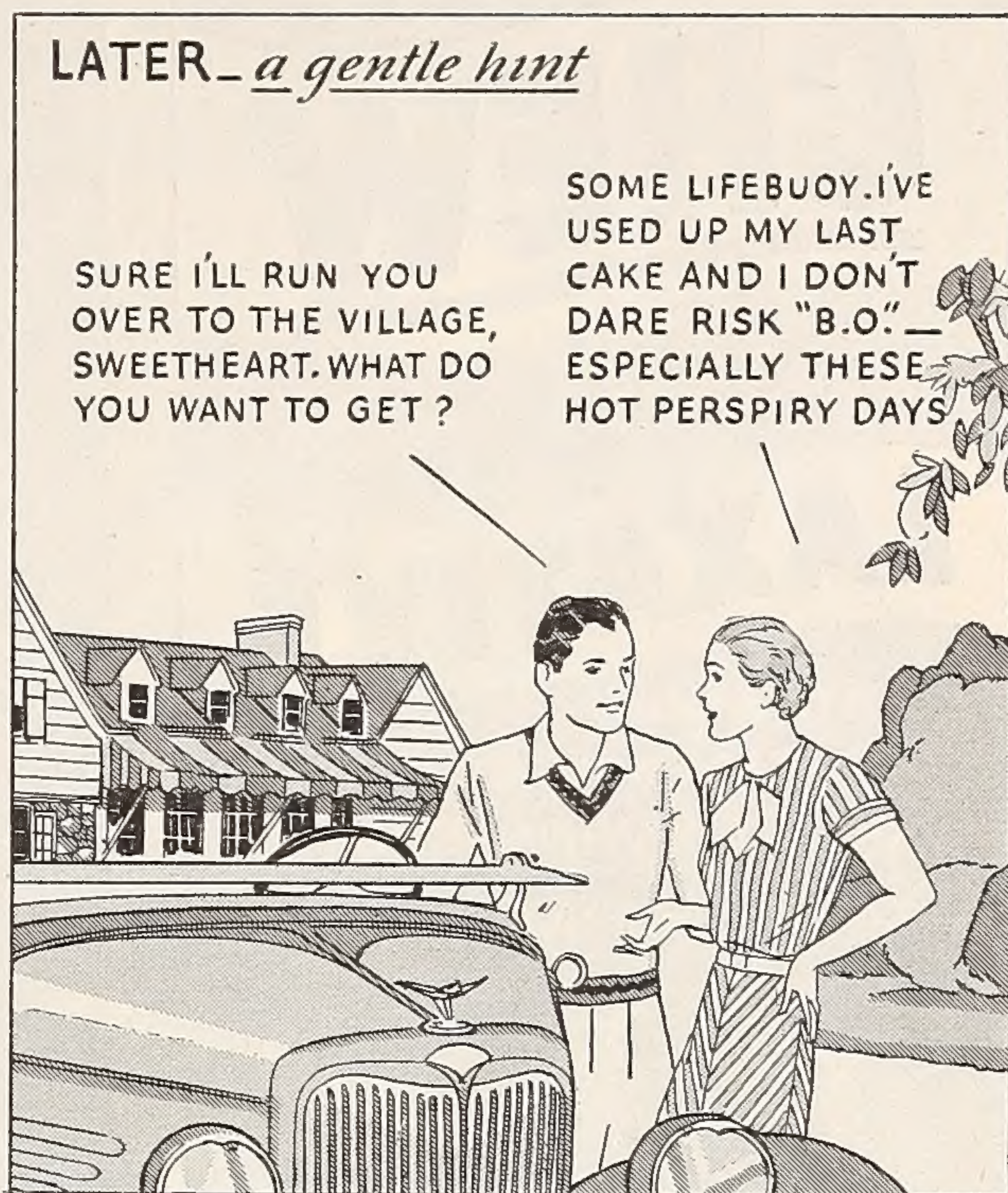
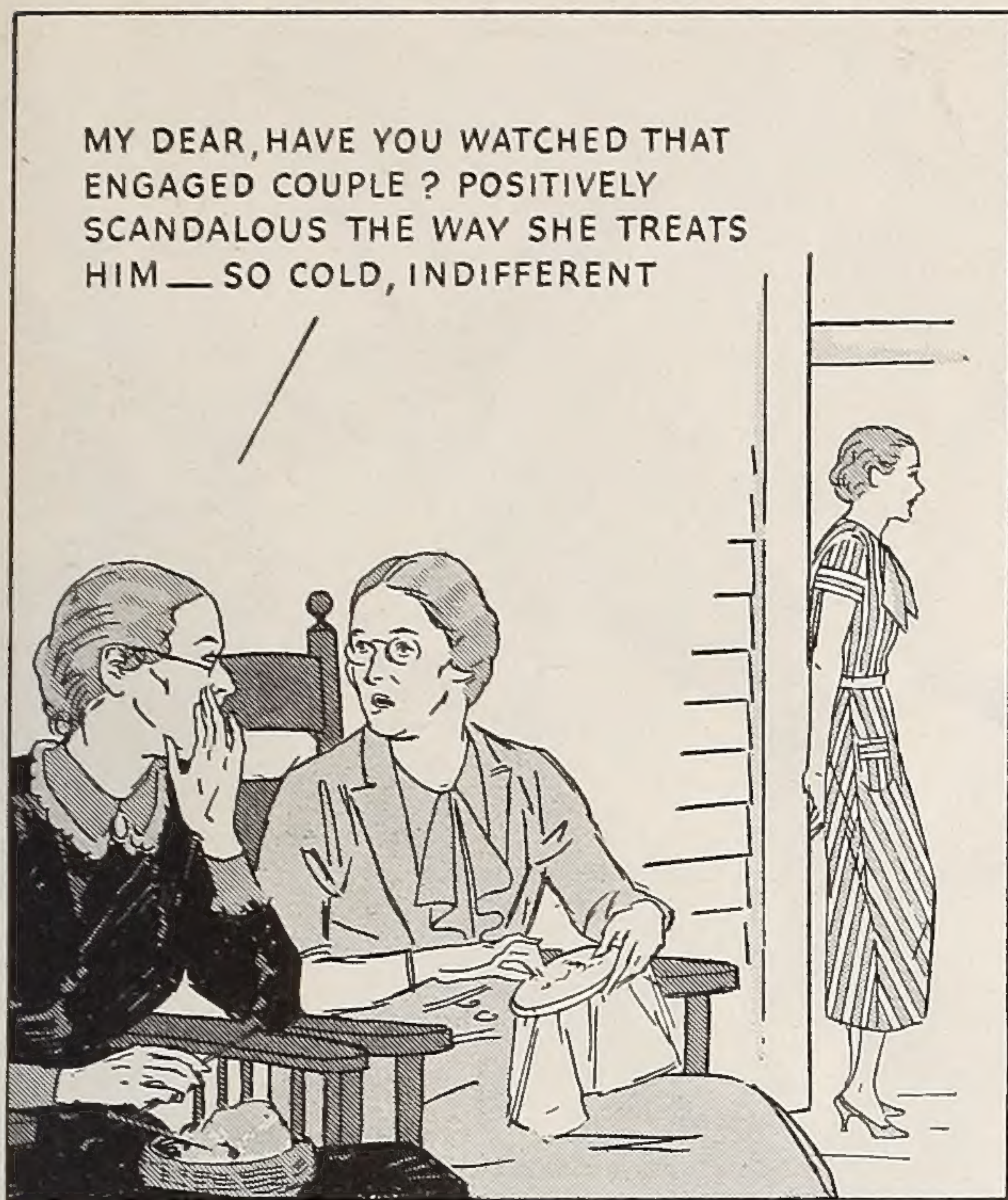
Please send me the recipes for July, 1934.

Name.....
(Print in pencil)

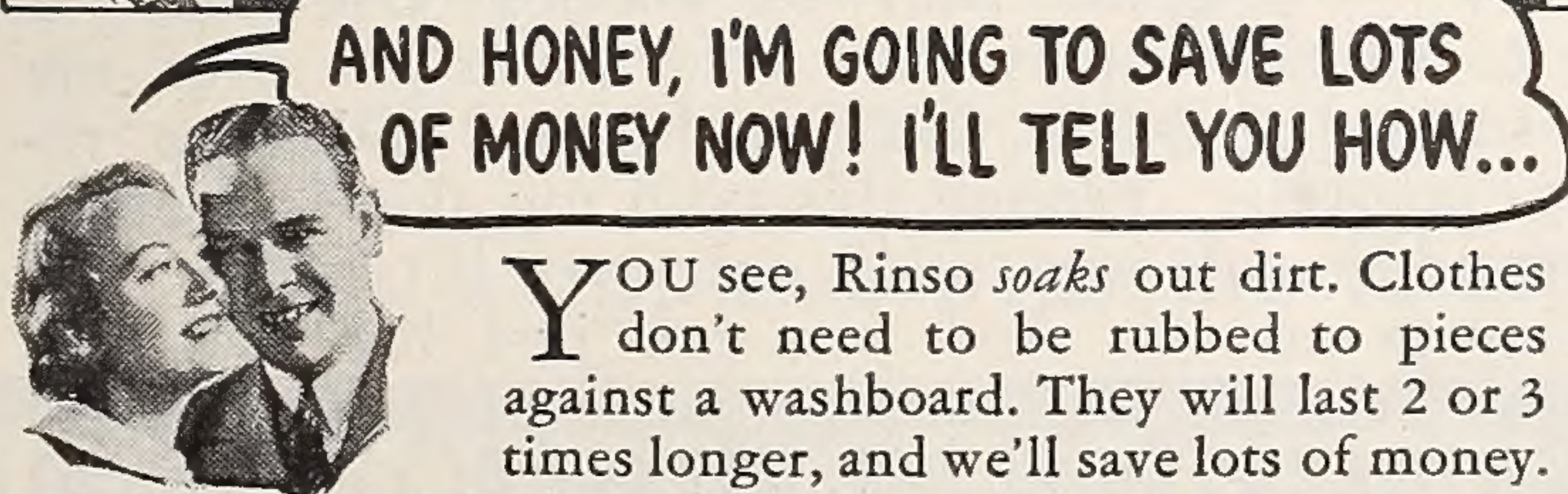
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EVEN HER HUSBAND NOTICED IT...



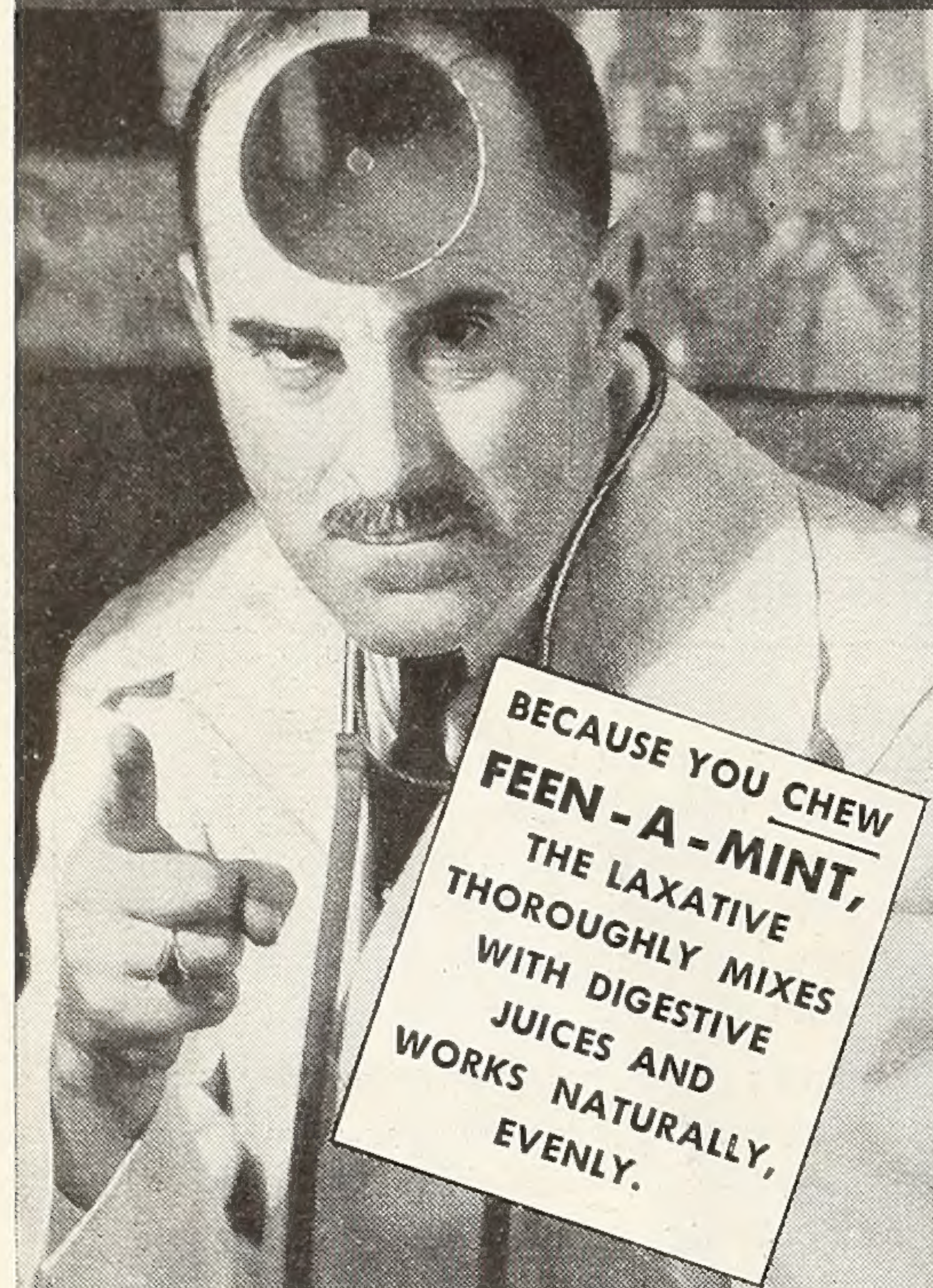
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CONSTIPATION
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DELICIOUS FLAVOR
AND THE CHEWING
CERTAINLY MAKES
A DIFFERENCE IN THE
SMOOTH WAY THE
LAXATIVE WORKS.



Feen-a-mint
The Chewing-Gum LAXATIVE



Bette Davis, lovely heroine in "Of Human Bondage" for RKO, advocates rest and relaxation to secure or retain beauty.

Beauty Advice

By MARY BIDDLE

WHAT hour of the day spells glamor to you? Are you one of the hundreds who must be preparing for a much-anticipated evening in a favorite smart dancing spot, decked out in a late, streamlined model before you start thinking of glamor? So many of us are inclined to think of smartness only in terms of dates—evenings, week-ends and vacations—that I wonder if we don't pass up a hundred chances at glamor every day of our lives. How about "every-day glamor?" What of "eight A. M. glamor?"

"Most girls look simply awful in the morning when they wake up." It was beautiful Claudette Colbert talking. "They're all covered with cold cream, their hair is up in curlers, and their hands are rough, dry and red. It must be shocking to a man. Maybe that's why there are so many divorces. And, really, all that greasing and curling and redness is so unnecessary."

Her vehemence led me to inquire what methods she would suggest to avoid this early morning unloveliness, and from her I learned some helpful hints that I am going to pass on to you. Most people are under the impression that there is no ex-

cuse for an actress to look unglamorous, since she has all the tricks of the trade at her command and all the do-re-mi with which to employ them. But, surprisingly enough, I learned that the stars adhere to the simple little home methods that can be adopted so easily and inexpensively by everyone.

"The first thing I do when I awake in the morning," Claudette informed me, "is to dash out to the kitchen and take a pan of ice-cubes from my refrigerator. I empty the cubes into the bowl in the bathroom and while they are melting I busy myself, thoroughly cleansing my face with a pure cleansing cream. This I wipe off with soft cleansing tissues, which I am always careful to use with an upward motion, beginning at the neckline and working up to the forehead."

"By this time most of the ice has melted, and then comes the cold spray that awakens and beautifies the skin as nothing else can. I splash the cold water all over my face, neck and arms and keep repeating this until my skin is a glowing pink."

And you can just bet Claudette isn't one to retire at night without thoroughly (Continued on page 105)

As always — Warner Bros. bring you the greatest of stars in the greatest of stories! Now.



KAY FRANCIS

Only a super-woman could have lived this story... Only a super-star could bring it to the screen! You'll marvel as you watch the supreme artistry of Kay Francis sweep triumphantly through a role only the greatest dared to play!

DR. MONICA

You'll thrill as four great personalities from Warner Bros. famed star ranks re-create the story critics warned could not be screened! You'll applaud it as the finest dramatic achievement of the present year!

JEAN MUIR ★ WARREN WILLIAM ★ VERREE TEASDALE

Directed by William Keighley A First National Picture

HOW PERFECTLY SIMPLE



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BETWEEN YOU AND ME

Come and join us in our monthly chats. They're intimate and friendly. And if you have anything at all worth while to say, we'll be glad to print it

IF She Ever Met Them

R. K., of Cranford, N. J., would say:

Will Rogers: I wouldn't miss a picture of yours for anything, but won't you please speak just a little more distinctly?

Janet Gaynor: Can't you manage to hitch yourself to Gene Raymond—reely?

Florence Desmond: Some day, maybe they'll appreciate you.

Marian Nixon: You're too tiny for grown-up roles. Give us another "Rebecca."

David Manners: I'd strike for better roles. You deserve 'em.

Producers: Won't you team Lupe Velez with James Cagney just so we can watch the fur fly when he socks her on the jaw?

Typing Ric Cortez?

FLORENCE THYSTRUP, of Council Bluffs, Iowa, says don't:

Never was there an actor more astonishing and attractive than Ricardo Cortez. He was marvelous with Kay Francis in "The House on 56th Street" and even more so in "Wonder Bar" with Dolores Del Rio. But why must he always play the part of a gambler? He is more suited to the role of a sincere lover. May he make many more pictures like "Symphony of Six Million."

What! No Romance?

S. G., of Lodi, Calif., has a suggestion:

Before I went to see "Massacre" I thought the show was nothing but a lot of hooey. But I can now say that it is the best talkie I have ever seen. It made me realize the difficulties which the Indians have. Why don't they make more of these shows instead of this romance trash? And why not team Barthelmess and Dvorak in another picture? (Guess Warner Bros. agrees with you, for this pair will be seen shortly in "Midnight Alibi.")

The Queen of Serials

MARY LOU ZEBROE, Pasadena, Calif., has a word to say about serials:

Not so long ago, serials were considered mighty good entertainment and fans agreed that Ruth Roland was indeed the serial queen. We all loved Ruth. Then she left the screen. Maybe it was just coincidence; anyway chapter plays hit the dust.

Of late, however, they've become popular again and are being shown in the nicest theaters. Which brings to mind that Ruth Roland is still in Hollywood, still charming and lovely and, gosh, it would be a treat to see her in serials!

The Title's the Thing

CLIFFORD DEAL, of Salisbury, Wilts, England, comments wisely about the importance of picture titles:

I have often wondered how film producers pick such out-of-the-question titles, and why so many really good pictures are condemned because the titles fail to appeal. In my opinion, a title should convey to the picture-goer an idea of the story, even if it's sex appeal.

There are so many pictures with misleading titles it is impossible to quote them here. It has often been suggested that "sexy" titles have box-office appeal, but when the story turns out to be a frost, the public thinks twice before they are caught again. On the other hand, picture patrons not attracted to undress performances often judge the story by the title and when witnessing the film discover it to be all about sex, and come away disgusted. There is no doubt about it, titles mean a lot to the box-office returns and the reputation of the producers and the stars featured

Some Pet Peeves

"SMARTY," of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, gets a few off her chest:

(Continued on page 17)

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World's Largest Selling TINTS and DYES



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LET'S TALK ABOUT LOVE

By
ALICE
VAN DORAN

Mae West with Johnny Mack Brown
in "It Ain't No Sin."

"How can I be
popular?"
Everyone wants
to know. There
is some honest advice
here, which should help

WHAT do you suppose is the most popular question asked this department? Well, the most popular question is "How can I be popular?" And "Please, Miss Van Doran, won't you tell me how I can be more attractive?" To men, of course, they all mean. You know, I hope, that this is a dangerous, difficult and ticklish subject to talk about. However, with all due modesty, I'm going to endeavor to discuss it.

Beauty experts, heart-throb editors and the rest of the clan are apt to take refuge behind the stereotyped advice, "Be yourself," "Develop your personality" and the like. I realize quite well that many young people don't know exactly how to "be themselves." They haven't yet discovered what their own particular "self" is. And then, too, what's the good of being told to "develop your personality" when you haven't the faintest idea how to go about it? Excellent as both these injunctions are, they are a bit too vague and general to be of much assistance to the average young boy or girl.

There are a few good old fundamental rules for every girl who wants to win her share of fun and admiration in this life. One of the most important is "Be feminine." Don't be noisy, horsey or tomboyish after you leave the kid stage. Whether you're a big girl or a little girl, Sweet Sixteen or Going On Thirty, be feminine. If you're little, it's easy. But don't overdo it. If you're big, cultivate dignity without starchiness.

By feminine, I don't mean female. Don't throw your sex at a man. Sex appeal can be alluringly in evidence without that.

One of the biggest barriers against popularity, I think,

is youthful self-consciousness. (And it isn't only the very young who are self-conscious, either.) You go to a party, for example, and, whereas you may be a delightfully natural young person in your own home, the crowds, or the strange people get you all flustered. You're not sure of anything you do or say. You can't *think* of anything to say. That's one of the greatest drawbacks to popularity—that tongue-tied shyness which comes over one and blots every single idea right out of the old head. You'll get over this shyness if you go out enough, but too many people are apt to retire into a shell after one or two such terrible experiences. How to overcome it?

FOR one thing, I should say, you must be awfully, awfully sure of your manners. I mean just plain ordinary manners. This may take a bit of study and work, but it's worth it. Learn how to introduce people and to receive introductions. Learn how to stand and walk and act. Be sure of your dress and hair and make-up before you leave home and don't be eternally fussing with yourself after you reach the party. Then, when you enter a room, *don't think about yourself*. I realize that that is one of the oldest pieces of advice dished out, but it's still good. How can you take your mind off yourself? Why, concentrate on the person you are meeting. Concentrate on a piece of furniture—anything, so long as you don't get into a terrible mental dither and keep thinking, "Oh, what shall I say, what shall I say? I look terrible. They're laughing at me. Oh, I did that wrong. Oh, I wish I hadn't come." Have tucked away in your head for ready reference a few gracious things to say, a few amusing things to say. Don't drag them in by (Continued on page 119)

THE SMART *MOST SATISFACTORY* WAY TO AVOID UNSIGHTLY HAIR ON ARMS & LEGS



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THAT'S the best way to banish ugly dark hair on arms and legs. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE** with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. That's what smart women are doing. It's daintier, safer—results are *more satisfactory*.

Remember this. Hair growth on limbs is natural. To shave it off or rub it off or to try to affect the hair roots, goes against nature. And nature hits back by making hair grow back thicker and blacker.

So don't touch the hair, advise Marchand's hair experts—take the blackness out of it. **MAKE IT INVISIBLE**. One or two treatments with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it so light and unnoticeable, no one sees it. Then you can wear all the short-sleeved frocks and sheer stockings you want. You won't have to worry about coarse regrowth or irritating the skin. Arms and legs look smooth, dainty, attractive always.

Summer is here. Use Marchand's

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Marchand's Golden Hair Wash is used by thousands of attractive blondes. It restores youthful color and luster to darkened hair—brings a new loveliness of subtle lights and glints to the dullest hair. Keeps blonde hair from darkening. Used safely, successfully at home. Not a dye. Economical—be sure to get genuine.

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45c enclosed (send coins or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. MM734

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FROM THE STARS' ALBUMS

Here are some pictures which the stars themselves took. Interesting, aren't they? We'll have lots more to show you in our next issue



Mrs. Dolores Costello Barrymore caught John and Junior in a nice pose on the "Infanta." (Right) Jackie Cooper teaching his pet tricks. Photo credit goes to his Ma. (Below) Little Leslie Howard likes polo ponies just as much as her famous father does. Papa took the snapshot.



(Above) Sally scored very nicely with her bows and arrows and hubby, Harry Brown, has a picture to prove it. They were vacationing up in Yosemite.



(Right) Madge Evans is a picture-taking fiend, too. She sneaked onto the "Viva Villa" set and caught Wallie Beery, Leo Carrillo and Stu Erwin while they weren't looking.



Between You and Me

(Continued from page 12)

Speaking of Katie Hepburn as a "vivid" personality. Wrong! Her face portrays strong character, but there's nothing Joan Crawfordish about her. Thank heavens.

Describing Rudy Vallee's voice as "appealing." Rilly! The bozo has no voice. Much less an appealing one. When will someone realize that the nation is fed up with "his time?" And Rudy in "George White's Scandals." Nerts! Bing could have *made* that production. And *he* can act.

Seeing so little of the Bruce Cabot and Richard Arlen types. Thoughtlessness! Those boys are attractive and deserve better breaks.

Ruth Chatterton's Plans?

JILL MOND, of London, England, is alarmed:

Please put on record that we think Miss Chatterton is the most delightful actress on the screen. We are weeping and wailing and gnashing our teeth because we have not been able to read anything of her plans now that "Journal of a Crime" is completed. Does this mean that those recent retirement rumors are true? Please say it isn't so! We are ardent Chatterton fans and cannot bear the thought that our idol may have made her last picture. (*Although she has not renewed her contract with Warner Bros., we are quite confident that Miss Chatterton will make many more pictures. She's been conferencing with Irving Thalberg of M-G-M. So weep no more, my lady.*)

Razzing Katie

B. M., of Bartow, Fla., is a wee bit upset, to put it mildly:

If Katharine Hepburn had to eat a five-story chocolate cake at one sitting without any liquid to wash it down, she would then have about one-tenth as much too much chocolate cake as the dear suffering peepul have of her. She is in everybody's hair. Everybody's soup. Everybody's way. Someone ought to tell her that enough of anything is too much and too much is fatal. She could get by with one-tenth as much publicity if she had something to declare besides vehemence, belligerence and bulldog tenacity.

(Continued on page 118)

"TALK ABOUT
TATTLE-TALE GRAY!
DID YOU NOTICE
DORA'S LINENS?"

"I KNOW!... BUT
IT'S NOT HER FAULT.
HER SOAP'S
TO BLAME."



Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with Fels-Naptha Soap



But change to Fels-Naptha Soap—and "Tattle-Tale Gray" scampers off forever! It's bound to—for Fels-Naptha is one soap that has the ability to *loosen* dirt completely. It *coaxes* grime out of tiniest threads. It gets clothes clean clear through—*dazzling white!* And here is why: Fels-Naptha is *not only* marvelous soap—*golden richer soap*. But it holds *lots of dirt-loosening naphtha*, too.

Clothes can't gossip—no indeed! Yet the very linens you set on a tea table—if they're a little dull and grayish—can tell tales on you. They can say that your clothes are poorly washed—that dirt is still hiding in them. So you seem careless to others—when it isn't your fault at all. It's your soap that's to blame—it doesn't get ALL the dirt out.



And the beauty of it is—Fels-Naptha is safe for everything! Never harsh like "trick" soaps. You can trust your finest chiffons and silk stockings to Fels-Naptha. It's a real pal to your hands—for there's soothing glycerine in every bar. And it's thrifter, too. You can now buy Fels-Naptha at the lowest price in almost twenty years.

Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.



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BEAUTIFUL

Lady



When you step from your bath you are a picture of loveliness...fragrantly fresh...alluringly beautiful. This is the same radiant charm you want your "man" to enjoy hours later when dining or dancing.

By creating a soothing and cooling coating for your skin...protecting it against the objectionable and wilting effect of body moisture; Dixie Deb Talc will help you keep all your glory and daintiness throughout an active day or an exciting evening.

Only a careless woman fails to understand the vital importance of this protection...the necessity of glorifying her entire body with Dixie Deb Talcum Powder.

Dixie Deb Talc is made of pure white, super-fine talcum, sifted through silk to give you the same soft smoothness found in the finest face powder.

Due to large-volume production, Dixie Deb Talc is sold at a very reasonable price...10c...and is available in ten subtle fragrances, the five newest of which are shown below

Ask for Dixie Deb Talcum powder at your favorite 10c store.



And don't forget there is a special talc for the Dixie deb to be...Dixie Deb Baby Powder.

DIXIE DEB

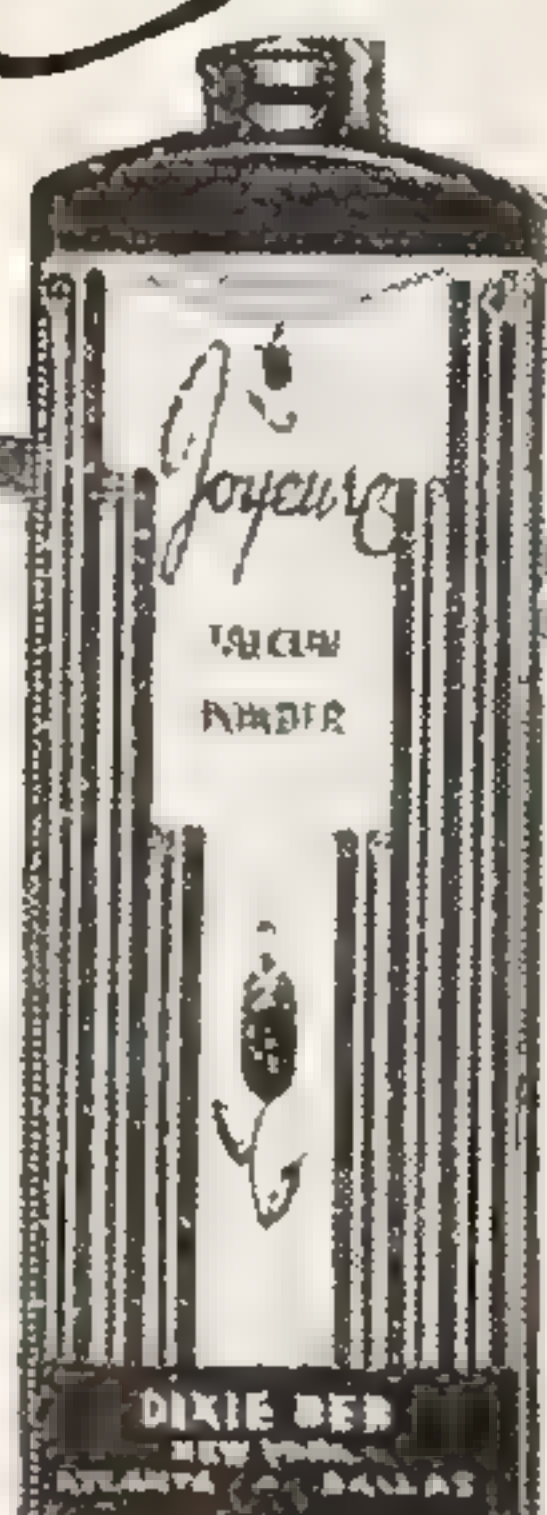
Cosmetics



ORCHID
A fragrance from the queen of flowers



TULIP
From the tulip beds of old Holland



JOYEUSE
The exotic fragrance of Oriental lovers



MOONLIGHT AND ROSES
Reminiscent of youthful romances



VENETIAN NIGHTS
Suggesting dreams of happy stolen hours



DICK AND RUBY

These two young people are now definitely set as a co-starring team. This time in "Dames," for Warners. Their great success is the real reason that Ruby has turned down hubby Al Jolson's offer of a million dollars, if she'll give up the screen. As for Mr. Powell, well, Mary Brian is still Head Girl.



JEAN ARTHUR

Here is another young lady busily engaged in staging a cinematic comeback. For two years she deserted the screen for the theatre, where she scored definitely. In fact, movie scouts, having seen her on Broadway, were instrumental in persuading her to return to Hollywood. So Jean is all set once more and has just completed two pictures for Columbia: "Whirlpool" and "The Most Precious Thing in Life." She's fond of animals and the stray dog who strays across her path isn't homeless long.

BUCK JONES

Some actors cry for sophisticated roles and others hold out for character parts, but Buck knows the value of appearing in a thriller. And that is why he is ready to start production on a thirteen-chapter serial and six other pictures at Universal. They're not going to be Westerns, but they'll be hair-raisers just the same. The Buck Jones Rangers Club is now two million strong, so one of our favorite film cowboys has a ready-made audience, waiting with bated breath for his next.





MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN

When Maureen finishes work in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," she is going to take that combination rest-cure-vacation she's been promising herself for months. Her destination is to be the Emerald Isle, where she will visit her family and introduce her fiancé, John Farrow. If they approve her choice, the Irish lass will marry the lad; if they don't, she probably will anyway. You know girls in love! Anyway, one of her plans is quite definite and that is to bring her little sister back with her. Wonder if I. s. is as pretty as Maureen?



We haven't seen Nancy for over a year, but she made her cinematic comeback recently in "Springtime for Henry." Her role in this gay comedy lifted her right out of the ingenue class and put her way up thar with the sophisticates. 'Tis said by those in the know, that the Carroll has had a great change in her off-screen personality, too, for the once tempestuous lady is now as meek as the legendary lamb. Which is good news. Nancy's matrimonial bark has hit the rocks, they say, making it a veritable field day for the rumor hounds.

NANCY CARROLL



JANET and CHARLIE

Well, fans, they're together again and you did it. So many and earnest were the requests received at Fox, that that enterprising organization could not ignore them. And so, the famous romantic team will be seen in "Change of Heart," their first co-starring picture since "Tess of the Storm Country," made more than two years ago. Charlie's part has been built up considerably, which is very satisfactory to him and to Janet.



CONSTANCE BENNETT

Whether or not she is the most glamorous girl on the screen is a moot question, but one thing is certain, the Bennett is always interesting. She has what has become known as a "flair" for doing things in a different and individual manner. Here you see Connie dressed for her role in "The Affairs of Cellini," in which she appears opposite Fredric March. This is a red hot romance of the sixteenth century and wotta team to play it.



IRENE
DUNNE LEADS
A DOUBLE
LIFE!

We'll bet you never knew 'til now that she fibs about her golf score and phones her husband long distance to stage a battle. But our guess is that this Irene Dunne will interest you much more than the woman you've been taught to know.



(Left) Sergeant Leo H. Kalem, stationed in Honolulu, saved his money so that he could visit Irene in Hollywood, and later regretted the trip. Why? Because he fell victim to her charms. (Right) Richard Dix teamed with her again in "Stingaree," and after the love scenes were made, moaned, "Wotta woman!"

She's a flirt! She's fickle! She's bad-tempered! Yes—Irene, the "perfect lady of the screen" is all of these things. And we like her all the better for it!

By RUTH BIERY

IRENE DUNNE has been fooling us. She's been fibbing to all but her intimate friends since the day she came to Hollywood.

It's time she was exposed. For her own sake. It isn't fair for the world to think she's this sweet, reserved, perfect lady type, when she's really . . .

But first, I had better tell how it happened. You really can't believe the truth about Irene unless you know the story from the beginning.

I chanced to be in the RKO publicity department when they were planning the publicity campaign for this newcomer. The men in charge were chewing their well-worn press pencils, for it is always a frenzied job, this launching of a new screen personality.

"The Perfect Lady of the Screen." That's it! We've never had a perfect lady. That should make the world sit up and take notice. Mothers will want their daughters to see and imitate her. They will urge their sons to fall in love with her. The world is fed up on hoydens and sex-appealists and cocktail-fed youngsters. They're hunting for the good, old-fashioned, lady type. They've just launched Marlene Dietrich as all women in one. We'll

go them one better and make Irene Dunne all the perfect ladies in one!"

They sent for Irene and explained the campaign to her. No hint of scandal must ever touch her name. If possible, she must keep her marriage to Dr. Griffin a secret. If the truth should be discovered, she would be pictured as the perfect working-wife. Harmony; peace. Her husband, a man who understands a woman's ambitions. A couple who would commute between New York and Hollywood to fulfill the matrimonial unity.

She was to be calm and self-possessed, always. Live quietly among dignified surroundings. No Hollywood parties. No rumors of being seen with "other men." She was not to swear or even say "darn." In short, she was to be Hollywood's sublime proof of all the traditional traits accredited to a "perfect lady."

Irene wondered about these instructions. Her experience had taught her that "perfect ladies" are seldom interesting. Cool, unemotional women had never intrigued her. She doubted if they would others. Irene is southern. And she has all of the coquettishness and daring—and, shh, yes, fickleness and (Continued on page 91)

How the STARS

... With careers at stake and beauty threatened, these famous women stood ready to meet the risks. But with what fear, joy or regret in their hearts?

WHEN an eminent doctor—Stork or otherwise—says to a woman, “Madam, you are going to become a mother”—when that hope or that fear, that joy or that terror has been clinically confirmed, a great moment of one sort or another has been lived.

In the most average and out-of-the-public-eye woman there is a reaction, a whole set of reactions; a welling-up of the emotions; a flurry, superficial or profound, of fears and wonders and elations, of tabus and old wives’ tales and plans and startled wonders. There are those of us who think, “Oh, but we can’t afford it,” or “I am too young, I’m not ready yet for this responsibility,” or “It’s marvelous, it’s too good to be true!” Sometimes all of these feelings are confused. Sometimes there is the sacred and undiluted joy of the potential mother.

In the hearts and minds of the stars, the public characters whose stock in trade is their youth, their beauty, their glamor, whose lives are lived in glass cases exposed at all times and under all conditions to the curious public eye—what must their reactions be at this moment of knowledge? What do they feel in that first sure moment of knowing?

I asked some of them.

I asked Norma Shearer. I said, “What, honestly, was your reaction when you first knew? What thoughts came to you? What kind of thoughts? How did you take it?”

Norma is not, by the way, expecting a second baby at this time, rumor to the contrary.

She said, “Before I knew that I was really to have my baby, I was always positively and physically scared to death at the very idea. Not for any of the more obvious reasons. I mean, I was not afraid of losing my figure, growing too heavy, being out of pictures for a time, perhaps forever. Nothing of that sort. It may be curious, but none of these things even so much as occurred to me. I was afraid of bodily pain.

“Somehow I had managed to collect a perfect saga of tales about the terror and intensity of the pain of childbirth. They invaded my mind, at the mere thought of pregnancy, like a flock of birds of ill omen. I knew, in my mind, which was reasonably informed about modern obstetrics, that these bogie



face MOTHERHOOD



(Top, right) The Richard Arlens; she was Jobyna Ralston, remember, with young Dick. (Top, left) Esther Ralston, who was Mrs. George Webb, with Mary, named for Mary Brian. (Lower, right) Mrs. Thalberg—Norma Shearer to us—and youthful escort; Irving, Jr., of course. (Lower, left) Arline Judge—Mrs. Wesley Ruggles—with Master Charles.

By GLADYS HALL



men were ridiculous. But my instinct was sharper than my mind. Physical pain has always been revolting and terrifying to me. I think I could meet and possibly master any kind of a problem with which the mind or the social instincts have to deal. But to suffer with my body has been a fear with me reaching the point of monomania.

AND then came the moment when the doctor said to me, 'What you suspect is so, Mrs. Thalberg. You are going to have a baby.' In that very moment, by some miracle I can't pretend to understand, the tabus and terrors I had lived with were gone. Gone as though they had never existed. I didn't 'forget' them. They just weren't there. Nor did it occur to me, in that first moment, as it occurs to so many women, 'This will change my life.' I realized the importance of it. It didn't impress me as being an incident, not by any means. But my first conscious reaction, following the one where I knew all fear had left me, was the reaction of a detached interest in the child. The child as a person; as a personality; as an individual separate from me, who would grow and be vital and interesting to me as I hoped I would be vital and interesting to him—or her.

"It was the doctor who, trying to interpret my first reaction, trying to say the fastidiously right thing to me at the moment said, 'A baby will not interfere with your career, Mrs. Thalberg.' And I instantly and emphatically said, 'Of course not! I shall combine the two. If any choice has to be made, the child will have first claim, of course. But there won't have to be any choice.'

"Odd how it takes so long to put into words thoughts that go through your mind, vibrate through your nerves and emotions in the flashing by of a minute. Words are such slow things. Because all that I am telling you now I felt even as the doctor was saying that first confirmatory sentence. I knew that I would not take this baby as a heavy responsibility, making a burden of him and so making a burden of myself. I knew that I would get pure joy out of this child and I hoped I would be able to give him joy in return. I would enjoy him and the enjoyment would be all the keener because I would go on with my (Continued on page 93)



SO MANY DEAR MEMORIES

THIS is a story of friendship and love and a husband's courage; a story of Lil Tashman and Ed Lowe. It is of the swell relationship that Lil and Ed knew began long ago, before they were married—when they were sweethearts in New York, Lil, in the Follies and Ed, temporarily, down on his luck.

"I've got to get some money somewhere," he announced one day, arriving at her flat. "I've got to be able to take you to dinner once in a while at least . . ."

Lil laughed and put her hand in his. And when she took it away she had left four hundred dollars there.

"Wait a minute," Ed said, "what's this?"

"Money," Lil told him. "Money, you Irishman. Money! So you can take me to dinner once in a while."

"Where did you get it?" Ed asked.

"I hocked my watch," she told him. "Come on, let's go!"

Now, I know in the best circles it isn't considered proper for a woman to lend a man money. But troupers don't live by the rules of the best circles. They can't. Their lives simply don't fit into the regular, conventional pattern. And whether they're better or worse for that must remain a matter of opinion.

It was several years later, after Ed and Lil were married, and long after he had paid back the four hundred, that Lil's sister, who was living with them at the time, remarked to Ed that Lil had been paying interest on a watch she had in pawn for ever so long, that really she must have paid as much in interest as she had borrowed upon it originally. That it might occur to her to get it out or let it go.

Ed got the ticket, sent for the watch, and presented it to Lil with a grand flourish, as a surprise.

He found that watch the other day when he was going over her effects. It was hard to take. But Ed took it the way he's been taking a lot of things hard to take for some time now. On the screen, as the hard-boiled marine, Sergeant Quirt, he's never had to be as brave as he's had to be during the last ten months or more. Believe me.

IT was last August when Ed was making personal appearances in Cleveland that he had a confidential and terrifying letter from Lil's doctor.

He didn't have much chance of keeping Lil, the doctor wrote him, for very long. And on top of this, the letter went on to warn Ed, under no circumstances must he cancel his tour and hurry home. Such action might make Lil suspicious, and Ed's job, according to that letter, was to allay her fears and keep up her morale.

Good cheer, the doctor concluded, would do Lil as much good as his treatments.

As Lil would like us to remember her. A gay, sophisticated modern in love with life!

Lil's devotion and help, good times spent together, success and sorrow shared—these are the things Ed would not forget

By ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER

"I'll never forget the following week in Chicago," Ed told me. "It was hell!"

When at last he reached home he found Lil lying in the garden in the sun looking perfectly splendid, and possessing all kinds of enthusiasm and energy and vitality.

Ed was sure the doctor must have exaggerated the seriousness of things. It wasn't until Ed had been home a few weeks that he saw Lil suffer for the first time. Then all his fears came racing back. Then he mustered all the courage he possessed to stand beside her then and a hundred other times, and never once let her see that he felt concern for anything except the pain she suffered.

December, January and February were horrible months. Yet Ed, looking into Lil's frightened blue eyes, knowing how truly the doctor had spoken, would manage to say lightly, "Strange, darling, isn't it that a slight disturbance can cause pain like this and people critically ill feel nothing at all?"

I saw Ed and Lil the first of March when they reached New York on that last visit. Unless you caught Ed unawares, he was, apparently, his usual, gay, wisecracking self.

"Why," I've been asked, "did he permit her to keep on working?"

The answers are simple. Ed let Lil keep working, encouraged her to work, in fact, because he understood what an important part of her life her work represented. Because, a trouser himself, he knew the thrill she experienced when she stood before a camera and a mike to create the character called for by the script.

Ed also let Lil keep on because for him to have suggested anything else would have been for him to admit to her how ill she was and to have frightened her so that whatever chance she had of beating her illness, even temporarily, would have been ruined.

A FEW weeks before Lil died she and Ed dined one night at the Colony and then started crosstown for the theatre. They were alone in her car with the soft moleskin lap robe about them. She was wearing her loveliest jewels. The star sapphire he had given her to mark a happy day and a new bracelet of diamonds and sapphires.

She reached under the robe for Ed's hand.

"Well," she said, "here we are in New York again, Old Timer. Having dinner, going to the theatre, alone, together. And if you ask me, it's as much fun as it ever was. We're sitting pretty, you know. Here we are with grand jobs, both of us. Better off than we used to be, if you remember . . ."

Whereupon the car turned into Forty-sixth Street.

"Look," she cried, almost (*Continued on page 102*)

Ed will never forget Lil's enthusiasms, her desire for fun, and her sense of fair play.



Love IS ENOUGH!

. . . A career, or Lee Tracy? If a choice must be made, Isabel Jewell unhesitatingly chooses her man!

By KATHERINE
ALBERT



WHEN a woman makes two apparently paradoxical and conflicting gestures, as Isabel Jewell has done, she must be a pretty complex person. At any rate, she isn't the sort of person who can be taken for granted.

I'll leave it up to you.

When Lee Tracy returned from Mexico, having got himself into a "jam" that cost him his Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract and might have barred him from the screen forever, Isabel Jewell met him at the train.

If you know Hollywood, and its vast political intrigues, you will realize that that was a pretty courageous thing for her to do. She was smart enough to realize that Lee was in decided disfavor and she knew, when she put on her hat to go to the station to meet him, she was putting her own career in jeopardy. And all during the time that the pros and cons about whether Lee had seriously misbehaved or not were going on, Isabel stood by him with a

display of beautiful loyalty. His battle was hers. She did not straddle the fence. She showed plainly where she stood—and she stood with Lee.

During these trying times, someone pointed out to Lee how amazing it was that Isabel had shown such fortitude. "It is no more than I expected of her," Lee said.

You see, he knew his woman. He knew that she took a chance on her career when she stuck to him, but he knew her well enough to know that she couldn't do anything else.

All right. Then you'll see in all this a woman who puts love first, a woman who would willingly toss her personal ambition on the ash-heap rather than hurt, in any way, the man she loves.

But consider gesture number two. For almost three years she and Lee have been sweethearts and deeply in love. He has begged her to marry him repeatedly. She has refused. Why? Because she wants to make her own

career first, because she wants to prove herself Isabel Jewell before she becomes Mrs. Lee Tracy. Yes, her career means that much to her. It means so much that this is what she told me recently.

"If I were offered a million dollars today to give up acting and told at the same time that I might have as an alternative, fifty dollars a week for the rest of my life on stage or screen—and never any more—I would continue acting. That's how great a part of me it is. When I say that I am not going to get married until I am well established myself, I do not mean to sound selfish.

IT isn't that I would not go ahead as Mrs. Lee Tracy, for I certainly would if I had it in me to go ahead. And Lee would surely help in every possible way. But I would then be going ahead as Mrs. Lee Tracy and not as Isabel Jewell. That sounds selfish, too, but what I am trying to say to you is that my father and mother have lived just for me for so many years, have believed in me so much, have expected such great things of me that I am eager to accomplish something really worth while while I am still just their daughter—just Isabel Jewell. I think I owe them that much, don't you?

"Not that they don't love Lee. They are just crazy about him. Perhaps one of the things they like best about him is his fine understanding, his appreciation of their attitude, his willingness that I should continue

my career. Why, he would no more think of asking me to give up my work than he would think of giving up his own."

Then work does, you see, mean a great deal to her. It is an intrinsic part of her life. Yet she was willing to forget even it rather than let Lee down. And that is the paradox of Isabel Jewell. I'm sure that this very fact makes you realize that she is worth knowing. And I'm here to state that she is.

She has been terrifically hurt by all the talk that Lee was responsible for every part she has had in films. It nearly broke her heart when someone asked who she was as she appeared on the set and she overheard the answer, "She's Lee Tracy's girl friend—you know, just one of those things." And although both she and Lee have promised each other that they will not discuss each other for publication, she cannot help but talk of him—and she cannot help but be eager to explain:

"There's one thing I want to make clear. Lee and I were friends before we were sweethearts. I admired him tremendously as an actor. He had made such a name for himself on the stage and had so much respect from all his co-workers in New York that I was thrilled when I was called for a try-out for a part in his show 'Louder Please.'

"Several girls were there for the part. After I went through the lines he called out, 'That's our girl. She's the one we want!' He had never laid eyes on me before. But if I had been his sister he wouldn't have recommended me for the part if he had not thought I was right for it. He is like that. He wouldn't even now. And that's why it makes me so furious when people say he got me what breaks I have had here in Hollywood.

"No one has ever actually helped me to get a job. No one has done a specific thing to further my career, yet many people have helped me to keep on believing in myself. Those dreadful months when I—who live, breathe and eat acting—could not get work because they said I photographed badly—those months were made possible by Lee's encouraging me. And then, because he believed in me and wanted me to have a break, don't you think that if I had been riding on his fame he would have insisted that I be given a chance? He was at the very top, then. He could have done it. But neither of us wanted that.

IHAD to establish myself as Isabel Jewell and not as Lee Tracy's girl friend. He has such love—almost veneration—for the profession that he simply does not think anyone belongs in it who does not know how to act. And what he thinks of my ability as an actress is quite apart from what he thinks (*Continued on page 109*)



(Above) From "Manhattan Melodrama," Isabel's latest film for M-G-M. The interested-looking gentleman beside her is Harry Seymour, and Nat Pendleton is in the picture, too. (Right) Lee Tracy, Isabel Jewell and Mary Brian in "Blessed Event." It was quite by accident that Isabel and Lee appeared together in this film.





Al Durante is gone now. The writer who obtained this story for you was one of the very last to see him. (Next) Yes, you've guessed. That's Pop, eighty-four years young, posing with his pride and joy. And (right) behold Jimmy, the well-dressed man! Surely, Solomon in all his glory . . .

JIMMY UPS TO ME—

By AL DURANTE

As told to AL SHERMAN

TALKING about your brother, especially when you like the guy, is a kind of hard job. You know what to say, you get all the answers down apt, but you don't know how to get started. Because it all comes down to one thing: When a guy's regular, he's regular. And that's the way I feel about Jimmy. But I guess everybody says that about their brothers when they get famous or something.

It's a funny thing about us Durantes. We come from Italy. At least, Pop comes from Salerno. And so did Mom. But Durante is a French name and originally our family come from France. And as far as I know, we're the only Durantes in this country. Anyway, we're the only Durantes with schnozzles.

We Durantes stick together. And that's the nicest thing I can say about Jimmy. He never forgets the folks at home. Say, just

to give you an idea, get this. Jimmy come visiting us last Christmas. He'd been working hard and he decided he wanted to come East to have a rest and to visit the folks. Especially Pop. Because the old man hadn't been feeling so well and—well Jimmy, and me too, for that matter, think the old man is aces.

Well, anyway, Jimmy come out to visit us. But he ain't here more than two days when he gets a wire to hustle right back to Hollywood. Seems they wanted him out there to go to work in "Scandals" for Fox. Was Jimmy burned up!

"Is this a vacation or is this a vacation?" he says. "Two days here and now I gotta go back to work! It's incriminatin', that's what it is!"

He was good and sore about it for a while and then he thinks to himself that maybe Hollywood would be just the spot to cure Pop's (Continued on page 98)





When "Viva Villa" opened at the Criterion Theatre on Broadway, Celia Villa, the colorful Pancho's real daughter, attended the premiere. (Right) Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall at the Club El Morocco.

Cinema stars leave them
thar hills to work and
make whoopee along
Gotham's White Way



The attractive girl with Ramon is not a new romantic interest, but Carmen Novarro. His sister is accompanying the star on his two months' South American concert tour and upon his return, he will make two pictures.

By REGINA CANNON

AT this moment of going to press, Gloria Swanson is in town. So is Herbert Marshall. So are the gossips and rumor hounds. And an enjoyable time is being had by some; though we doubt if G. S. and H. M. are among them.

For, no sooner had Gloria "appeared in person" at the Paramount Theatre, than the newspaper reporters followed suit. Thus a general Personal Appearance Week was suddenly established on Broadway.

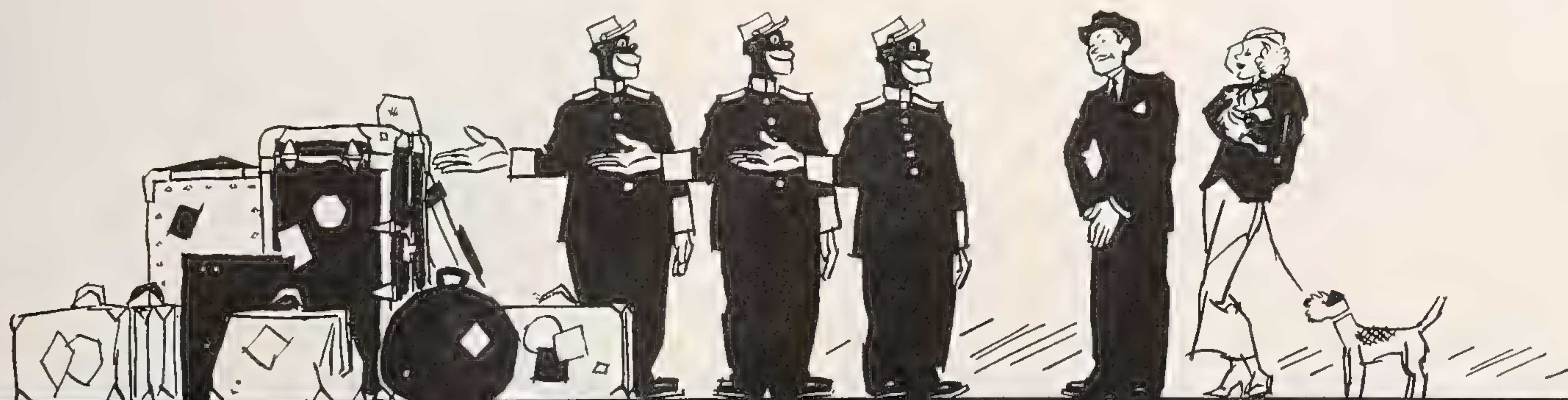
The meanies of the press wanted to know "if there was anything to" the story that Miss Swanson would divorce her husband, Michael Farmer, international playboy, and marry

Mr. Marshall? Would Edna Best, Mr. M.'s "present," set him free, and if she did, was Barkis willin'? And a few other little impersonal (?) items along similar lines were mentioned.

Well, the whole business threw Gloria into a fit of hysterics and Bartie into one of temper. 'Twould seem that the pair had had "enough." And that, you know, is said to be as good as a feast.

Mr. Marshall had given a party for Miss Swanson at El Morocco, one of Broadway's gayer night spots, and an ambitious cameraman had brought his little black box along to record the festive scene. And scene

it was, for when the actor discovered what was up, 'tis said he went into one of the most spectacular rages of all time. Why, a coupla eye witnesses claimed that he even broke some of the El Morocco's choice china. He wanted to know why their privacy should be thus encroached upon and so on. And, since the club is just about as exclusive as the Grand Central Station, the photographer made a few snappy reports of his own. He couldn't be persuaded to part with his negative either, as you see. Anna-hoo, the net result of the affair sent the principals out of New York night clubs both pro tem and p.d.q. (Continued on page 100)



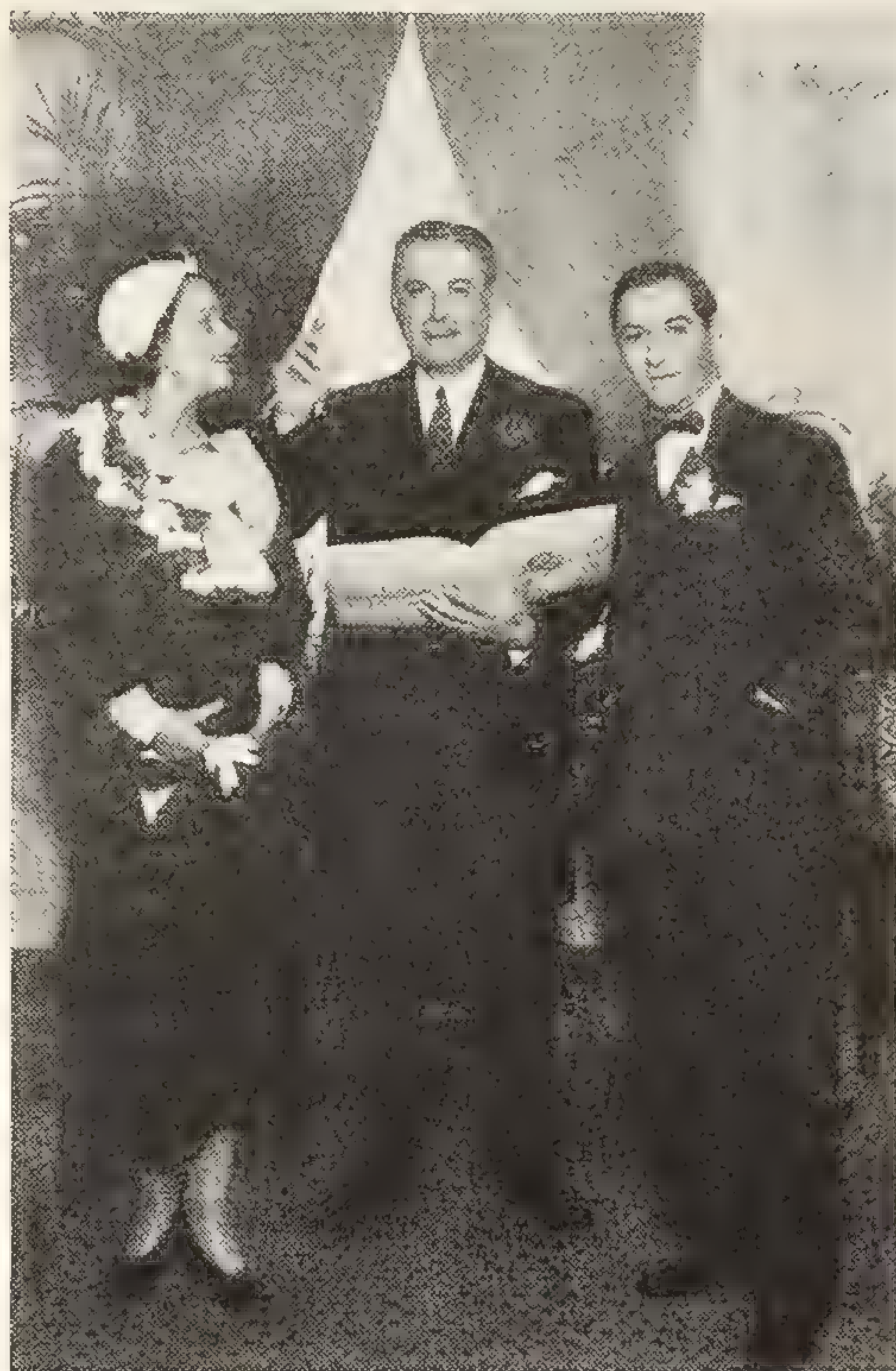
T H E Y V I S I T N E W Y O R K

GOOD

Lad-eez and gentlemen! Step right up and get the latest gossip hot off the Hollywood griddle! About who's who—and who'd like to be!



Believe it or Ripley, you see here, boys and girls, Marlene Dietrich "snapped" with her husband, Rudolph Sieber, at the opening of "House of Rothschild."



Behold the bride—and bridegroom. Meet Mr. and Mrs. Jessel—the Missus is Norma Talmadge, you know—just after the ceremony. The happy pair promised to love, honor and be gay before Mayor Harry Bacharach of Atlantic City, N. J.

(Below) Speaking of big broadcasts, none better occurred than when Messrs. Tullio Carminati, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, Ronald Colman and Rupert Hughes told the radio audience all about it over NBC recently.

GOOD NEWS

HELEN HAYES returns to Hollywood shortly, to begin work on her new picture "Vanessa."

And the folks are sitting back wondering if Hollywood is going to forgive Helen for all those sour things she's supposed to have said about the movie village while she was playing on the stage in "Mary of Scotland." For awhile there the natives were so sore they actually wrote editorials about Helen with generous phrases sprinkled through concerning "biting the hand that feeds you" and the "ingratitude of some people!" It was hard for her friends to believe the little Hayes gave out all those stories, for she made many friends in Hollywood and they all believed that she liked it out here. Well, we shall see when Helen returns.

WORD is out that the Garbo-Mamoulian romance has reached the frigidaire stage. The many marriage rumor stories, as usual, scared Greta and one of her intimate friends reports Garbo hasn't spoken to Mamoulian for over two months, even

though he has tried repeatedly to get her on the telephone.

IS MARLENE PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ?

Marlene Dietrich's aloofness and so-called "queening" tendencies are getting the local press more and more "down" on her. Hardly a day goes by that one of the columnists fails to take a crack at Marlene. Some of the stories are true, and some aren't, but it's a cinch the boys and girls aren't giving the Dietrich the benefit of the doubt.

One of the "cracks" was labeled: "Remember What Happened to Marie Antoinette" and went on to say Marlene was becoming so regal her own studios could not get in touch with her except through her business manager. This is not true.



NEWS!



(Left) The beauteous maiden perched way up thar is Grace Bradley and, above, you see Tom Brown, Anita Louise, Dick Cromwell, Mary Carlisle, Phil Reed and Patricia Ellis in an informal snap taken at a recent party Pat Ellis gave.

Another story goes on to tell the world of Dietrich's rudeness to visiting exhibitors. Practically right under their eyes, she sneaked out of the studio, refusing to meet the men who buy her pictures. This is true.

The Paramount studio has warned Marlene that she is not ace high with the press. To which she shrugs her shoulders.

Bing Crosby is another who drew a berry for running out on the exhibitors. And it was those boys, Bing, who made a star of you long before the studio got around to it!

THE other night Joan Crawford showed up at the Tingle-Tangel Theater and occupied the back row entirely by herself! The reason—because she had bought all the tickets in that row to make sure she would be alone. Franchot Tone was so conspicuous by his absence the gossips have been tongue-wagging ever since.

If this is a lover's quarrel, some of the cameramen in town believe they might know the answer to it. Previous to Joan's solitary trek to the Tingle-Tangel, she and Franchot had attended the banquet for The Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association. Now Franchot and Joan have always been very gracious about stopping long enough to pose for the snapshot boys. But this night, Franchot, in a very surly mood,

insisted upon ushering Joan into the banquet without even a casual nod toward the lens flashers all lined up to take their pitcher. And what's more, they say Joan protested violently at his rudeness, too.

That may, or may not, be the answer to why Joan bought out an entire back row and went to the theater alone.

Other guests at the Tingle-Tangel that night were Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene saw Joan she went back and talked to her for ten or fifteen minutes.

EVERYONE involved seems just as happy as can be over the outcome of Marjorie Gay's breach of promise suit against Harry Joe Brown (husband of Sally Eilers). After hearing yards and yards of testimony and watching a veritable parade of movie stars show in the witness box to testify for producer Brown, the jury reached a verdict that Marjorie was entitled to \$5,000 heart balm. Considering that Miss Gay had sued for a quarter of a million, it is no wonder that Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers looked upon the judgment as a triumph for their side.

The entire suit was kidded quite generously by the Los Angeles newspapers, who reported it from day to day more in the nature of a glittering fashion show, than a law suit for damages.



Wherever the smart set gathers in Hollywood, you used to see Carole Lombard and Russ Columbo. But now there's a rift. Russ still does—but Carole doesn't!

THE hard luck jinx apparently still pursues Ricardo Cortez. He had said he hoped all his bad luck would be behind him following his marriage to pretty Christine Lee, with whom Ric is so much in love.

But last week they took Cortez to the hospital for what was described as a "minor but important operation."

CONNIE JEALOUS? JUST LISTEN!

There's no way of figuring out just what Connie Bennett is going to do. She's still the most puzzling girl in town.

Everyone figured Connie would be madder than blazes at the way Frank Morgan was allowed to run away with her latest picture, "The Affairs of Cellini," starring La Bennett and Fredric March. At several out of town previews the audiences had actually broken out in applause for Frank Morgan and his name was on everyone's lips as the folks filed out of the theater. Hollywood whispered: "Wait until Bennett gets a load of that!"

Later, they previewed "Cellini" in Los Angeles.

As usual the laughter and praise mounted higher and higher for Frank Morgan as the picture unreeled. In fact, someone behind our reviewer kept laughing so loudly and appreciatively at Mr. Morgan, that the critic turned around for the purpose of giving a "dirty look." Yes, you guessed it. It was Connie!

By the way, the Bennett looked stunning at the Russian Eagle the other evening. Her costume was a Spring ensemble in a deep red-wine color (formerly supposed to be effective only on brunettes). But if all blondes wear it like Connie it should prove to be the rage color for the summer season.

THE Russ Columbo-Carole Lombard romance is cooling off considerably; at least, we hear, insofar as Carole is concerned. However, with Russ, it's different. The world may call it madness, but he calls it love!

DO you think Garbo is slipping? Do you think Mae West is a flash in the pan?

Well, believe it or not, the Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association (meaning the exhibitors of the country) think so. And what's more, they were not at all

There's another conjecture going the rounds. It concerns the recent friendship of Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, one of the village's most popular couples. (Below) Charlotte Henry, all dressed to go places. Recognize her without her "Alice" makeup?



backward about expressing their dynamite opinions during their recent convention in Hollywood. (See pictures on page 66.)

To these gentlemen, apparently nothing is sacred; for they very freely stated that they thought the great Hepburn merely a screen "fad," and that George Arliss was "limited" in his audience appeal. They said Garbo was falling from grace because her pictures were too serious and depressing, and that Constance Bennett needed more support than her own fashionable personality to successfully carry on her starring career.

After heaving these brick-bats, bouquets were passed to Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, Will Rogers (they shrieked their approval of Will) and Marie Dressler. But whom do you suppose they singled out as the "coming" big star of the next five years? None other than Margaret Sullavan. Take a bow, Margaret, the gentlemen are highly enthusiastic about you!

KAY FRANCIS has been offered the dressing-room recently vacated by Ruth Chatterton, now that Ruth is no longer with Warner Brothers. But Kay declined with thanks. This famous bungalow dressing-room is the most elaborate on the lot and the most jinxed. Colleen Moore's career and marriage slipped while she was its occupant and a similar private



NEWS



Jack Warner, Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson, three big shots on the Warner lot, get together at the Brown Derby to talk shop, and the funny part of it is they're all supposed to be vacationing. Well, busman's holiday, you know.

All photos by Scott



Bridal party. Find Monte Blue, Stephen Ames, Raquel Torres, Alice White and Cy Bartlett? Stephen and Raquel are the pair to be congratulated.



(Left) Mildred Lloyd threw a birthday party for her famous husband, Harold—you've heard of him?—recently, and everyone came in costume. Here are the host and hostess lookin' sorta picturesque.

and professional calamity overtook Ruth Chatterton during her tenancy.

AN amusing scene took place in the Ambassador Hotel lobby the other day when a studio press agent, there to supervise the taking of some pictures of various M-G-M stars, looked up in surprise to discover his cameraman with his arm around Jean Harlow's shoulder, greeting her like a long lost friend. The press agent summoned the young man to his side and proceeded to read him "the riot act" for being so familiar with the stars.

"What do you mean by putting your arm around Miss Harlow?" he thundered.

Up marched Jean. "He didn't put his arm around me," she said with fire, "I put

my arm around him. We're old friends. When I was a nobody in this town this boy took pictures of me and worked his head off trying to get editors to print them. I think he helped my career tremendously. And if I'm glad to see him, that's my business, not yours!"

Was the P.A.'s face red?

LORETTA YOUNG has announced her plans of touring Europe this summer. But then Loretta has scheduled herself a trip abroad several times before and never managed to get any farther than Palm Springs or Yosemite. However, everyone believes she will really go now.

The whispered story is that Loretta and Spencer Tracy want to give their affection

for one another a real test and discover whether their romance is serious, or merely an infatuation.

MARTHA SLEEPER and Hardie Al-
bright certainly pulled a fast one on the local spies when they actually completed the furnishing of an apartment in Westwood, bought a wedding ring, and took out a marriage license without anyone even guessing their plans. The youthful film players were married in Riverside, California, at the famous old Mission Inn early in April.

MEET MR. AMES, OPTIMIST

Adrienne Ames's ex-husband, Stephen Ames, certainly isn't a superstitious man. He is now honeymooning in Honolulu with Raquel Torres, and Honolulu is where he spent his honeymoon with Adrienne.

When they return from their honeymoon he is planning to buy her a home in Beverly Hills, which is exactly what he did for his first movie star wife.

And what's more he wants her to continue her movie career, just as Adrienne did! At the time of his divorce from the present Mrs. Bruce Cabot, Ames blamed Adrienne's movie job as one of the contributing factors in their estrangement. Now he has apparently changed his mind about a wife with a career.

OVER a national radio hook-up, Leslie Howard went on record as believing that the movies are not nearly as stimulating as the stage so far as the actor is concerned. "Making a movie is too mechanical to be exciting," he said.

Lee Tracy was so mad (Cont. on p. 123)

WHY GEORGE RAFT IS AFRAID OF WOMEN



Georgie at the Sebastian Club with Virginia Pine, the gal, 'tis said, he will wed when and if his wife gives him a divorce. And, below, the same Mr. Raft and Marjorie King, the tempestuous brunette who followed him to New York and who, according to the dailies, attempted suicide because of unrequited love.

The Screen's Menace has learned that they're all out for something—money, career, marriage—and it's the man who pays and pays!



I'M afraid of women," said George Raft. His manner matter-of-fact, he quietly uttered this surprising statement.

"I've always been afraid of them. But it's much worse . . . now!" He spoke briefly; his words clipped short.

Nervous fingers fiddled with a pen that had been busy scratching his name upon the shiny surface of a set of pictures. Arranged in neat fashion, they lay before him.

He smiled, a one-sided, wry smile.

"Take a look," he said, nodding towards the stack. "New photographs."

I examined a likeness which showed his sleek head bent forward, while one hand manipulated a cigarette. It was the portrait of a wicked man.

"The menace!" His voice was sarcastic. "That's what they want! It's a joke! If they only knew! Long ago,

even at the age when most boys have crushes, I was too busy chasing a dollar to have the time to look at a girl."

Reared in Hell's Kitchen, that toughest of New York neighborhoods, George Raft, young, energetic, wiry, had to worry about getting his next meal, and became, in turn, prize-fighter, baseball player, Charleston champion. Women were far away, untouchable. They were for the rich.

"When I first started taking girls out, I was kind of scared. I never could be mean to them. I can't, not to this day. I have to feel right . . . in here." Emphasizing the point, he beat his chest. "I guess it must be easy for some men to give girls the air. But I don't like to hurt. That's why it's hard for me to say goodbye to a girl. I can't. So I promise to telephone her. And then I never do. I guess it might be better if I did it the other way. But I have to be gentle. I'm afraid of hurting anyone."

By NANETTE
KUTNER

And he learned about women—
from women! Further, he tells
what he learned in this startlingly
intimate story, for George was
never one who favored reticence.
In fact, he confides, "I like to
come clean; get things off the
old chest, you know."



There was a silence, broken by the sudden incessant
pounding of the radiator. He jumped from his chair.

"That's the way it goes," he cried, referring to the
radiator. "From morning until night. They can't fix it.
It's enough to drive a person nuts, that, and five perform-
ances a day and staying here, like in a prison."

BY "here" George Raft meant his dressing-room back-
stage of the Paramount Theatre on Broadway. He
walked to one of the rain-streaked windows.

"Look down there," he said.

I saw below, directly in front of the stage door, a
crowd of girls . . . waiting.

"They stand like that for hours," he told me. "The
first day, I left by way of the stage door, and one girl,
tearing at my coat, cried, 'I'm going to die! I'm going to
faint! Isn't he sweet!'"

"I appreciate their attention, but. . ." he sighed. "It's
only two years since I went into this game. It never used
to be like this."

"You've changed," I said.

"In what way?"

"You seem bewildered, sadder, a bit worried."

"When did you talk to me last?" he asked, as we sat
down again.

"About a year and a half ago. You had only made two
pictures. You were having a pretty good time then. There
was Sally O'Neill and Constance Cummings."

He sighed. "A lot of things have happened since
then."

"Like Bonnie Poe?" I suggested, reminding him of a
lady who recently sued.

"Let's not talk about that!" he snapped. "It's over with
. . . settled. Forget it! Why bring it up? You know
what yesterday's newspapers are!"

"It's getting so I can't invite a girl out for dinner with-
out being afraid I'll be sued. I suppose people think
every time I go out with a girl I make violent love to her.
Well, that's not true. No matter what I do, they talk. I
bet if I went to dinner with a group of men . . ."

"What about Marjorie King?" I interrupted.

His reply was dignified. "Miss King? Miss King and
I had a misunderstanding, just as any man and woman
can have a misunderstanding. (Continued on page 117)

HERE'S WHAT THE



Pretty Clara Bow, Minna Gombell and Preston Foster in "Hoopla." The dialogue accompanying was eliminated in some states. It was "I think you better bunk in with Lou tonight."



Remember this scene in "I'm No Angel"—the barker, Russell Hopton, bringing in the customers. What the censors took out will amaze you.

... Here's the lowdown on the censor's war against crime, nudity, sex and sin—not to mention some very harmless elements

By JAMES B. M. FISHER

HAVE you ever heard anyone ask, "Now how did they get away with that bedroom scene in 'The Mad Love of Maizie Zilch'?" Such queries are frequent in those locales where censorship is very, very gentle or non-existent. But, for the most part, considering this country as a whole, "they" do not get away with much. Not, at any rate, in those places where the censors, enmeshed in filmy webs like spiders, sit and await each new picture with their scissors clutched tightly in their little fists.

These spots where shock is registered and where

CENSORS TOOK OUT



In Harlow's "Blonde Bombshell," the censors objected to the statement that a girl's day off is hard on her lingerie. Some objected to the words "day off," for goodness knows what reason.



The above scene from "The Mad Game" (which dealt with the kidnapping theme) was taken out in several states. Do you agree that such scenes are harmful to the morals of American youth?

strips of naughty film fall by the wayside constitute approximately sixty-five per cent of the heaviest paying box office territory in this country. The censor rules supreme and every day of the week in Pennsylvania, New York, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio and Kansas. In Massachusetts the censor is still supreme but the damage is felt on but one day of the week—Sunday. Chicago has a municipal board whose verdicts are accepted throughout the entire state of Illinois. All these censors, in varying degrees, are easily shocked by things big and small and react by cutting out the very scenes or dialogue which might have prompted you to ask that question about the Maizie Zilch opus.

Take Pennsylvania, for instance. A big state, heavily populated and boasting a large number of theatres. And in all these theatres they show pictures—or what is left of pictures after the state board has its way with them.

In the first place, the censor board is unbelievably naïve. It is probably the only state institution which persists in the quaint belief that the stork brings the baby. At least, the eliminations bear out this theory; in fact, Pennsylvania indicates an obstinate refusal to admit the phenomenon of birth at all. Married people must, according to the censor, spend their time playing checkers or making quilts—which they cannot sleep under together.

Believe it or not, in the Keystone state a room cannot be called "filthy"; a maiden cannot be characterized as "virginal"; a good child cannot be spoken of as a "tyke"; a bad child can never be a "brat." Another psychic premonition caused them to hand down the following judgment in "Rafter Romance," a Radio picture: "Eliminate

the italicized word in the dialogue, 'Bowling Green 4-3821.'" What evil significance is contained in this particular half of a New York telephone exchange seems almost beyond human comprehension! But this meticulous care in regard to detail is reserved for pictures which are, on the whole, so outstandingly pure as to make it difficult to find anything objectionable. Their shiniest pruning knives are kept for the major smashes that reek with sex and sin.

PENNSYLVANIA'S only rival in destructive energy is Ohio. In some respects the censors here make their confrères across the state line look like amateurs. In pouncing upon crime and nudity, as well as the phases of morality, this board is supreme. Hair-splitting is the order of the day.

The unerring accuracy which makes them champions in this direction, however, deprives them of the chance of being acclaimed for occasional bursts of brash liberalism. A case in point is the recent Mae West picture, "I'm No Angel." They made only two deletions in the entire film. One was from the line in the barker's spiel in which he introduces Miss West as a dancer and says, "... if she is properly encouraged, she'll throw *discretion to the winds* and her hips to the north, south, east and west." The phrase in italics, according to the rather coy Ohio board, gives the unfortunate impression that the heroine is loose morally, whereas the remainder of the statement can have only one interpretation—that she is loose about the hips, when dancing, if properly encouraged! When considered in relation to the (Continued on page 110)



Clark Gable and Myrna Loy in "Manhattan Melodrama."
(Below) Carole Lombard and Bing Crosby in "We're Not Dressing." Crosby's singing makes this above average.



Otto Kruger's excellent performance and Nancy Carroll's nice work serve to make "Springtime for Henry" an utterly charming production. You will like it.



Hollywood has given us an unusual number of good movies this month.

A: TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia)

John Barrymore, Carole Lombard, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns

A PRICELESS knockout. It's pictures on this plane that make the reviewer's life worth living; there is always the hope that a piece of entertainment like this will happen along. Such superb acting . . . such thrilling story material . . . such beautiful direction and dialogue! John Barrymore plays the role of Oscar Jaffe, the hysterical stage producer, to the very hilt and in so doing must have imbued Carole Lombard (actress Lily Garland) with some of the fire that made it possible for her to

Reviews

-A TOUR OF TODAY'S TALKIES

By WALTER RAMSEY

so far outshine her former acting that it is surprising. Most of the action takes place on the train, Twentieth Century, and concerns itself with Jaffe's attempts to obtain Lily Garland's signature to a contract that will save him from ruin as a producer. Oscar is always on the verge of suicide or happiness, and Lily, being a protégée of Oscar, almost outdoes him in histrionics. The rest of the cast is exceptional and the photography is beautiful. Don't fail to see this picture for any reason whatsoever. It's great.

B: MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M)

Clark Gable, William Powell, Myrna Loy, Leo Carrillo, Nat Pendleton, Isabel Jewell

VERY nearly a knockout. Many moons have risen and set since we last saw much grand casting for a story. Loy, Gable and Powell seem made to order for the roles they play.

Two boys, Blackie and Jim, are left homeless at the opening of the story. Then we see them as grown men.

You'll be better amused and entertained
than you've been in a long time

Blackie (Gable) has become a big gambler and Jim (Powell) is District Attorney, running for Governor. Gable's former mistress, Myrna Loy, has quit him because he refuses to stop gambling and she falls in love with D.A. Powell! The intriguing situations that arise as the result of the loyalty of Blackie and Jim and an unusual ending make for interesting entertainment. We won't reveal the finale except to tell you that it won't prompt you to say "so what?"

Why, you ask, in view of all this glowing praise, does the picture rate "B" instead of "A"? Good story, good cast—but the tempo of the picture is slow. You'll notice it, too. You'll have an urge to give the story a push and send it along faster. For all that, I think, you'll like it a lot.



Carole Lombard and John Barrymore in "Twentieth Century."
(Below) Frank Morgan (a wow) and Constance Bennett in
"The Affairs of Cellini." Fredric March plays the title role.



The fine performances of Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook and Reginald Owen make the too-whimsical "Where Sinners Meet" enjoyable. Billie Burke is in it, too.

B: WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO)


Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray

ALL this picture needs to make it thoroughly enjoyable is an injection of intestinal fortitude. As it stands now, it is all too, too fluffy and whimsical. Clive Brook portrays a millionaire on Dover Road whose hobby is collecting couples who are eloping and keeping them in his mansion long enough to allow them to find out if they are doing the wise thing. Most of them are not. Billie Burke flutters her way to another finale with excellent finesse and Diana Wynyard, Reginald Owen and Alan Mowbray contribute to the general fun in grand style. Too bad the story lacked any power whatsoever. It might have been swell.

The same slowness obtains in this film as in the one reviewed above—although they are entirely different in other respects. We hope all the Hollywood directors won't go slow-motion.

(Continued on page 120)





GO TO THE HEAD
OF THE CLASS

- JACKIE!

by HARRY LANG



Some skeptic suggested that, even though Jackie may be a genius at acting, he might be deficient in other ways. And so, the young man promptly handed over his rating from the Binet-Simon tests, and the doubting Thomas retired without so much as another word!

Master Cooper knows the answers—better ones than the average adult! He surprised his examiner—and probably himself—at the blow he handed the Intelligence Test

Here is the youthful star with Dr. Doncaster G. Humm, whose job it was to discover "Skippy's" intelligence measure. The pill boxes had something to do with the examination and did not contain a remedy for the headache many a simpler soul than Jackie would have courted as a result of having difficult questions bombarded at him.



According to Dr. Humm's findings, young Cooper is capable of attaining prominence in any field of endeavor he might pursue. Indeed, he could very readily make science his life work, if Jackie should tire of grease paint, sound tracks and cameras when he reaches manhood.

BY scientific tests, Jackie Cooper is actually the mental superior of more than six-and-a-half million American adults of twenty-one or over today.

That is the amazing conclusion which results from the first scientific "intelligence measurement" test ever given the child star. But while that finding is the most startling result, the test goes much further and for the first time, on a truly scientific basis, gives the answers to such often-repeated questions as:

Isn't it true that while Jackie Cooper is a genius at acting, he's deficient or dull in other ways? The answer is "No," that, on the contrary, Jackie is in no field of mentality under his age and, in many fields, far beyond.

Isn't it true that his film fame has "spoiled" him?

PART OF JACKIE'S TEST

1. Repeat from memory the following digits, read to you at one-second intervals: 3-4-9-6-8-2-1-7.
2. Repeat backwards from memory the following digits, read to you at one-second intervals: 8-9-4-3-5-2.
3. Answer this: "Something is going on in the house across the street. The rooms are decorated with flowers and well-dressed people are arriving. Among them is a minister. Outside, people are tying old shoes and streamers to a car. What is happening there?"
4. Answer this: "Two missionaries and two cannibals wanted to cross a stream. They had a boat which could carry no more than two persons. However, it was unsafe to leave two cannibals and one missionary together at any time, on either shore, because then the two cannibals would eat the one missionary. How did they all get across the stream without running this danger?" (The answer is at the end of this article.)
5. What is wrong with this sentence: "Yesterday the police found a 300-pound safe which had been stolen from the post office, in the home of a woman. They believe she carried it there."
6. Jackie, told to utter words at random as fast as he could think of them, gave 65 words within 90 seconds. Can you?



The answer is again "No," with the added explanation that he stands less chance of being "spoiled" by fame than many grown-up stars before you today.

These tests were given to Jackie a little over a year ago, when he was nine years old. The tests have just come to light and are so amazing that they deserve attention, for at nine Jackie's mind was rated as that of a twelve-and-a-half year old boy.

Upon recommendation of the Los Angeles Board of Education authority, the test was placed in the hands of Doncaster G. Humm, Ph.D., Los Angeles psychologist. It is in substance the same test as is used in schools, colleges, the army and navy, sociological and industrial institutions, to ascertain the mental age and intelligence of any individual.

(Continued on page 106)



Here is Spencer Tracy fairly beaming on Baby Louise. Spenc is a dyed-in-the-wool daddy and will tell anyone who will listen that his children are his first interest in life. Then, there is lovely Loretta Young, for whom he acknowledges great devotion.



The **LIFE STORY** *of a* **REAL** *guy*

LITTLE Spenc Tracy resented being called an Indian by "Moom," his aunt, and would retaliate by leaving her out of his prayers at night. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, of an Irish father, Spencer had all the wit and fighting spirit of the Irish. No, Aunt "Moom," nor anyone else for that matter, could get away with calling him an Indian—even though it was said jokingly.

Spencer never did like school. And it wasn't his fondness for education which prompted our little friend to learn to read. No, sir! He discovered at an early age that reading enabled one to comprehend the sub-titles of movies. So he learned to read—willingly.

He always had an urge for acting and so it was not un-

natural that, when Pat O'Brien, a high-school pal, urged him to come to New York where he was studying for the stage, Spencer agreed to join him there. Together, they went from booking-office to booking-office. Spencer's biggest moment came when he landed a weekly salary with a White Plains stock company and fell in love with the leading lady, Louise Treadwell.

Spencer Tracy and Louise Treadwell were married in Cincinnati between a matinee and evening performance of their stock company show. Before their marriage, Louise had gone to Milwaukee for a few weeks' visit to Spencer's parents, for the purpose of "getting acquainted." Just what Mr. and Mrs. Tracy thought of their future daughter-in-law was indicated by a long distance telephone call



Mrs. Tracy, formerly Louise Treadwell and a popular actress. The celebrated pair were happy for several years and even now, though separated, are the best of friends. And, right, Spencer with his son, Johnny, a most interesting little fellow.

Part 2: A new wife—and no job . . . a chance at radio—big flop . . . tuning in on the piano business . . . Johnny, Baby Louise, success and a legal separation

B y W A L T E R R A M S E Y

from the senior Tracy the day Louise left. "What do you think of her, Dad?" Spenc asked eagerly.

"Well," came the reply, "if you don't marry this girl, son, you're a bigger fool than I thought you were when you went on the stage!"

IT was Spencer who was now beginning to believe he was a fool to have gone on the stage. He was becoming more and more discouraged with his career. Through several stock company engagements he had managed to receive only minor parts. Louise went from one leading lady engagement to the other.

At this time in his career Spenc was such a bad actor he was frequently singled out for ridicule by stage mana-

gers who were not at all backward about telling him he had picked the wrong profession. He would have quit a thousand times if it hadn't been for Louise, who even went so far as to threaten to leave him if he quit the stage. "You aren't the Great Lover type," she would tell him, "but you have a nice stage presence and a good voice. Some day you'll find your particular niche and you'll click."

"Even my mother was convinced I should give up the stage after she saw me in one performance," explains Spenc. "I'm afraid I was a very discouraged bridegroom the first year of our marriage."

It was during the run of a show in Cincinnati, six months after their marriage, that (Continued on page 78)

ALL JOKING ASIDE—By JACK WELCH



JIMMY DURANTE'S
STAND-IN WEARS A
FOOTBALL NOSEGUARD.



MAE WEST
WORKS ON
HER STORIES IN BED.



TO TEST HER AMBITION TO BE AN ANIMAL TRAINER
MARGARET SULLIVAN HAS SAT IN LION CAGES SEV-
ERAL TIMES (She has returned to movie work each time.)



JOEL MCCREA ATTENDS ALL "SNEAK PREVIEWS" OF HIS PICTURES AND



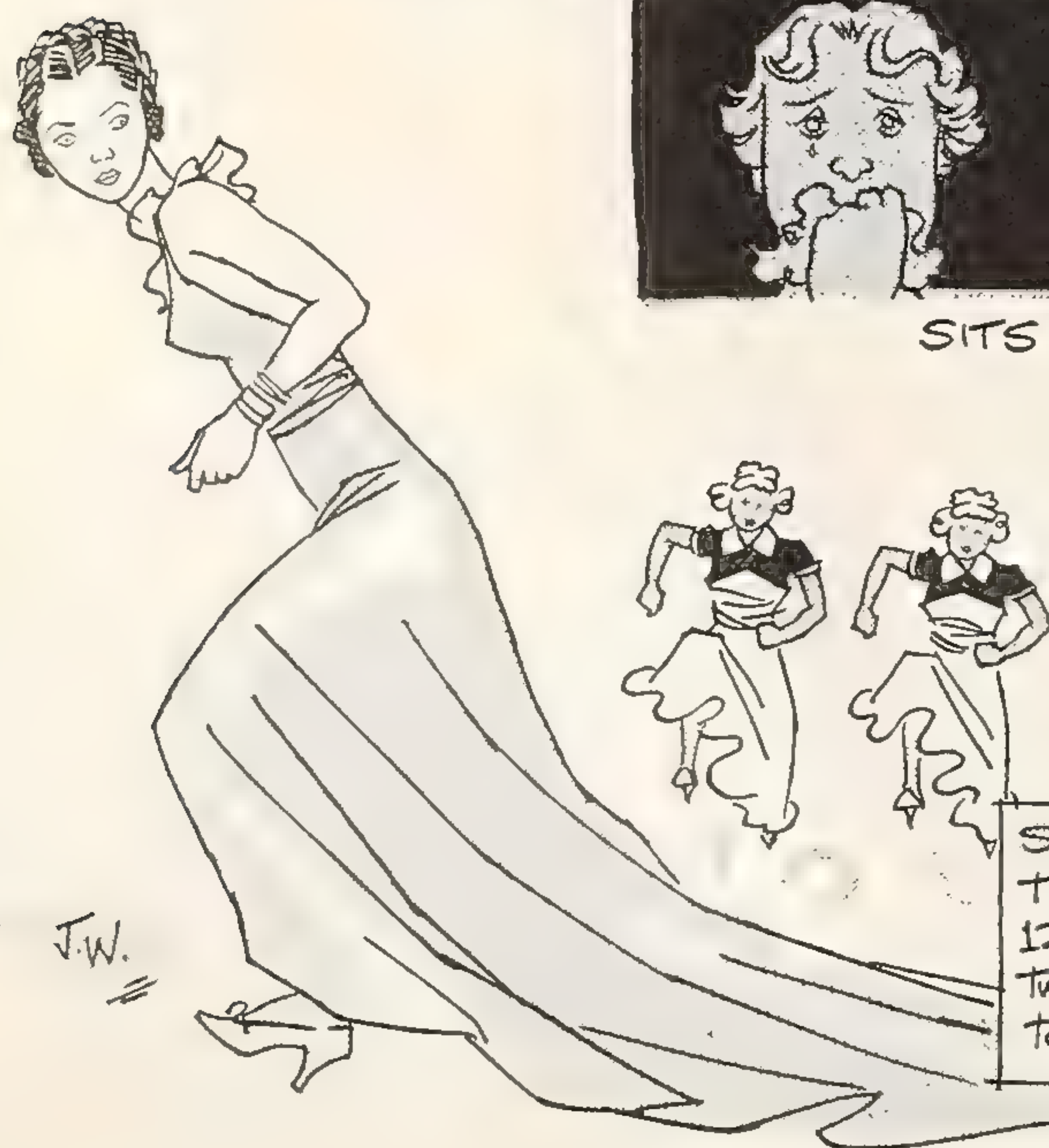
SITS THROUGH THEM BLINDFOLDED SO THAT HE CAN



SENSE BETTER THE VARIOUS REACTIONS



OF THE AUDIENCE.



Sylvia Sydney's court dress
train in "Thirty Day Princess" is
12 feet long and so heavy that
two maids were especially hired
to carry it around for her.

JEAN HARLOW


The Platinum One is ever busy as the proverbial bee and is fast developing into one of M-G-M's best box-office bets. She plays a typical tempestuous Harlow role in "100 Per Cent Pure" and our guess is that it will check up another hit for her. She celebrated her birthday recently by presenting her mother with a swanky town car, but then, every day is Mother's Day for this generous gal. When Jean isn't emoting at the studio, she devotes her day to athletics. Swimming in her brand new pool may be counted among her latest diversions and then, of course, golfing continues to be one of her favorite sports.





GLORIA SWANSON

You'll see her soon in M-G-M's revamped version of that famous emotional drama, "Three Weeks." For, although her life—personal and professional—has been rather hectic, La Swanson is still most interested in appearing in pictures. She knows the movie game thoroughly, so perhaps that is why she is now taking it philosophically.



JOHN BARRYMORE

It isn't often that Mr. Barrymore okays his own performance in a picture, so when he claims that his role of the hectic producer in "Twentieth Century" is the best characterization of his movie career, it behooves us to sit up and take notice. Barrymore's favorite sport is skeet shooting, for which he has a field on his estate.



WARREN WILLIAM

When it comes to versatility, he is one of the most dependable players on the coast, for he is at home in the staid business man type of role as well as in a colorful character, such as the powerful Caesar, in "Cleopatra." Incidentally, Cecil B. De Mille borrowed Mr. William from Warners for this Paramount production, which sort of looks as if no one on the home lot could have done it as well, doesn't it? "When Tomorrow Comes" will be released at about the same time and then you'll see what we mean by an all-around trouper. Believe it or not, his favorite sport is boar hunting.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Well, when a gal wears very little clothes, she's apt to get the sniffles. And it was a long time after Claudette finished "Cleopatra" that she finally put away her handkerchiefs. Of course, she is loaded down with jewels in the picture, but chunks of gold were never much to keep the drafts away. The little lady has a couple of pastimes that girls throughout the country share with her. She loves to cook and turns out some excellent culinary concoctions, and she adores to give herself facials. No beauty parlors for her! She has her own little shelf of creams and astringents.



DON'T GET



We liked you gay, reckless, settling

Yes, believe it or Ripley, the unexpected has happened! You see, once more, Lupe and Gary at the same table. Of course, each is now devoted to another and those others, Johnny Weissmuller and Mrs. Cooper, are "among those present." Looks like a nice little foursome, doesn't it, with bygones—well, just bygones.

By RUTH BIERY



I'M worried about Lupe Velez. For the first time in eight years, I'm sincerely anxious about her. She's the best friend I have and I've always been proud of her. But now—

For the first time, Lupe's in danger of being coated by a veneer, manufactured by her friends and her critics rather than by her Maker. For the first time, she's beginning to change, allowing Hollywood and marriage to make her over.

For a long time, Hollywood's been gradually changing—hiding behind dignified panels and a refusal to "talk to the press" to keep the world in ignorance of its true nature. And Lupe's been the one, bright, fascinating exception. "I'm what I am. God made me and I'm not going back on Him to pretend I'm different."

But now something has happened to her. She's changed.

A writer telephoned the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department for an interview with her. "Miss Velez is not granting interviews any more," was the answer.

She says "darn" where she used to say "damn."

She isn't yelling at the fights any more.

She's given away the dogs that used to chase through the house after her, like Pied Piper's children, even though they weren't house-broken.

She's rebuilding her home along the most conservative, "grand lady" lines.

She's planning on buying white love seats, in the best English fashion, for the new library. Red plush would have been the choice of Miss Velez; white satin belongs to Mrs. Weissmuller.

She's installing new closets to hold her dresses. Cedar-lined. Instead of tossing thousand-dollar coats into tiny

RESPECTABLE, LUPE!



scores in your own way; loving here, hating there! Don't change now!

spaces with an impetuous, careless abandon, she's hired a woman to hang them in neat rows under neat covers.

Instead of letting all of her dresses get dirty and shooting them *en masse* to the cleaners, she's sending them one by one so her closets are as respectable as her neighbors'.

She's replaced her slacks, with their great splotches of grease from the drippings beneath her car where she's crawled to tinker, with silk, daintily collared dresses.

She's planning on joining a woman's club!

AND she's saving her money. Instead of dashing to Palm Springs or Agua Caliente for a week-end to try her luck at the tables, Lupe and Johnny and Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot have rented a beach house between them, where they slip on Fridays and remain until Mondays—swimming and riding and boating and sunbathing. If they want excitement, they go Coney Island places for roller-coasting and merry-go-rounding, where they can't spend over ten dollars for all four of them.

There's more; much more. But that is enough to show you why I'm frightened. Lupe is going respectable and using other people's definition of that word instead of her own. She must stop it!

My first little fright was just before she and Johnny were married. She said, "I've always been afraid of marriage. It has seemed like putting iron bars around you. The married people I know are not happy. They pretend. I can't pretend. But," she shrugged, "this world says a girl should marry. I have had every experience except marriage. I've been afraid to tie myself down. I cannot be tied down. I cannot be told what to do and what not

to do. But people do not think me respectable because I do not marry. That is the custom. I cannot live alone. I love Johnny. I love him very much. I suppose we must marry!"

My heart stopped a beat. She was madly in love with Johnny; she was not madly in love with marriage. A world—a hard world—had taught her that the custom of marriage was essential to respectability. Decency, loyalty, honesty, fearlessness—all those, Lupe always had. But they were not enough for respectability. A custom was. And Lupe had always wanted to be respected.

This was not the first time Lupe had considered the pros and cons of marriage. We all know about Gary. We do not all know about the producer who wanted to marry her. He sent her beautiful paintings, recommended what she should read, advised her on how she should act. In fact, he wanted to make her over into a Janet Gaynor.

That marriage would have given Lupe "respectability" and financial independence for the rest of her life. Most unmarried girls would have vaulted toward the altar. But not Lupe. She saw ahead with that shrewd, native, unspoiled instinct. "He fell in love with me as I am. If I am his wife, he make me another person and then he stop loving me and wonder why. I cannot do it. I am what I am and must remain so!"

Lupe did not think Johnny would try to make her over. Johnny did not think so, either.

But all men—and most women—eventually reach the point where they want to control Lupe. With men, it's a matter of testing love. Love (Continued on page 103)

She can wear anything! Clothes that are daring or conservative or tailored or, on rare occasions, much be-ruffled. What does it take to do it?



One of Norma's most daring creations. A white satin negligee, grand enough for a ball gown.

(Above and below) Two of the maddest hats in the world, which Norma wears in "Riptide." One is a silly little plaid gewunkus, the other is square on top!



By DENA REED

THE one thing that stands out in Norma Shearer's pictures, aside from her impeccable acting, has always seemed to me to be her versatility in clothes-wearing. I've wondered about it for a long time and when I thought of the Adrian creations for "Riptide," I realized that, as usual, Norma wore everything from a simple street dress to a novel and devastating evening gown—to say nothing of a bathing suit. Norma is herself in everything, and this, even for a screen star gownned by the foremost Hollywood designer, seems quite a feat. After all, Garbo has rarely if ever appeared in a bathing suit and as for "teddies"—perish the thought! Usually those of us who were made for bathing suits



IF YOU WOULD BE AS Chic as Norma



A resort model, made with a long skirt and a gaily Roman striped material forming the bodice and girdle. Very unusual.



A hostess gown which has a long, be-trained jacket, and full, wrist-length sleeves of contrasting velvet.

don't belong in a *tailleur* and vice versa. But Norma's been the exception to the rule.

Norma wears tons of clothes in "Riptide"—some utterly extreme. Clothes that are difficult to "get away with." But, anyway, they're fun to look at. Take the queer little hats she wears. Not a sensible one in the lot. Only a very well brushed *coiffeur* and a finely chiselled profile could wear that feathered tricorn lid, or that crazy little square box-like affair, or even that jaunty plaid beret with the doo-dad over the right eye. "But," you say, "Norma Shearer isn't a crazy person. How does she get away with clothes like that?" Wait a minute.

And the gowns! That one tagged "The Napoleon" is

perhaps the most individual. The skirt isn't so unusual, except that it might cling just a little closer than most skirts. But the hip-length coat of velvet with the huge stand-up collar is something that even the males will notice. Once again—Norma carries it off beautifully.

She evidently looked toward Russia for the influence in her chiffon hostess gown, with its unusual jacket trimmed with four rows of silver cording, Russian collar and double jabot of the chiffon tied high about her throat. As for the black velvet evening dress with silver lame coat featuring wide velvet lapels and tails (yes, actually!) that hang to the knee—it's easy to see that a man's full dress coat was the inspiration for this. (Continued on page 86)



Penned with a sentimental longing for the days when a movie wife argued with a gun, great directors winked at extra girls, and every night was New Year's Eve

I'M glad I'm not a Hollywood press agent today. In my day, we created news rather than suppressed it. Heavens, but these highly-organized, efficiency-expert, suppress-agents take themselves seriously! Perhaps it's because they make as much as \$25,000 yearly. When we got twenty-five dollars a week we promoted divorces and encouraged young girls to walk down Hollywood Boulevard in chiffon nighties and urged one star to sue another—all for headline excitement.

Today, they make actors who forget to marry their beloveds rush to Santa Anna for a secret ceremony; they make little girls who might be named as correspondents get married; they hire airplanes to sneak naughty relatives out of the country. They even order dancing daughters to become perfect ladies. And now they've barred the studio lunchrooms to guests to prevent their little dears from being seen by curious visitors.

"We mustn't spoil the illusions about them," they tell writers.

Illusions! And who thrills to illusions? How would you like to hold an *illusion* in your arms to cuddle and fondle? How would you like to marry an illusion?

Personally, I'll take my girls as they were intended to be taken. As Mae West or Katie Hepburn or Garbo or Clara Bow are taken on the screen.

If Mae West had come to Hollywood in the old days—it makes my hair stand on end just to think of what we would have done with her. We'd have said, "Mae, blow your stuff. Tell it to the marines and the army. Tell the men all over the world to come up and see you sometime and tell the women why they accept the invitation without a moment's hesitation."

But what did they do to you? They turned you from a nice, hot mamma into a subtle, mysterious, lady-like illusion. They made you so naughty on the screen that even the marines must blush; they ordered you to become so lily white in person that I was afraid someone would kidnap you at Easter and send you as a greeting.

IT'S funny to a Hollywood old-timer, Mae. Here you'd made nice, bright, red stripes all over the world before Hollywood caught you. With your own brains, too. 'Cause it takes brains to handle a body. Your muscles don't undulate without the little, upper cells that control them. You'd made a fortune and collected more jewels than Peggy Joyce. You'd held the world to your heaving bosom. When you'd found it commencing to slip, you'd winked at the police department, taken a ride in its wagon and watched the world huddle close again.

And yet a bunch of pink-cheeked lads, most of whom weren't so hot as reporters and so turned press agents, told you what to say and what to do and how to live and which way to fold your hands when writers approached you, and finally ordered you not to talk at all, for publication.

Those first interviews were swell, Mae. You told a writer, "Hollywood's been getting dull, but I'll give it a new coat of varnish." You told another, "They want me to take pictures in a bungalow apron and show me cooking in a kitchen. I've never been in a kitchen except to pass through to meet some man on the back porch." They made that writer show the story to your special, pink-cheeked press agent and he shuddered and cut it out—and you let him!

Now, you've bought a new house in the *farming district*. True, it has an onyx bowl and solid, eighteen carat gold bathroom fittings that cost \$7,000 and a bar in the basement—where they'll have you serving pink teas, Mae.

You should have been here in the old days! When Gloria Swanson rode down the Boulevard in a yellow car with Wallie Beery. "Wallie" printed on one door; "Gloria" on the other. Before they were married! And D. W. Griffith drove a blue one from which he winked at the pretty girls. There weren't any illusions about their blushes or heaving bosoms. They knew his car was blue to attract attention and they were willing to be attracted. There are plenty of girls in Hollywood, now, with the same willingness. Only they live in penthouses with back stairways.

Those were the days when the brighter the car, the more famous the person. Gary Cooper carried on the tradition in his bright, canary two-tonner right up 'til the time he got married. But after that Park Avenue wedding—another hearse-colored carriage.

I wouldn't say a word if these modern press wizards—who tame 'em rather than exploit 'em—were bringing more money into the box office. "Beezness" is "beezezness" in Hollywood and always will be. But the money isn't rolling in as it used to and the producers are wailing they can't pay the NRA increases. Well, any average American family could tell them: You can't live on illusions. You've got to have honest-to-goodness bread and butter.

Of course, they blame the censors and women's clubs and talkies. Well, as an old-timer, I want to argue about that. We used to make our pictures on the Cinderella theme, but let the people who (Continued on page 82)

LET'S PAINT HOLLYWOOD



By CAROLINE S. HOYT

Illustrated by JAMES TREMBATH



Jean Kraft wanted to tell Clark Gable she thought him charming, but decided it might sound like flattery. Anyway, the cameraman appeared just then, so Clark will never know about it—'til he reads this.



Here is Jean with Myrna Loy (left) and Muriel Evans. She says they are a couple of regular gals you'd like to number among your friends, and are as pretty and sweet as they are unpretentious.



And, with Otto Kruger, who is ready to go on the set. "And how attractive he is!" declares Jean, whose opinion is worth while, for she met many charming male stars during her visit.

I HARDLY know where to begin the account of the greatest adventure of my life so far—my week in Hollywood, and my meeting with Joan Crawford. Even now as I write this story on the train speeding me back to my home in Shaker Heights, Ohio, and my job as the reception clerk in the office of a well-known dentist, I am pinching myself to wonder if it is really true that I, Jean Kraft, have actually met the girl I have

adored all these years, that I have sat on the set with her having tea, talking to her about everything, watching her make scenes for her new picture, "Sadie McKee," with Franchot Tone. I know it is really true, but like all wonderful and unexpected things that happen to us, it seems like a dream come true.

When the contest was announced I resolved, of course, to enter it. Joan Crawford has always been my star of

... Jean Kraft, winner of the trip to Hollywood in our Joan Crawford contest, tells of meeting her idol and the thrilling week she spent in the City of Make Believe

By JEAN KRAFT



William Powell is one of Miss Kraft's favorite players, so she was pleased when he asked to be snapped with her. "This gentleman is as suave and gracious off the screen as he is on," she tells us.



Here is Jean with Clarence Brown, director of "Sadie McKee," and Joan Crawford who, with Modern Screen, is responsible for the contest that gave this lucky lady from Ohio a chance to know Hollywood.



Jackie Cooper, all dressed up in his "Treasure Island" costume, stopped work long enough to pose for a picture and to tell Jean he'd rather make movies than go to school, which sounds like a reasonable choice.

stars. There is no one in pictures I have admired as I have Joan. The way this girl has developed, from a giddy dancing "extra" to a gracious and charming woman, has been an inspiration to me. And so the work of preparing my entry as a tribute to my idol was a labor of love.

When I sent my entry away, I was proud of it but in my heart I did not expect to win. I've watched so many

contests and wondered if anyone ever really won them. I even wondered if the winners were not picked in advance and if they were not personal friends of someone connected with the producing company. You know what I mean, all you who have gone through the same thing.

Before I left home I received over four hundred letters and each one asked what were my emotions when the letter came saying I had won. (Continued on page 95)

COULD YOU HAVE BORNE SUCH SUFFERING?

By GLADYS HALL

WHEN Esther Ralston was two years old, she made her first public appearance, balanced precariously on the head of her acrobat father. And from that scarey position she was tossed, a small yellow fluff ball, from her father to her mother and back again. And when the performance was over, she would go home—to whatever railroad station hotel was “home” that week to the Six Travelling Ralstons. And she would take her little, carefully tended bisque doll and hug it close and say “Babies shouldn’t get hurted. Babies shouldn’t get scare-ded. *I’ll take care of you.*” And that inanimate bisque dolly was the very heart of the heart of Esther, aged two.

When Esther was nine, after seven years of intensive trouping during the summer and schooling in winter headquarters during school terms, she was appearing with her family in a small Utah town. One of her most sensational stunts was done in metal rings suspended by a leather thong held by her father’s teeth as he swung on the trapeze. To give the act a greater thrill, father Ralston gave Esther’s older brother his place and let the lad hold Esther with his teeth. *One night the boy sneezed.* From the constricted throats of hundreds of factory hands and small town spectators, a roar of horror shattered the air—and a small body went hurtling through space to the ground.

There were days and weeks of hospital pain; blurred days and weeks when the small bruised body and the small bruised mind seemed to be one tremendous ache. *Wondering*—trying to figure it all out—trying to put together the pretty, brightly colored fragments she thought were Life so that they would fit beautifully together as they should fit. After a while she found the solution—it was *love*. It was loving everyone and everything so much that bruises couldn’t matter; you couldn’t be *really* hurt; most

of all, you couldn’t ever deal hurt to anyone with your own hands, with your own heart. Esther didn’t call her resolution God. She didn’t give it any sectarian name. She just kind of thought that if you love people very much they will love you back and then the pieces of the puzzle will all fit together and you won’t get hurt even if you *are* hurt. It was something like that. . . .

AND then, in 1925, after long years of trouping, of playing bits and extra parts in pictures, of playing in Westerns, she made her first real screen success as Mrs. Darling in “Peter Pan.” The long trail began, it seemed, to climb upwards toward the sun. In 1925 she believed that she had found her place in the sun, on the rim of the world, on the happy side of Heaven. She married her manager, George Webb.

George was married when he met Esther. An unhappy marriage. Love gone from it. It did not matter to Esther that George was married. For hers was a love that was more than a love—her first—her last. It was idolatry. It was Trilby to Svengali. It was the lode-stone that called forth all of the deeply stored love of that deeply tender young heart.

When Esther spoke of George in these days she lowered her voice. George was Daddy. Esther was his child, his baby, the supple clay to be moulded

as he would. She never questioned. He loved her. She loved him. The pieces fitted together with a passionate perfection. Her own family cast her off when she married George. It didn’t matter. She was glassed in by a love the prismatic colors of which filled the earth and the sky and the last horizon.

Success seemed to walk hand in hand with this consuming love. George was Authority. George Knew. He trained her. He taught her. He would say to her, “*I am Esther Ralston.*” He would (Continued on page 88)



Esther Ralston is happy now. She has work. Friends. Little Mary Esther. Freedom. (Above) In a scene from “Sadie McKee” with Gene Raymond. Her come-back picture.

Esther Ralston always
believed that, if you loved
enough, nothing could
really hurt you . . .



CONVENTION



The MPTOA—Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association, when they want to be formal—meets in Cinema Town, visits all the studios, and is entertained right royally



1. May Robson tells Will Rogers and Fred Stone a fish story—M-G-M banquet. 2. Buster Keaton and Harold Lloyd—M-G-M banquet. 3. All the Warner Stars pose with the MPTOA's on Warner Day. How many of 'em can you name? Kay Francis is there. And Ric Cortez. Verree Teasdale, too. 4. The visiting wives oh-ed and ah-ed when they saw Dolores Del Rio, in her Madame Du Barry costume, leaving the set. 5. Ric Cortez obligingly does the autograph business for the wife of one of the conventioners. 6. Guy Kibbee, mobbed on his home lot.



All photographs in this feature by Scott





See the stars as the visiting MPTOA's saw 'em. The convention lasted four days. And "tired but happy" was the way everyone felt when all the doings were over



1. On Paramount Day, Sylvia Sidney made a speech of welcome. 2. A touch of Ancient Rome—Harry Wilcoxson leaves the set of "Cleopatra." Can you find Cecil DeMille in the background? 3. Baby LeRoy's latest trick is "showing his tonsils." Roscoe Karns wants to show his tonsils, too. 4. Polly Moran, working on RKO's "Down to Their Last Yacht," autographs a book for a small visitor. 5. "Isn't he cute?" A couple of young MPTOA's meet Richard Cromwell. 6. A long shot of the luncheon which Paramount tendered the hungry "conventioners."



CONVENTION IN HOLLYWOOD



The Farewell Banquet—held at the Ambassador Hotel. And very swanky it was, too. How many of the folks can you identify—before reading the caption?



1. Cary Grant and Virginia Cherrill Grant, that handsome couple, grace the farewell banquet with their presence. 2. The cutest couple there—Isabel Jewell and Lee Tracy. 3. All the stellar guests pose for a big pitcher. Can you find Dietrich, Harlow, Von Sternberg, Joan Blondell, Eddie Robinson? And how many more? 4. Adolphe Menjou and his statuesque heart, Verree Teasdale. 5. Bette Davis with a newcomer, Theodore Newton. 6. Jean Muir, looking refreshingly girlish, and Russell Hardie.



IF YOU HAD A DATE WITH

Dick

Young Mr. Powell and Margaret Lindsay all set for an evening's dining and dancing at Hollywood's famous Coconut Grove.



When a movie star takes a gal out, the best is none too good

HOW would you like to go out on a date with a movie star?

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, "Gosh, these stars have a fine time for themselves, but what good does it do *me*?" Well, cheer up, because you're going out on a real date with a real star right now! We're going to let you go out on an actual date with Dick Powell and Margaret Lindsay, and tell you just what happens, just what it costs, everything—from the moment they make the date until the moment they get home.

Here's how it begins.

It's a bright, sunny afternoon on the Warner lot. Dick, sauntering along on his way to a sound-stage, his face yellow with make-up, a white scarf around his neck to keep the grease paint off the collar of his coat, sees Margaret Lindsay walking along ahead of him.

"Hi, Maggie!" he yells.

She waits and he trots up to her. "Working tonight?" he asks.

"Nope," she smiles. "Why?"

"Let's go out somewhere and have dinner together, shall we?"

"Sure," says Margaret.

"Okay. Fine. I'll be past about eight."

They walk together as far as the stage on which Margaret is working, and now *we draw the curtain until 7:30 P. M.*

It's 7:30. Dick is all bathed and shaved. He steps to the phone, calls the Ambassador Hotel, asks for the *maitre d'hotel*, and says, "This is Dick Powell. May I have a table for two this evening? Thanks." His reservation made, he goes down the front walk, steps on the starter of his roadster, and heads for Hollywood from the Toluca

Lake district in which his home is. He stops at a florist's shop just off the Boulevard, and buys Margaret a spray of gardenias for a corsage. (The florist doesn't even recognize him.)

The two lustrous white blossoms, with their pungent perfume, cost him \$1.50. With his bankroll, Dick could buy orchids, but Hollywood youngsters of today have a lot better taste than the stars of olden days who used to throw their money around for the pleasure of showing off. If Margaret were really and truly mad about orchids he'd buy them for her, but if he bought them just to show he could afford it, she would think him guilty of bad taste, no matter how much she oh-ed and ah-ed over them out of politeness. Carrying the corsage in its lavender box, Dick hops back into his car. The next stop is the apartment building in which Margaret lives.

By
**MARTHA
KERR**

HE rings the bell and the door is opened by Helen, Margaret's younger sister. "Hello, Dick. Come in," she invites him. He comes in, to be greeted by a ferocious growl from Margaret's police dog.

Margaret thrusts her head out of the bedroom door with, "H'ya, Dick. Still dressing. Be with you in a minute."

"All right," says Dick, taking off his overcoat and settling down on the couch with a resigned sigh.

"Play with the dog," suggests Margaret.

The dog growls again, and Dick moves as far as he can in the other direction. He and Helen chat and finally Margaret comes out. In the car, they cut over to Sunset Boulevard, drive down Sunset to Western Avenue, turn from Western into Wilshire Boulevard, and finish the last few blocks to the (Continued on page 84)



TOGS FOR

Sports

(Left) There is nothing as gay as a white coat in the summer time. We admit all the problems of keeping it clean—and spotlessly clean it must be kept. But if the budget will permit not only the initial expense but the cleaner's bills, we'd say, "Get one!" Jean's is white chinchilla, with an Eton collar and loose Dolman sleeves. The white Breton sailor has a band of blue. (Center) On a crepe dress of luscious bonbon pink, the fringed collar and cuffs turn out to be, surprisingly enough, crash linen. The buttons marching smartly up the front of the skirt are new and nice. The hat, a modified sailor of bonbon pink, is of quilted fabric. (Right) White linen and sheer navy wool. There is a sleeveless blouse of the linen, a matching jacket with a scarf of navy, and a navy skirt. The dark skirt is practical and the white blouse and jacket can be kept always fresh. The Breton sailor shown in the first picture goes with this outfit.



(Left) This beach ensemble is simply darling. The crash linen dress is bright yellow. It buttons down the back with brown buttons, thus making it possible to be modestly and smartly dressed one minute and ready for a swim the next. (The bathing suit, we hurry to add, is underneath.) The yellow quilted beach jacket is lined with brown plaid gingham—and is nice enough, really, to don elsewhere than on the beach. (Center) For country club verandas or hot summer nights of dancing, how do you like this pale blue crepe frock, accented with net? The waistline is Empire and the huge cape collar is made of the crepe and net. A big hat of pale blue straw adds the final romantic touch. (Right) If your figure is slender and if you are not so very, very short, how about a swim suit composed of brief white shorts and a brave blue top—said top being banded with white. And do note the sandals—very new and cool.

**AS PRETTY,
YOUNG AND
CHIC AS
Jean Parker
HERSELF**



Kay Francis (above) is wearing a summery afternoon or semi-formal dress. It is made of a very crisp organdie in a gay, open plaid. The material is the kind of organdie which can be washed without wilting. Kay wore it in her picture, "Doctor Monica." You can wear the dress, if you are the one to win it, to almost any sort of summer party. On the prize dress, the pleated ruffling is done in the same material as the dress itself. It will be copied exactly on the lines of the dress Kay is wearing. It comes in green, brown, black or blue plaid with white. Ginger Rogers (right) shows the velveteen coat that may be yours if you are the lucky winner. It is one of those perfectly cut things that can be worn over sport clothes or evening frocks and, being of velveteen and lined, is cozy enough for occasional chilly evenings. You can have it in black, navy or brown velveteen.

FREE!

A STAR'S DRESS

. . . Got fifty words? Good words?

Fifty of the best will win for you one of the models on these two pages—models patterned after four stars' costumes. Read the rules carefully—and the captions.

Then get busy!



FREE!

A STAR'S DRESS

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Write a description, fifty words or less, of the model on these two pages you would like best to own—and tell why. The words "a," "an," "the" will not be counted.
2. Mail your letter to Margery Wells, in care of MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. The contest closes on midnight of July 15, 1934. No letters postmarked after that time will be eligible.
4. State your size and color preference, according to the descriptions of the gowns given here.
5. In judging, consideration will be given to neatness of presentation and aptness and originality of expression.
6. The four best descriptions in the opinion of the judges will win, in each case, the costume best liked by the writer.
7. The decision of the judges (Miss Wells and the editors of MODERN SCREEN) will be final. No contest entries will be returned.
8. In case of duplicate entries of prize-winning merit, duplicate prizes will be awarded.



Dresses from Studio Styles

Ann Dvorak (above) offers you her spectator sports dress, made of a soft silk which is nevertheless heavy and firm enough in weave so that it falls into gracefully slim lines. Ann is wearing it in a dark tone, but, should you win this dress as a prize, we have taken the summer season into consideration and will have it made for you in white, flesh, beige or light blue. (Left) Jean Muir's summery eyelet embroidered dress was worn in the film, "Doctor Monica." You'll simply be entranced with its adaptation if you are the one fortunate enough to win it for your own. The overdress is of the sheerest sort of organdie with an embroidered pattern in all-over design. It has wide sleeves, flaring cuffs and collar. The skirt reaches to the ground, so you can see that it is a distinctly dressy frock. It comes in white over black, wistaria over wistaria, and pink over pink.



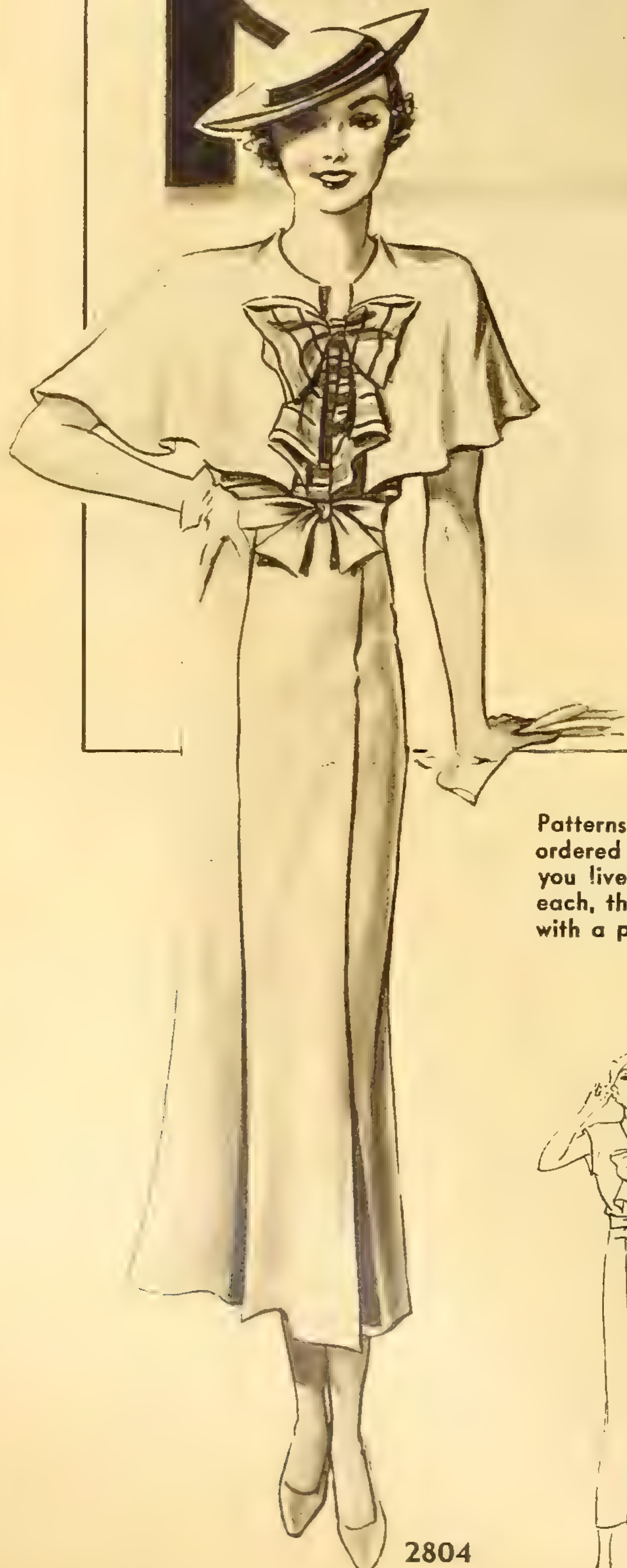
MODERN SCREEN PATTERNS

You can be as chic
as the stars. We
offer you patterns
modelled after
their dresses

2804—If you want to be cool this summer, we'd suggest a frock of white linen like the one Margaret Lindsay wears. The high-waisted skirt fastens onto the gaily striped blouse, with a detachable cape. In sizes 14, 16, 18 years—36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

2796 — Glenda Farrell's chic gown is simple to make. It is daringly backless and may be worn with the white organza collar, set off with a frilly jabot, or not. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years —36, 38 and 40-inch bust.

Patterns are fifteen cents each. Pattern book is fifteen cents when ordered separately—it is ten cents when ordered with a pattern. If you live outside of the United States, the patterns cost twenty cents each, the book twenty cents separately and fifteen cents when ordered with a pattern. Address orders to MODERN SCREEN Pattern Service, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.



2804



2796





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■ Miss Anne Gould spent much of her early girlhood in the Hawaiian Islands. Her adventurous spirit not only made her an expert surf rider, but she went to the bottom of the ocean herself to secure certain rare shells and corals for her col-

lection, the finest private collection in America. She studied in Paris under two famous French masters and her paintings are exceptionally fine. She is a proficient horsewoman and loves the open country. She always smokes Camel cigarettes.



CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER,
MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS THAN
ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

Why Miss Anne Gould, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jay Gould, prefers Camels

"Why do I smoke Camels? Because I honestly like their taste better than any of the other cigarettes," says Miss Gould. "Like most of the girls I know, I prefer a mild cigarette—that's another reason I am devoted to Camels.

Besides, I see no reason for letting cigarettes make you nervous—Camels never make me edgy or jumpy. And I really believe you could smoke Camels forever and ever and not get tired of their fine, smooth flavor."

Camel's costlier tobaccos are Milder



Ann Harding, with her pale gold hair, wearing a pale gold frock and hat, is a very gracious summer spirit indeed. She is now completing, with John Boles, her next picture, titled "Vergie Winters."

Modern Screen

New Device Revolutionizes Face Powder Colors



**DELICATE OPTICAL MACHINE
FINDS STRANGE COLORS
HIDDEN IN HUMAN SKIN**

TAKES ACTUAL RECORD OF
Bright Blue IN BLONDE SKIN
Startling Green IN BRUNETTE

TODAY Pond's is making revolutionary improvements in face powder colors!

Choosing the right powder is no longer a guessing game!

A machine achieved the miracle! A machine that estimates to the smallest fraction the colors *hidden* in human skin.

Now, by means of this optical machine, Pond's has calculated the exact degree of bright blue in perfect blonde skin . . . the unreckoned green that lies hidden in true brunette skin.

On these records Pond's, and Pond's alone, has created six scientific powder shades that will make any skin "look alive."

New shades enliven your skin

The new powder shades evolved do more than match . . . they *enliven* every type of skin!

NATURAL makes fair skins more luminous. Very flattering with gray hair . . . ROSE CREAM is becoming to most blondes and to many fair-skinned brunettes.

LIGHT CREAM is lovely for creamy skinned brunettes and blondes with ivory-

Mrs. William T. Wetmore
fair-skinned brunette: "Nothing equals the freshness Brunette gives my skin."

tinted skins . . . BRUNETTE gives light, brilliancy, to both brunette and blonde skins.

ROSE BRUNETTE is a rich warm shade—tones down ruddiness and gives color to sallow skins . . . DARK BRUNETTE is for very dark or sun-tanned skins.

Because its texture is so fine—so delicate—Pond's Powder spreads evenly in a thin film . . . and *stays on* your face all day. You look fresh . . . alive!

The perfume of this enchanting powder is very French. Yet Pond's costs little. A glass jar containing as much as many \$1.00 boxes is only 55¢. The extra-big jar is \$1.10. Five-and-ten and variety stores carry ten- and twenty-five-cent sizes.

★ *Two Special Boxes and an extra sample for 5¢. Send Coupon!* And get three different *light* or three different *dark* shades. See how much more flattering they are than other powders.

(above, from left)

Miss Betty Schuster, brunette: "Rose Brunette brightens my skin."
Mrs. J. A. McVickar, Jr., dark-eyed blonde: "Rose Cream is the grandest shade—it gives my skin such sparkle."
Miss Adeline Peek, delicate pink and white blonde: "Natural makes my skin look so clear."



**FINEST
POSSIBLE
INGREDIENTS**

ONLY 55¢

10¢

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. G
94 Hudson Street, New York City

I enclose 5¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for Two Special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra sample—three different shades in all.

I prefer 3 different *Light* Shades ☐

I prefer 3 different *Dark* Shades ☐

Name _____

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KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES



SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "*Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshingsmoke. We want Kools*".... (signed) "*A nation of contented Kool smokers.*" KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

The Life Story of a Real Guy

(Continued from page 49)

another profession threatened to come into his life. The Standard Oil Company wanted an announcer with a "natural" voice to be master-of-ceremonies on a musical program they were sponsoring, and this dubious honor fell to young Tracy. He would broadcast his program between the hours of seven-thirty and eight on Wednesday evenings, then dash back to the theatre and go on with the show.

THE morning after his first radio performance, his father again called Spenc on the phone. "Son," he drawled, "you might as well quit the theatre right away because you're a sensation over the radio. Have you seen the morning papers? I tell you, you're a hit!" Such praise from his parent was unusual, so unusual that he began to get suspicious. "Go out right now, son, and get the *Herald Tribune*."

Almost convinced, Spencer asked his father to read the notice over the phone. With a great deal of critical appreciation he began: "Last night they engaged a new personality over the Standard Oil Hour and the public was treated to what is perhaps the most stilted voice ever heard over the radio, one Spencer Tracy!" Both Tracys had a good laugh and when Spenc asked if he had listened in, the elder Tracy replied: "I did . . . but I forgive you."

In spite of his father and the *Herald Tribune* critic, Spencer lasted out this engagement fifteen weeks.

THEY celebrated their first wedding anniversary by almost starving over two bowls of rice pudding, selected because it was "filling." It was no longer possible for Louise to work on the stage, for within three months they were expecting the birth of a child, their first son, John Tracy. And in the meantime it was absolutely imperative that Spenc obtain some kind of work to make sure Louise obtained the proper food.

The outcome of his dogged persistence was a job with a two-a-day stock company, so financially pinched that they often did not have correct "props" to furnish the stage. When, during rehearsals, Spencer asked the director about the scenery, that genius of the theatre replied: "If you don't have a door to go through, you just don't go through it and if you don't have a telephone to pick up, you just don't pick it up!" His salary as leading man in these productions was thirty dollars per week.

They had saved about eighty dollars when word came that there "might" be an opening for a stock company player with a troupe in Pittsburgh. Though they needed to hoard the money against the coming of the baby, Louise was insistent that they spend it on railroad fare and try their luck in Pittsburgh.

"We can't be any worse off there than we are here," she argued, "we've got to try!" Their first evening in Pittsburgh they were so broke they had to divide a fried egg sandwich between them. But the next day, Spenc cinched a job with the stock company and drew a week's salary (fifty dollars) in advance.

"But I worried constantly about Louise," he relates. "Pittsburgh was no place for her then. It was dirty and smoky there and she couldn't be outdoors in the sun where she belonged. I finally prevailed upon her to return to Milwaukee to await the birth of the baby."

The baby was born in Milwaukee while

Spenc was playing with a small company in Grand Rapids. The moment he received that most thrilling message in the world: "It's a boy!" he hopped a train, threw up his job (in spite of the fact that he had achieved a mild success in this engagement) and went back to Milwaukee. He made up his mind he was definitely through on the stage. He was going to find a real job and settle down like a man should who has a beautiful wife and a brand new baby boy.

THE minute they saw each other everything was forgotten in their happiness at being together again. Louise did not complain too much even when Spenc told her he had obtained a job as a piano salesman with a local music store. "Oh, Spencer," she protested, "you know you'll never really give up the stage."

At that, he wasn't a bad piano salesman. His "gag" was to go around and see the housewives, telling them that their husbands had been in the store, and ordered a piano as a surprise. The wives would get all hepped up. Then Spenc would round up the husbands and tell them their wives were expecting the piano. It worked nine times out of ten, and he had had himself believing he really liked the job when a wire came from the theatre manager in Grand Rapids: "Business not so good since you left. How about finishing out the season with us at a salary increase of fifty dollars. Will be happy to receive your acceptance."

They could hardly believe it, Spence and Louise. Somebody actually wanted him on the stage. He had clicked!

"The next few months we were about the happiest couple in the world," he relates. "We had a nice little home, and the company was a success. My salary was steady and it seemed things had opened up for us at last. I couldn't understand what suddenly seemed to come over Louise."

"She became so quiet, depressed, almost sad. In place of the eager girl I had formerly found waiting at home for me, I began to be conscious of a stranger. She seemed to have lost her interest in everything except the baby. But even that was not a happy interest. She would sit and watch him and brood. For weeks I kept asking her to tell me what was the matter. But it was always the same answer, 'Nothing.'


"One Sunday morning I went in the baby's room and found her sobbing as though her heart would break. It was the showdown. I insisted that she tell me. She didn't answer at first. She went and bathed her eyes and straightened her hair and then came back and sat down in a rocker. She sat there a minute staring into space, rocking and rocking. I've never seen such tragedy on a human face. Suddenly she said very quietly, 'Johnny can't hear. He's deaf.'

Even, now, knowing that Johnny is happy and normal and that he so perfectly understands lip movement that his little schoolmates did not know he was totally deaf until the teacher told them, Spencer has difficulty in re-living that moment of stark tragedy in his life. He felt as numb as though some giant monster were pressing his breath out of his body. Suddenly, everything went out of life. There was nothing more to live for. He couldn't move. He couldn't say anything.

(Continued on page 80)

WANNA BUY A DUCK OF A MAGAZINE?

Radio Stars is a swull magazine.
To be sure. To be sure. Do-o-on't
never try to sell Joe Penner any-
thing else! Do-o-on't
never do-o-o that!



RADIO STARS is crammed full
of gossip about the stars of
broadcastland and news of all the
studios. It takes you behind the
scenes of big programs, adding new
interest and pleasure to your radio
entertainment. The people who
create radio shows and the artists
who bring them into your home
live exciting lives, filled to the
brim with amusing and interest-

ing incidents. It
is the true in-
side story of
these fascinat-
ing people
that make big
stories in
R A D I O
S T A R S .
You'll enjoy
it from cover
to cover.

In addition to gossip and news,
you will find a complete program
directory in each issue. RADIO
STARS is the only monthly radio
magazine with a program section
listing daily programs . . . each
program being identified by the
name of the sponsor.

Profusely illustrated with large
rotogravure portraits of radio per-
sonalities. RADIO STARS is
one of the most beautiful maga-
zines of its kind in existence.

Go to your nearest newsdealer
today. Get a copy of this enter-
taining magazine. Don't delay.
They sell out fast.

**Largest Circulation
of any Radio
Magazine**



RADIO STARS 10.

(Continued from page 78)

So Easy...
to get good snapshots now
with JIFFY KODAK
and VERICHROME FILM



THERE'S a new way to take snapshots—an easier way. With a Jiffy Kodak . . . the smart folding camera that's so simple to use.

At the touch of a button the Jiffy leaps out—ready for action. A click of the shutter and you've made a picture.

Smartly designed in metal and enamels—as trim as a lady's compact. The Jiffy comes in two sizes . . . for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, \$9 . . . for 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, \$8. *If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.*



YOU'LL get better pictures with Verichrome Film. In the glaring sun or the porch's shade—this film gets the picture. The cheaper the camera . . . the slower the lens—the more the need for Verichrome. Load your camera with Verichrome for better pictures. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

When his legs would no longer support him he sank down on the bed, staring blankly at his wife, she at him. In a voice that seemed a million miles away he said inanely, "If he can't hear, he'll never be able to talk."

The tension snapped. They were in each others arms crying as though their hearts would break. They went completely to pieces.

When the first ache of this tragedy wore off: (several years later) the Tracys took little Johnny to Dr. Harvey Cushing in Baltimore. The great doctor looked at the sorrowful parents and said, "Don't feel sorry for this little fellow. Remember he is always about ninety jumps ahead of any of us. Because he has been deprived of one of his senses, his intuitive powers and his mentality will be all the keener. It is a great privilege to have the care and upbringing of such a fellow I envy you."

THAT was the end of our maudlin sympathy in connection with Johnny," Spencer continued, "and as the boy grew older admiration for his keen mentality and charm came to take the place of tears in our heart. Johnny is an amazing little fellow. Right now he is nine years old, and though he is completely deaf, he has a vocabulary of three hundred words! To me, this is almost impossible to account for. He has never heard a word, yet he speaks three hundred of them perfectly. His voice has a certain peculiarity, but it is not unpleasant. And he is so perfect at reading lips, he understands everything said to him.

"In fact we so soon came to look upon little Johnny as a normal boy, it was really a surprise to us when one of the Progressive Schools hesitated to enroll him as a pupil. The superintendent at first protested that it would be too cruel to enter Johnny in a school where the children were completely normal. She argued he would not be able to keep up with them and that he would be unhappy as they passed him in grades. This almost broke Mrs. Tracy's heart. She said, 'Of course, you understand, we are not begging you to take him. It is really a privilege!' The superintendent, no doubt feeling sorry for her and perhaps a little bit ashamed, suggested that she bring Johnny to school the following morning and she would see how he got along.

Without saying, Johnny was enrolled in the school, has made a host of friends and is one of the star pupils.

But back in Grand Rapids, during the first year of Johnny's life, Spencer and Louise did not know this was to be the child's happy fate. Even Spenc's success in the stock company and the offer for a really good part on Broadway in a show called "Yellow" was not the great absorbing interest it would have been to them.

SPENC was definitely established now as a featured leading man. He never played romantic heroes on the stage, but the rôles he drew were outstanding, and for the first time he began to receive good notices in the papers. Louise had definitely abandoned the stage to devote herself to Johnny. And wherever Spenc went, Johnny and Louise traveled with him.

Following "Yellow," came "Ned McCob's Daughter" in Chicago. After these two hits came "Baby Cyclone" and "Whispering Friends." Four theatrical years passed swiftly for the Tracys.

It was during the run of "Whispering Friends" that Spenc's father died. It was the ending of a great friendship in his life, for the Tracys were truly pals. Notice of his father's death came during a Saturday matinée performance and Spencer had to

"go on with the show." After the performance George M. Cohan came back and told him that he had a nice surprise for him when they opened in Chicago later.

The surprise turned out to be that Cohan had Spenc's name up all over town on billboards advertising the play. It was the great showman's tribute to a troupier who had "carried on" when he was weighted down by a great sorrow. Spenc went immediately to Western Union to wire Cohan his thanks. When he got there the operator told him Cohan had just received a wire saying his (Cohan's) mother had died.

"Whispering Friends" had brought Spenc featured billing even on Broadway. In the next two years he was successfully featured in "Conflict," "Nigger Rich," and last, but far from least, the show that "made" him, "The Last Mile." This terrifically successful play ran over a year in New York and so outstanding was Spenc's performance that Hollywood motion picture companies began to dicker with him.

Without definitely committing himself to a long contract he agreed to come to Hollywood to make one picture, "Up the River," under the direction of John Ford.

IN the beginning he hated the movie town. Production on the picture had been held up and for four weeks he loafed. If it hadn't been for a strong friendship that had sprung up immediately between himself and the director, John Ford, he would have returned to Broadway without ever making a picture. He stayed just long enough to complete "Up the River," got a good look at himself on the screen and then packed his bag for Broadway again.

"I thought I was the worst actor I had ever seen on the screen," Spenc says. "I was surprised that Ford and the Fox officials didn't remake the picture. I beat it back to Broadway and completed a six weeks' run in "The Last Mile." Then one morning a telegram came from Fox saying they wanted me back immediately on a five-year contract. I thought they were nuts, but the salary read like a part of the war debt and if they just wanted to throw money around, I didn't see any reason not to grab it!"

His second trip to Hollywood found him in a happier frame of mind. He went immediately into production on "Quick Millions," "Goldie," "Six-Cylinder Love," and with the ending of the first of his three-and-a-half years so far in Hollywood he was actually sold on the place. Before the second year a little girl was born to them, Louise, nicknamed "Susie." To all outward appearances the Tracys were one of the really happy families in the movie colony, so the news of their legal separation several months ago broke upon the public and their friends as a surprise.

I doubt if anyone will ever know the reason back of that separation. Louise Tracy's only explanation was, "For over a year we have realized our temperamental differences. We were conscious of the fact that we were drifting farther and farther apart. There was nothing to do about it because there was apparently no definite reason. A cause might have been overcome. Suddenly we both just knew that something real and precious had gone out of our marriage and rather than live with the empty shell of it, we separated to preserve our great friendship."

FROM Spencer's side there has never come any real explanation except when both Spencer and Mrs. Tracy defended Loretta Young, who was being "whispered" into the rupture.

"My wife and I had been separated for
(Continued on page 82)

I'm sending some of the latest
snapshots of Bill—he's swell, Sis,
and wants to meet you. He's the

Captain

a hot

I

So he

with

Sam



How much more one snapshot tells about the way he looks than a whole letter! One snapshot, and you almost know him. What a fascinating way to make letters clear and interesting. The friends—the places you go—the things you do—slip them into the envelope in the form of snapshots. They really tell the story. Snapshots are more truthful, more expressive than ever, when you use *Kodak Verichrome Film*. Make your next pictures with Verichrome and see the difference. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it — PICTURE IT — with snapshots

Who discovered EX-LAX?



WHO discovered it first for the family? Mother? Father? Big Brother Bill? Grandpa?

There are different answers—but all agree that, once tried, Ex-Lax becomes the family laxative from that time on!

Mother discovered it!

A mother told us she started to use Ex-Lax because little Johnnie revolted against the customary dose of castor oil—and she found that a delicious little chocolate tablet of Ex-Lax solved the problem perfectly.

Big Brother Bill did!

Brother Bill, who is an athlete, broke a long habit of taking strong stuff after he learned that mild, gentle Ex-Lax did all that powerful, disturbing purgatives did.

Grandpa wants the credit because his age made him doubly careful that the laxative he took was mild and gentle.

Everybody discovered it!

So you see, while all sorts of people—young and old—claim to have discovered Ex-Lax, all of them agree that Ex-Lax is the perfect laxative—mild, gentle and effective.

When Nature forgets—remember Ex-Lax! You can get Ex-Lax at all drug stores. 10c and 25c.



(Continued from page 80)

four months and I was occupying an apartment at the Château Elysée before I ever met Loretta on the set of 'Man's Castle,'" Spenc vehemently explained to me. That he has since become extremely interested in Loretta is not denied. But in the meantime he characterizes all talk of an engagement as in "very poor taste."

"I am still married to Louise," he says. "There has been no divorce action started. At the present there is only one thing of paramount importance, my children, and a bad second best, my screen work. No matter how Louise and I solve our problem, we have mutually agreed that neither of us shall be sidetracked from the children. At the moment, they are staying with my mother. Louise is away on a much needed rest. Naturally, their custody will remain

with their mother, where it should be. But the fact that we have parted with the greatest friendliness means that their home will always be open to me, and I hope, their hearts. When I gave you a story before, saying Louise and I were tied to those children by bonds of steel, I meant it, even though the news of our separation broke soon after that."

He said, slowly: "This is really a strange time in my life to be giving my life story. At present things are muddled and uncertain." Then he grinned, his ever-present sense of dry humor coming to the fore. "I think the only thing you can definitely say is that my current screen appearance is in 'Bottoms Up' and, accidents barred, I shall soon be seen in 'Now I'll Tell, by Mrs. Arnold Rothstein.'"

Let's Paint Hollywood Red

(Continued from page 61)

made them be just human. And we didn't have much trouble with the censors. Divorces and babies-without-papas and gangsters and murderers and crooked politicians weren't allowed on the screen. We ended each picture with a marriage, but we never began with it. The good guy got the girl; right conquered wrong and every man, woman and child left the theatre feeling happy. The excitement came from whispering and reading and wondering about the real lives of the play-people. Charlie Ray was a lovable country bumpkin on the screen, but the world knew he lived in a million-dollar palace and gave parties to go with it.

Now, these high-priced, swivel-chaired, imported-rug boys have reversed all that. Greta Garbo's a siren on the screen. She goes after her man and isn't too careful about how she gets him. Sort of prefers the kind with a wife to be cast into the ditches. But, in private life, she's the head woman among the illusions.

When I think what publicity has done to that Garbo girl, I get hot under the collar. She was the kind, when Stiller brought her over—in the regular, old-fashioned manner with no bamboozling about it—who loved spring blossoms so much that when she saw them for the first time, from her dressing-room window, she ran right out into the yard and started picking, forgetting to put on her shoes or her stockings or her— Well, she was the original member of the Hollywood nudist colony. She was so natural and unspoiled she didn't even think about her body. I used to talk to Garbo a lot. She was like mountain winds in high pine trees; electricity in a thunder storm. As honestly exciting as God had made her.

AND then some Hollywood bright-brain decided to improve upon God. He decided to make this girl over. She says she went home originally because she didn't want to argue in a strange language. She didn't even understand what they wanted to argue about. "I never said 'I tank I go home' in my life. They just made that up—so I would be scared and go back and argue. I don't like to argue."

And I'll bet she doesn't like to sneak to the Grand Canyon in dark glasses, either. She'd much prefer to entertain her director at home, like any other human being. And did they high-pressure her for admitting she was the great Garbo! "If she'd just denied she was Garbo they couldn't have printed a word," a publicity expert told

me. But Garbo forgot! She was so far from Hollywood, so close to that magnificent canyon old mother nature had cut in one of her best moments, that human-being Garbo forgot all about the Hollywood line, "I'm not what I am!" She told the truth just like any other natively honest person.

But she's returned to being an illusion! She's just had an operation in the Santa Monica hospital and denied it in her most "mysterious" manner. And to think that appendicitis operations used to be one of our best gags! We'd even hint they weren't for the appendix to get more space in the newspapers! Now, nurses are bribed to keep the real thing quiet.

In the old days, we didn't have illusions. Our people weren't ghosts or they weren't manufactured. They were the real thing. They were good; they were bad. They were generous; they were stingy. They were "sweet" today and lost their tempers tomorrow. They had their arms around one another one week and were sticking out their tongues the next. Lovable, impulsive, not-too-good, not-too-bad children.

Douglas Fairbanks was sitting on the sand, drawing pictures with a stick. Two hearts. In one, he traced an "M," in the other a "D." And Mary Pickford was still married to Owen Moore!

Would Spencer Tracy or Loretta Young do it today?

WOULD anyone in Hollywood-of-that-day miss a Saturday night at the Sunset Inn? I'll say not. Perhaps Mrs. Tom Mix would do a repeat dash-in, again, loaded down with Tom's guns and start shooting up the rest of the place, if she found Tom sitting at a table, a second time, talking to —

There were no illusions about the love Mrs. Mix had for her husband. She didn't hide it behind Venetian blinds and padded draperies. Would Mrs. Montgomery shoot up the Cocoanut Grove if she found Bob there with Janet Gaynor?

Where could Rudolph Valentino dance to attract Hollywood's attention, today? Not at the Cocoanut Grove. He didn't own a tuxedo!

Thursday evenings at the Hollywood Hotel. Blanche Sweet dressed as a baby, grappling with a bottle, while sweetheart, Mickey Neilan, rolled her around in a baby carriage. And the tourists standing by. They came to Hollywood to see something besides climate in those days.

And when Tallulah Bankhead tried to

give a party where her guests came as infants, they started a move to run her out of town.

Lloyd Hamilton and his wife had a regular table at the Ship's Café. Her attorney had one nearby. When it was time to stage the dramatic climax, she'd rush to her attorney demanding another divorce "that very minute." It was one of Hollywood's pet games—keeping track of the times they divorced and re-married each other.

Compare the excitement of divorces of those days with the Ruth Chatterton-George Brent, modern situation. Ruth denied, in the best imported intonations, that they were separating for many months after their first fight in home-town language. And by the time Ruth decides to tell the world she's going to re-marry Ralph Forbes (if she does), we'll have missed the exciting, high points of the drama. She had her personal press agent running around town for months, saying, "I can positively guarantee that they're as happy as two doves."

When Alice White first became a star she was *off the screen* what Mae West is on. Her publicity department decided to make her wear panties. They asked an acquaintance to persuade her to buy them. This friend chaperoned a shopping tour. And the next time she dropped in to see Alice, found the panties pinned to the wall. That was Alice's answer to press agents who tried to turn warm flesh into ethereal illusion.

I'LL bet a good detective could discover Katharine Hepburn's slacks were manufactured by a publicity department, patches and all. I don't know where the illusion comes in on the slacks unless it's just another attempt to hide what old Mother Nature donated to interesting women. I've often wondered why tourists no longer clutter our street corners. Slacks may be the answer.

In the old days, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland would have been dancing madly together at one bright spot after another—as thrilled at letting the world peep at their splash of spring fever as from the excitement it gives them. But now, they slither into a little theatre at one of our Coney Island beaches. Connie in slacks; her hair a dishevelled riot. An almost perfect disguise for the "best groomed" Bennett.

Barbara La Marr had a desk in her house with a magic check-book lying upon it. Signed checks! If a boy friend was low in cash, he'd make one out, take her dancing, pay the bill from her own money without her even knowing about it. For Barbara was too busy feeling gay and excited or desolate and broken-hearted (honest, womanly emotions) to pay attention to anything as dull as cancelled checks.

Think of what one of our hard-boiled, Hollywood business managers would do to Barbara today. One of them was actually gleeful when he prevented Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., from buying a new car upon which he had set his heart. Hearts don't count any longer. And Connie Bennett has a dressmaker who copies expensive models to "save money."

Money, in the old days, was to spend. To make life a gay fairyland. It didn't make any difference how high salaries went then. It all went right back into circulation. Someone else may have paid for Mabel Normand's funeral. But Mabel didn't worry about that! She *lived* and spent money to give the world a dash of real color.

I talked with a chap, today, who played in Joan Crawford's early pictures. "Do you remember the Joan of those days?" he

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What was there about Kay that warm July night that captivated Jerry, the town's hard-to-get bachelor? If romance is passing you by, read this true story—

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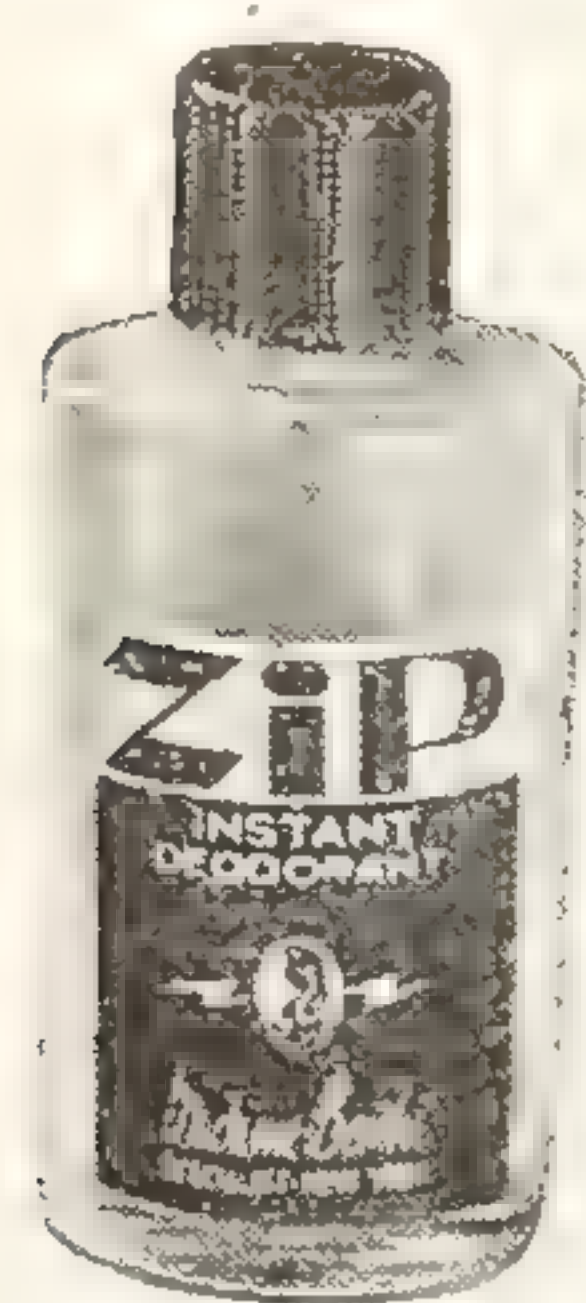
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asked. "Was she a thrill? How that kid could dance. And joke. She made every moment a gay song while you were working with her. Of course, I admire Joan today. It's wonderful what she's done with herself. But she isn't—Joan. I feel as though I should bow from the waist and say 'Lady Joan.'"

I DIDN'T tell him the truth about the evolution of Joan. I didn't tell him that when she'd married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the publicity department held a conference and decided she must live up to the royal name she'd married. They sent for her and explained, "Now, you've got to be a dignified, domesticated lady, Joan."

Remember, how she was photographed sewing curtains and making hooked rugs? Part of the newly manufactured Joan Crawford illusions. Then, when these experts decided the world was tiring of the young matron, it held another meeting. And decided she must be less matronly and more cultured. Joan reading books; Joan taking French lessons.

Luckily for Joan, she got tired of being turned from one illusion into another. She gave the story of her divorce to Katherine Albert for this magazine, without consulting anybody. The press agents yelled and tore their hair and foretold she was ruined. But Joan's more natural today than she has been since she married Douglas, Jr. She's not jumping up to dance at every hall in the city, but she's appearing in public places with a male entourage. Five men to openly pay homage. And that's glamor.

Of course, I may be prejudiced. But I knew them *when* and liked them better. We had some rules, of course. We didn't let them have babies because we were afraid to spoil the glamor. If they insisted, we hid the babies. They adopted them, years later.

Today, maternity adds to respectability. And respectability is the one big theme behind each Hollywood illusion.

And respectability is swell when it's on the level. Although there's room for a lot of argument on what's respectable and what isn't. It wasn't respectable to take a bath, once; and kissing is still a sin in certain foreign countries.

But respectability, that's an illusion? That hides romances more exciting than any that can be manufactured—say a real flame between Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall; that camouflages fascinating daring like Jean Harlow's; that makes John Barrymore into a contented, married man instead of a lovable lunatic chatting with a monkey; that shuts a laugh-a-minute from unique lips like Mae West's; that kicks a daredevil woman like Tallulah Bankhead out of pictures; that tells Margaret Sullavan she can't talk because she's too frank and honest!

We thought, in the old days, that a man or woman had to *feel* emotions to play them. That you had to be a bit crazy to even think about going into acting. We thought the world wanted Hollywood folk to be warm and mad and unconventional.

We still think so. Let's paint Hollywood red, again, and see what happens!

If You Had a Date with Dick

(Continued from page 69)

Ambassador on Los Angeles' boasted equivalent of New York's Fifth Avenue. The car rolls into the narrow, shrubbery-lined driveway of the hotel and swerves into the parking lot, which is too small and is always over-crowded. A polished brass door lets Dick and Margaret into a sort of tunnel, lined with brilliantly lighted and expensive shops displaying Chinese kimonos, perfumes and so on, and they go up heavily-carpeted stairs, around a corner, and down three more steps into the dimly lighted Coconut Grove, with its tiny electric bulbs twinkling in an artificial forest of palm trees.

Ted Fiorito, the orchestra leader, sights Dick—they are friends—and the orchestra breaks into "It's Getting Fair and Warmer," the song Dick sings in "Twenty Million Sweethearts." Dick grins and waves at Ted, a little embarrassed but pleased just the same, as who wouldn't be? He checks his coat and hat. Margaret walking ahead, they are ushered to a ringside table. They sit down and listen to the music.

You may wonder about that ringside table. Dick doesn't pay anything extra for it. Hollywood people of prominence are given tables next to the polished square of dance floor for two reasons. First, they attract other customers. Second, they are good customers themselves, coming back again and again. It's a simple matter of business with the hotel. Dick and Margaret know it and don't get swelled heads on account of the privilege. They turn their attention to the menu cards and decide after a minute to order the very same dishes, on the regular dinner. They order the following simple food:

Olives	Seafood cocktail	Celery
	Split pea soup	
	T-bone steak	
French fried potatoes	Lima beans	
Chocolate ice cream		
Coffee		

It isn't fancy food, particularly, for all the swank Ambassador atmosphere. It's just wholesome grub for two people who have been working hard all day and are hungry. They don't even have Martinis to start the meal off, but get right down to the business of eating. And not until they are done with their coffee do they begin to cast interested glances towards the tempting dance floor.

BUT then, after an intermission, the lights dim again and the orchestra starts "The Man on the Flying Trapeze," not in the burlesque ballad rhythm, but in regular dance time. Margaret goes out on the floor with Dick. Dick has a habit. (At least it's what girls call a bad habit in most men.) Dick sings while he dances. They dance and, while they're dancing, glance around the room to see who is there. Clark and Mrs. Gable are at a table in the corner. Clark sees them and smiles and nods hello.

The dance ends and they return to their table. Margaret hears a familiar voice behind her saying jocularly, "So you got tired of going with me and started going with my father?" A little startled, she swings around on her chair and recognizes the friendly face of William Powell smiling down at her.

"I seem to be surrounded by Powells!" she says.

Bill chats with them for a few minutes, telling them what a nice person his own

date, Kathryn Sergava, is, and then goes on to his own table. The orchestra starts again, and again they dance. This time they spy Gene Raymond and Janet Gaynor, who signal them to come over to their table. They do, when the music stops, and the four sit talking for a while.

Don't be disappointed if we don't tell you what they all talk about. We can't. There isn't room for more than the highlights. As a matter of fact, they talk about the same things you would—what's happening to various friends, things they've read in the papers, funny remarks, and all that. We can't tell you who is there for the same reason. The Grove holds easily a couple of hundred tables, with more to be carried in when it gets crowded. At not more than a dozen tables are there movie actors. The rest of the tables are occupied by Los Angeles society folk, college boys from U. S. C. with their girls, eastern families staying at the hotel—a cross-section of life comprised of anybody who can pay the price and dress presentably. We'll tell you what the price is later, to the penny.

Dick has a dance with Janet, while Gene dances with Margaret. Then Dick and Margaret return to their own table. On the way, they pass Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone, sitting a little apart from the others and deeply engrossed in one another's conversation.

"It must be wonderful to be in love," says Margaret, looking at them. She is smiling, but there is wistfulness in her voice.

A LITTLE while later and it is time to leave. It is 12:30 and both Dick and Margaret have to get up early and go to work. Dick signals the waiter and the check comes. "I wonder why waiters always lay the check face down, so you can't read it?" Dick muses. He turns over the pinkish card. It reads:

Couverts, two.....	\$2.00
Dinners, two.....	5.00
	<hr/> \$7.00

In Europe the customary thing is to leave the waiter a tip for ten per cent of the bill, which in this case would be seventy cents. Americans, however, always splurge a bit when it comes to tips. No one knows why. Although a dollar would be plenty, Dick leaves two on the silver salver. In addition, he leaves twenty-five cents with the hat-check girl and gives fifty cents to the doorman. So that raises it to:

Cover charge and dinner...	\$7.00
Tip to waiter.....	2.00
Tip to hat-check girl.....	.25
Tip to doorman.....	.50
	<hr/> \$9.75

The roadster purrs down the curving drive and swings into Wilshire. Rossmore Avenue leads into Vine Street at the point where Los Angeles merges unnoticeably into Hollywood, and on Vine Street, a few doors south of the Boulevard, is the Brown Derby. "I know you have to get up early," Dick says, "but do you want to go in for a minute and get a cup of coffee?"

"I'd like to," Margaret agrees. "It doesn't keep me awake, does it you?"

"Sometimes," Dick admits casually as he swings the car in to the curb. Except for an old woman selling flowers and a little knot of people before the doors of the restaurant, Vine Street is deserted and he has no trouble finding parking space. This is something that visitors,



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expecting to find wild night life in Hollywood, have often commented upon. After eleven o'clock at night Hollywood Boulevard is so barren of life that you can often drive from Vine Street to LaBrea without seeing more than one or two cars. The stores are dark, and at midnight every other street light is turned off to save electricity. Such night life as goes on, goes on behind closed doors, and the extras can tell you more about that than the stars.

IN the Derby, Dick and Margaret have their coffee. The well-trained waiters don't so much as by frown hint that anybody ought to order more. Although the food is excellent, the stars think of the Derby, not so much as a restaurant as a club. They just drop in to see who's there and what's going on, and to say hello to pals.

Dick waves to Lyle Talbot, sitting over in one of the semi-circular booths with Alice Faye. Looking around, they also see Joan Blondell, with hubby, George Barnes, Burns and Allen with a couple of gag men, Wheeler and Woolsey looking as grave as a pair of college professors without their prop cigar and glasses, and George Raft with his latest blonde. By this time it's 1:30 A. M.—too late, for people with careers ahead of them. Hurriedly, this time, Dick calls the waiter. The bill:

Two coffees.....	.50
Tip25
	<hr/> \$.75

They hurry out to the car, jump in and speed up the Boulevard to Margaret's apartment. Dick goes up in the elevator with her to the door. Margaret puts out her hand. "Thanks, Dick. You know I had a good time without my telling you."

"I'm glad you did," he tells her. "I know darned well I did. Sleep tight, Maggie, and let's do it again soon."

"Night." She opens her door.

And the curtain falls again. Because it wouldn't be nice, you see, to tell you if Dick kisses her goodnight. You'll just have to guess.

But anyhow, the date's over now, and Dick goes home and goes to sleep himself. If he wants to get out the old wallet and do some counting, the total dent in the bank account reads:

Flowers	\$ 1.50
Dinner	7.00
Tips at hotel.....	2.75
Brown Derby.....	.75
	<hr/> \$12.00

Was it a date?

If You Would Be as Chic as Norma

(Continued from page 59)

The simple and rather demure little print that she wears is perhaps a bit more up our clothes alley. Very spring-like and quaint it is, with the tiny white flowers in the print looking as though they could be plucked. And by all means notice that very, very flattering petal collar that frames her face so beautifully—and the perky under-chin velvet bow. Even the most hoydenish gal would look appealing in that! But the square hat!

Well, how does she do it? I went to Adrian to ask him about this, providing it wasn't too much of a state secret to be told.

"You're right in saying Miss Shearer is versatile in clothes-wearing," he told me, "but the secret is no secret at all. It is simply logic. And it has more to do with the mind than the body. Yes, really! Before I design clothes for any player I talk with her and get her slant on life. I'll get to know her body lines soon enough, but it's the way her mind functions that's important to me. I've been working with Garbo, Crawford and Shearer for several years and so I know what sort of person each is fundamentally. But if a new player is brought to me, I've got to talk to her before I do any sketching. A screen star's clothes must express the character she portrays in addition to her own personality. If I were to design something I thought was right for the picture, without the get-acquainted talk with the player, I'm sure that when she came to put the gown on, she'd look like a clothes-horse and that's all."

"But why can Miss Shearer wear everything?" I demanded.

"Simply because she is the typical modern American woman—a product of this continent and this day and age at its best. Her mind is as alert as her body. I put every sort of gown, neckline, sleeve and detail on her because she is vital, eager, interested in everything and consequently

can wear everything. It isn't beauty that is so important in her case. It's her particular way of expressing beauty by a charming alertness that makes her clothes seem right. Women all over the country, in all walks of life, are like that. I'm sure you know girls who look well, no matter what they wear."

"Yes, and others buy creations and look like a clothes-horse," I put in.

WHAT is Miss Shearer really like? Well, I should say she was a conservative with a secret longing to be daring. This trait is the same trait that makes some women dally in love, but the wiser of them use their daring in careers and lead normal, happy private lives like Miss Shearer. She is a busy and clever wife and mother and as such, she wears clothes that are smart but conservative. It is in her acting career that she is daring and so her screen clothes must express this.

"She gets that well-groomed look first by a physically perfect body kept in trim by the right food and exercise. It is my business to give her clothes to suit her type and so I give her moulded lines with a long leg-line to make her look taller. Bouffant clothes and fussy jewelry are out, because her curly hair is adornment enough. The other adornment she must get from the details of her clothes, the cut, the buttons, the sleeves, the trimmings and of course the materials.

"I work with her as I do with all Metro stars. First, I sketch a gown in pencil, showing the body lines. Then I work out the sketch in water colors in the exact tones in which the dress is to be made. I sometimes attach to the sketch samples of the fabric I have in mind. Twice a year, I go to New York or Europe to get these fabrics.

"Then I discuss the gown with the star. Miss Shearer is highly intelligent and, although she starts out by trying to keep

Very Smart!

This complete eye make up by

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casual, she becomes vitally interested in everything, especially the supposedly small things like the fitting of an armhole. The dress is now made up in muslin. She wears it in my white and green studio that does not cast any shadows. A spotlight is placed high above one door. She walks about, studies herself in the full-length mirrors that line one of my walls. We view the costume from every angle. Every line is adjusted. Miss Shearer has the patience of Job in this and, while she often changes her mind about details, she is practically always right. She never grows tired. My technicians and I can be wilting and she will look as fresh as the proverbial daisy.

"Now from the muslin copy, the real dress is made up and Miss Shearer becomes as excited over it as if she had never seen it before. She has forgotten the long hours spent before my mirrors. It is all a new and intriguing game with her although she has gone through the whole procedure hundreds of times.

"Before she wears the gown in a scene, she tries it on for me again, this time with the identical hair-dress and accessories she will wear."

ADRIAN wouldn't talk of Norma's off-screen clothes other than to say they seem always to be right. But I am sure that Norma herself would be the first to credit Adrian with the development of her taste.

I learned how she shops for her clothes in private life from Helen Hayes, who, you will remember, went with her husband and small daughter and the Thalberg family and stayed in Europe with them until Irving recovered from his recent illness.

"Norma is amazing," Helen told me in frank admiration. "I know I'm the saleswoman's delight and can be talked into almost anything. But not Norma. When she goes shopping, she knows exactly what she wants and what will become her, even before she tries it on.

"I remember the first time we went shopping together in a smart New York shop. She'd say, 'I'll take that and that. No, not that, thank you, but *that*'. I stood by open-mouthed, for I think I've gone through life either wearing or giving away my mistakes in buying. Yes, Norma does change her mind—often, but quickly—and she's never wrong. When we were in Europe, we spent a day in the very smart ateliers of Paris. Of course I was overwhelmed. I'm sure I would have bought anything the designer told me was right for me—but not Norma! She was just as gracious and firm as she had been in New York. It was still 'I'll take this and this. No, not *that*, thank you, but *this*.' She bought smart suits and sports clothes and those little hats she can wear with such an air. Oh, Adrian would have been proud of her!"

There you are, girls! If you know you are the typical American woman like Norma, your course is clear. Adrian's final bit of advice to you is not to take your secret longing to be daring out on your clothes. Learn to paint or become an interpretive dancer—or an aviatrix—or an actress—or anything you think is a little beyond you, but let your clothes remain conservative.

If you're not Norma's type, analyze yourself. Find out how your mind works and decide what type you are. Then take stock of your body. That's Adrian's advice. "If you look like Garbo but think like a hey-hey girl, you should dress like a hey-hey girl," he said.

Maybe it sounds like heresy, but look at what it's done for the women Adrian has clothed! I'm willing to take a chance on it, aren't you?



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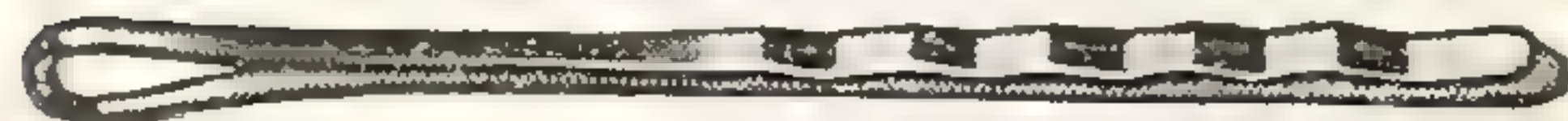
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Could You Have Borne Such Suffering?

(Continued from page 65)

add, "Without me you do not exist." Her heart echoed passionately that that was true—*true*. Without him she *could* not exist. He told her what pictures to make and what parts to turn down. He told her how to dress and gave her an allowance of fifteen dollars a week to dress on, to spend on herself, no matter what figure her weekly income totalled. She took George's two young daughters by his previous marriage, into her home and into her heart. Of the fifteen dollars a week which was her spending money, she spent most of it on them. She sewed for them. She made them pretty dresses and hats and frilly curtains for their pretty rooms. She sent them to good private schools. She entertained for them. She was their friend, their sister and their mother. She cared for George's ex-wife, too. She sent her pretty dresses. She begged George to be sure "that Blanche has everything she wants." In course of time, Blanche came to love the girl she thought had supplanted her. She came to realize—as you shall see—that something very fine had come, not only into George's life but into the lives of her daughters and herself. She knew of others, prior to Esther, who had *really* supplanted her—Esther cared for George's mother, too. She was a daughter to her, protecting her, lavishing attentions on her.

AND all the while, and for them all, she worked. George gave up his own career in order to further Esther's. He made her his business, his job. He spoke of her as one speaks of a stock, a commodity. He said to me once, "Give me two more years of Ralston and I'm set."

They bought a beautiful home in the Hollywood hills—swimming pool—sunken gardens—expensive help and cars and parties—Esther was making "Children of Divorce," "Spotlight," "The Case of Lena Smith," "The Wheel of Life," "The Southerner." Over the mantel in their luxurious living-room hung an oil painting of Esther and George, Esther snuggled into the crook of his arm, his face looking over the crown of her pale gold head, her face dreaming of a future that would hold the two of them—and one other.

For upstairs, tucked away secretly among her handkerchiefs and sachets, was a tiny scrap of blue paper. A "contract." Surely the most poignantly pathetic contract ever drawn between a man and a woman. The contract stated that at a certain time when Esther should have made so much money, accomplished so many definite things in her career, he George Webb, *promised* that she should be allowed to have a baby. Three years ago Esther showed me that scrap of pale blue paper and the tears fell down her face and over her hands and dewed that bit of paper with the tears of a mother who was waiting. "It is worth more to me," she whispered, "than all the contracts and all the figures I have ever known or ever will know in my life."

Then came the market crash of 1929. Their home, their investments, some \$96,000 in cash, were threatened. The cash was wiped away. It didn't matter so very much to Esther. Other things mattered so much more. George and herself together. That bit of blue paper.

But it did matter to George. It mattered terribly to George. For the first time, to her conscious knowledge, Love turned an irritable, angry face toward her. George was impatient, distraught. His anger was tinged with contempt. Talkies had come

to stay. Esther appeared to be one of those who would not survive the new order. He said that they must get that money back if they broke their backs and their hearts doing it. He signed Esther for a vaudeville tour. The child who had been badly hurt years ago worked like a little driven slave to equip herself for that tour. She studied dancing again. Tap. Acrobatic. Routines—until her back ached and the flesh fell away from her bones as petals drop from a flower. She worked by day and by night ceaselessly.

THEY went on tour and every mile for Esther and for George, was a Last Mile—the last mile of their love. There were personal appearances, clubs, bazaars, hospitals, benefits—every kind of personal appearance possible was demanded of her. She gave four, five and six shows a day. She reached the point of exhaustion where she didn't even know how many shows she gave or what town she was giving them in. Through the poisonous channels of exhaustion ran out her idolatrous love for George. And George, driven too, was jealous, tyrannical. He was Simon Legree and he used the whip of compulsion. Gradually, through sleepless nights and with bitter pain and tears that wore grooves in her heart, Esther watched the bright medal of love reverse itself and show the ugly face of loathing.

Then the thought came to her, "If I should have my baby—if I could go home—if I could have *our* baby, perhaps this would pass away, perhaps the old love (oh surely not gone!) would come back again and everything would be as it was before." She did not know then what she knows now—that nothing is ever "as it was before."

She begged George to take her home—no matter to what home. A baby—and the two of them again. Always his answer was, "I have booked two weeks in Des Moines," or "I have booked five weeks in Salt Lake City." And every time George said those words, "I have booked—" the bright body of love took another blow.

On and on until Esther saw and heard no more—until the night when she stood by her hotel window, alone, and looked down, stories down, to the street below and felt the impulse to leap and be still. Then, that night, she begged George again to let her have her baby and go home. They went to New York and consulted a famous specialist. Perhaps she couldn't have her baby—but that was one 'perhaps' Esther could not face. George had the final word with the great obstetrician. The doctor came out to Esther and said, "You can never have a baby of your own."

She doesn't remember anything after that—not for days. She lay in a sort of stupor, during which nothing came clear to her save a scrap of blue paper that seemed to flutter through her coma like a dead leaf, going down. She roused herself at last to hear George saying to her, "Esther, we are going home." But it was too late. Home? To what? For what? She cried out, "No—no—no! Let's go on—more bookings—more—more!"

They went on again. On and on. As last, they were home. Esther visited a woman versed in Christian Science. This woman told Esther that if God intended her to have a baby, not all the man-made laws in the world, nor all of the clinical pronouncements could prevent. She must go home and wait.

AND then, after a little time, Esther knew that she was going to have her baby. Out of a dying love she had tried to resurrect, this baby was born. She said, "All the time I was carrying her I seemed to walk on tip-toe with my hand over my heart so that people would not see it beating." And then, at last, from out of the depths of deathly pain that wasn't pain at all because it was love, Esther held her baby in her arms. And as, long ago, the tiny child had whispered to the bisque doll that she must not be hurt, so the young mother bathed her living doll in living tears and whispered a vow—too sacred to print.

Esther said to me the other day, "And from that time on nothing else has mattered. Nothing. *No one.* Even our love didn't matter, George's and mine. It was fulfilled. I knew that it was gone. Oh yes, I knew it then. But I wanted to go. I thought we could. We had the baby. She was enough. Before the first month of her life was over George took the baby away from me, told me I must not nurse her any longer. I might lose my figure, I had grown heavy. He called in masseuses, made me diet rigorously. It almost broke my heart, though even then, I could see the necessity of what he had done. But I had been waiting for her for so long. I was so divinely happy when I held her to my breast. Still, as George said, we had to live—the baby and he and I—his daughters—his ex-wife—his mother.

"After I made 'The Southerner,' we went to England. For the time being we had saved the house, at least. Most of the other money from that terrible tour had gone. In England I toured again, the baby with me, and George and his daughter, Blanche. More four, five and six shows a day. More jealousy and horrible embarrassing things said to me in front of maids and taxi drivers and strangers. Such things as 'You're five minutes late—what do you think you are, a big picture star?' 'I made four pictures in England, too. 'Rome Express,' 'After the Ball,' 'Black Beauty,' and 'To The Last Man.' They were pretty successful. And yet, all the time over there George was telling me, 'You're through and you don't know it. We're through. We're licked. Beaten. Finished. Done for.'

"He had a suicide complex. He would leave gruesome notes in my room telling me that he had ended it all. I'd say to him, 'But we're not through. What we have done before we can do again. What if we do lose the house and all that goes with it? We'll get another house. We'll go home and maybe I'll get work in pictures again. You may be able to find work as an extra and get back to where you used to be. I can wash dishes if necessary. I don't care what we do, so long as it is honest work and we are all together.'

"He would say, 'Me, working as an extra? So that is where you place me!' He would tell me that I would never have lovely clothes and jewels and cars again. I said that I had loved having those things but knew that they were not essentials. And always I heard, like death knells on my head and on my heart, 'You're finished and you don't know it—done for—through—through!' It was a dirge.

THEN came that night in London when I told him I was going to have another baby. Gladys, I cannot put into words the scene that took place that night. The scar of it *must* show on me, I should think. It is so livid and so unhealable. He was frantic and he said fearful and frantic things. He asked me what I thought we were going to do *now*—what was the baby going to do, what was his ex-wife going to do, his daughters, his mother, all of us?

MY DEAR! I'VE GOT SOMETHING
TO TELL YOU!
YOU'LL AGREE IT'S A GRAND DISCOVERY!



BUT MUMMY-YOU
PROMISED WE'D
WALK TO
BIG ROCK THIS
AFTERNOON!

JANE, I CAN'T!
PLEASE STOP
WHINING. RUN
ALONG AND
PLAY.

I COULDN'T TELL JANE - BUT I
SUFFER SUCH TORMENTS EVERY
MONTH FROM CHAFING -

YOU WOULDN'T IF YOU'D
USE MODESS. LOOK -
I'VE GOT A SPARE BOX
AT HOME. I'LL GET IT.



I NEVER CAN THANK
YOU ENOUGH. MODESS
IS THE SOFTEST
DISPOSABLE NAPKIN
I'VE EVER WORN!

YES, UNDER THE
GAUZE THERE'S A
SPECIAL WRAPPER
THAT'S AS SOFT AS
THISTLEDOWN.
ONLY MODESS
HAS THAT.

A TWO MILE WALK
IN PERFECT COMFORT!
WHAT MAKES MODESS
STAY SOFT THE WAY
IT DOES?

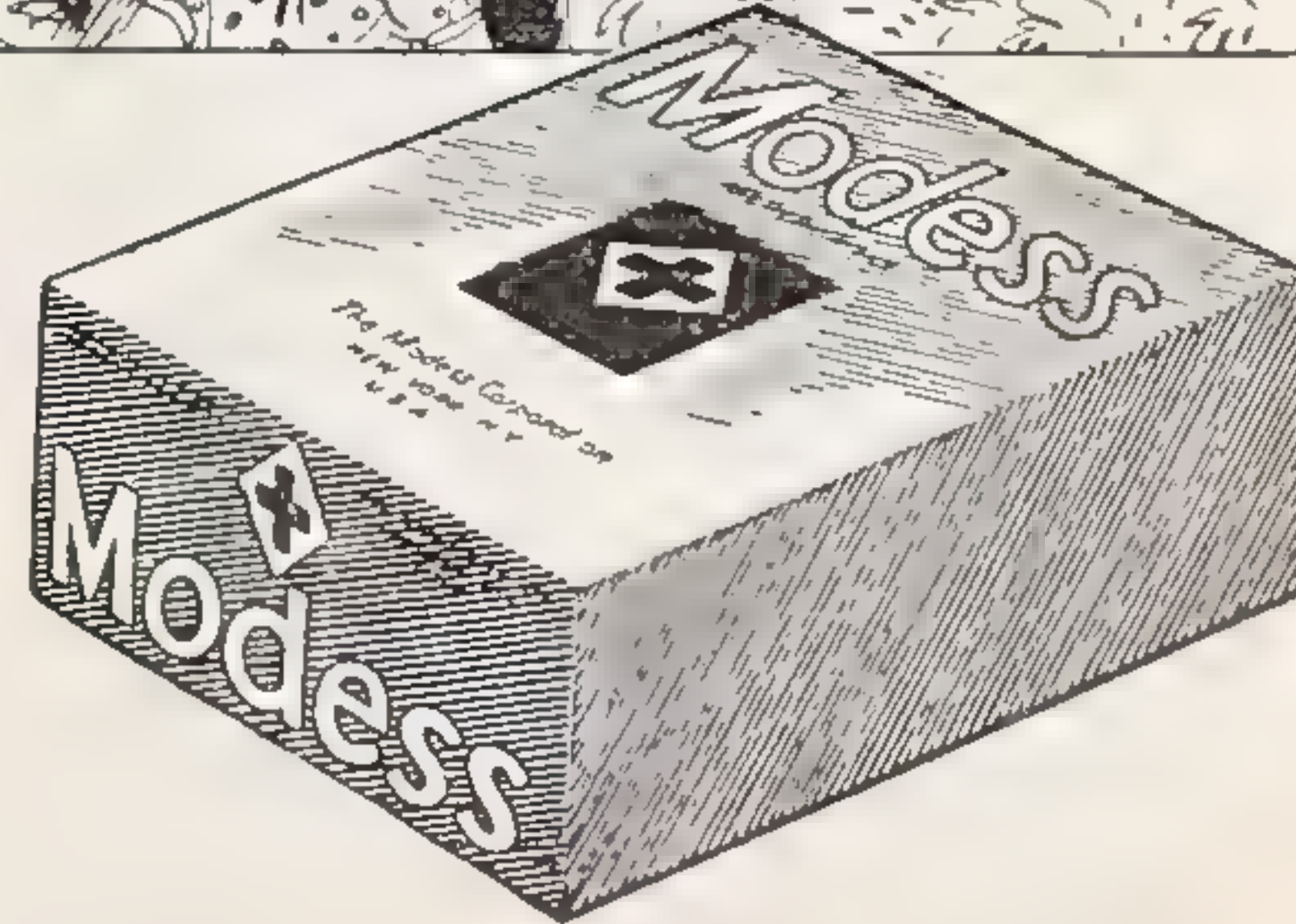
FINER MATERIALS,
AND IT'S MADE
WITHOUT SHARP
EDGES TO HARDEN
AND CHAFE. I KNEW
YOU'D BE CRAZY
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THUMBS DOWN



"NO, Jim, I'll take your Great Aunt Susie to the party, but I won't take *that* girl. I spent one miserable evening with her and hanged if I'll let myself in for another endurance test. Thumbs down on her!" . . .

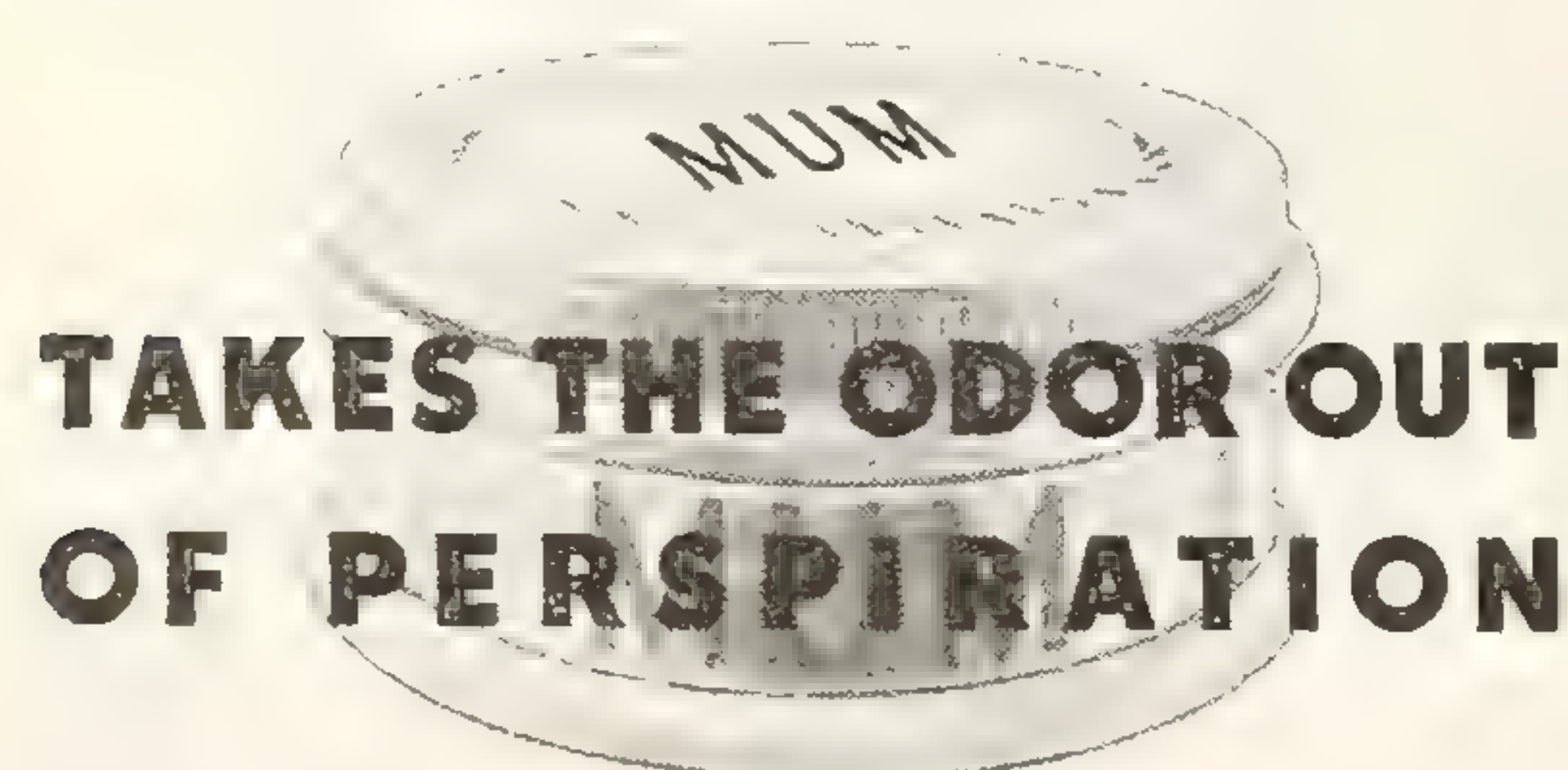
There is no quicker way for a girl to kill her chances of popularity and good times than to have the offensive odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

It's doubly hard to excuse when Mum makes it so easy to avoid.

A quick fingertipful of Mum to each underarm, and you're safe for all day. And the instant it's on—*that's all!*

You can use Mum *after* you're dressed just as well as *before*. It's perfectly harmless to clothing. It's so soothing to the skin—even a sensitive skin—you can use it right after shaving the underarms.

Remember, Mum does not prevent perspiration itself—just destroys its ugly odor. Use Mum regularly and be safe. Mum Mfg. Co., Inc., 75 West St., New York.



LET MUM DO THIS FOR YOU, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and be sure of freedom from all traces of unpleasantness in this way.



I told him that I didn't know what his mother and his ex-wife and his daughters were going to do but I thought it probable that he would have to get some sort of work and do for them. He said, 'You cold-blooded . . . You have the heart to stand there and talk to me like that—to me who *am* Esther Ralston and always have been!'

"I thought of our home in Hollywood, where, while we were abroad, his mother, his ex-wife and one of the girls were living, with a Chinese cook at \$150 a month to serve them, a car, a chauffeur, another maid, the pool—everything. I looked down at my own hands—we were dressed to go out for dinner—and as I looked at my hands—the break came! *For my gloves were shabby—with holes in the fingertips.*

"I was working like a thankless slave. I was supporting seven people in luxury. I hadn't a whole pair of gloves to put on my hands. By the shifting of a straw does a skyscraper sometimes collapse. By that shabby little trifle did the whole love of my life collapse, then and there.

"We didn't go out for dinner that night. I went to my room and locked the door. All that whole night through and until five in the morning I cried and never stopped crying and felt that I never would stop crying again. The tears seemed to come out of my very bones and veins, to be drawn right out of my blood. And when that dawn broke I knew that I was *through*; through with love, through with marriage. I knew, too, *that I was not going to have another baby.*

"On the ship coming home, George tried to break me further. Poor mortals all of us, how we blunder! I *know* that he loved me—still loves me—terribly—in his way. In his blind effort to *control* love, he lost it. He kept up the terrible litany of 'You are through—you'll never be anything again—you are all washed up—we are all washed up—there is only one way out—to end it all.' He tried to induce me to enter a suicide pact with him. When I refused he would threaten me, again and again, with his own suicide.

"We got back to Hollywood. Everything was gone. The house. The remaining monies and investments. Everything. I took an apartment for myself and the baby. George's ex-wife and the girls took another place. I tried to get work. I signed up with agents who, at first were optimistic about me. In a short while I had a letter from them saying that they were sorry but feared they could do nothing for me. I learned later *why* they had taken that stand. I learned it because, after my separation from George was announced, they wrote again and offered to resume the relationship.

AT one time, during this period—and think, Gladys, it was only a very few months ago—at one time I was so low I had to borrow ten dollars from my mother in order to eat. During that difficult time, too, Blanche, George's ex-wife, came to see me several times. She offered to help me with the baby, times when I had to be away looking for work. I knew that she disliked taking things from me, giving nothing in return. She did help me and we became—friends. When she was at the apartment she would help me in other ways, too—tell George she didn't know where I had gone—try to stand between us and unpleasant scenes. Once or twice, after our separation, I was invited out for dinner—with nice people—the Barthelmesses and others. When George could locate me, he would telephone me four and five times during an evening until it became so embarrassing I would have to leave. I would go home to—well, to scenes

it took the police to help me out of on one occasion.

"I gave up the apartment and took a house in Westwood Village. I did a picture for Paramount with Randolph Scott. George's daughter, young Blanche, went with me on location. When we returned she was cross-examined—had she ever noticed Randolph and me talking together and so on.

"And then—the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract! Everything began to open up for me. With my first step into freedom I felt a sense of my own power in every nerve. I had my contract. They believed in me. It didn't matter what the salary was. I was taunted about that. George would come to the house and tell me that I could see how little I was worth on my own—without him to bargain for me. He tried to make me give it all up, to go on tour again—with him. But I *had grown up*. Until last year, Gladys, I was, actually, *sixteen years of age*. I had never developed beyond that point. Now, suddenly, I am an *adult*.

"I won't, I can't go into all the scenes we went through then. The baby's birthday party when I thought suicide *had* been tried and I had to play games with the babies and sing and dance with them and cut the birthday cake and act *happy*. . . . I decided, after that, to sue for divorce. It was suggested to me that I—*be sued*. After all that he had done for me, forsaken his own career, trained me, taught me. . . ."

I interrupted here. I said, "Esther, is there any truth in that? Did he?"

"You mean help me? Oh yes, yes! There is more than a lot of truth in that. He did train me. He did teach me. He did give up his own career to further mine. I wouldn't deny that for anything in the world. I couldn't. It was only he, himself, who separated us. I used to say to him 'George, nothing has been able to separate us—neither hard times nor good, nor your family, nor anything—*only you have been able to do it.*'

"Then, my option was taken up at the studio, it was taken up *on the day I sued for divorce*. And, incredibly, perhaps, I was happier than I have ever been in my life. I knew, then, that I had never really known what happiness *is*. I was so happy that, in the evening, I had some people in to celebrate with me. We had music and champagne and everything was gay. Suddenly there came an ominous rap-tap-tap at the door. He was there. Terrible things were said to me, terrible accusations hurled at me. There were threats and violence. When all of the guests were gone—I sent them away—I went upstairs and crouched by my bedroom window. Underneath it George stood. I knew what he wanted me to believe he was doing. And I knew that he wouldn't and I realized that I was too worn out to care whether he did or not.

"Late that night, after he was gone, a storm came up. The wind blew in hurricane gales. The lightning seemed to tear the sky apart. The thunders crashed and rocked the world. I crept into the nursery and took the baby in my arms, took her into my bed with me, laid her over my heart. I thought 'let the storm rage—let George rage—nothing matters but this—that I have her with me, like this—I can face anything, dare anything, do anything, *be* anything so long as I am never called upon to face the loss of her.

AND so, I am happy now. Exultantly, deeply, profoundly happy. For the first time in my life. That little nine year old girl in the hospital was right when she knew that love can make us whole—such love as I feel for my little Mary Esther. It is easy for me to be happy. I

am young. I have my work. A good role in 'Sadie McKee,' with Joan Crawford. I have my baby. I have my home, people are kind to me, seem to like me. I have my mother and father again, after all these years. I have been able to buy them a home. I had the great joy of taking some of my first salary checks and furnishing it for them. I was able to overhear my father saying, 'Thank God for Esther!' I am grown up. I am free!"

In that sunny, dainty house in Westwood Village, live two women and a beloved little girl. One of the women is Esther, the mother. The other woman is Blanche, the nurse. *For George Webb's ex-wife, Blanche, is nurse to Esther's little girl.* In all the catalogue of amazing human relationships, I know of none more amazing than this.

Esther doesn't call her solution God. She doesn't give it any sectarian name. She just kind of thinks that if you love people very much they will love you back and then the pieces of the puzzle will all fit together and you won't get hurt even if you are hurt . . . It is something like this . . .

Irene Dunne Leads a Double Life

(Continued from page 27)

effervescent emotions—which are claimed for southern women.

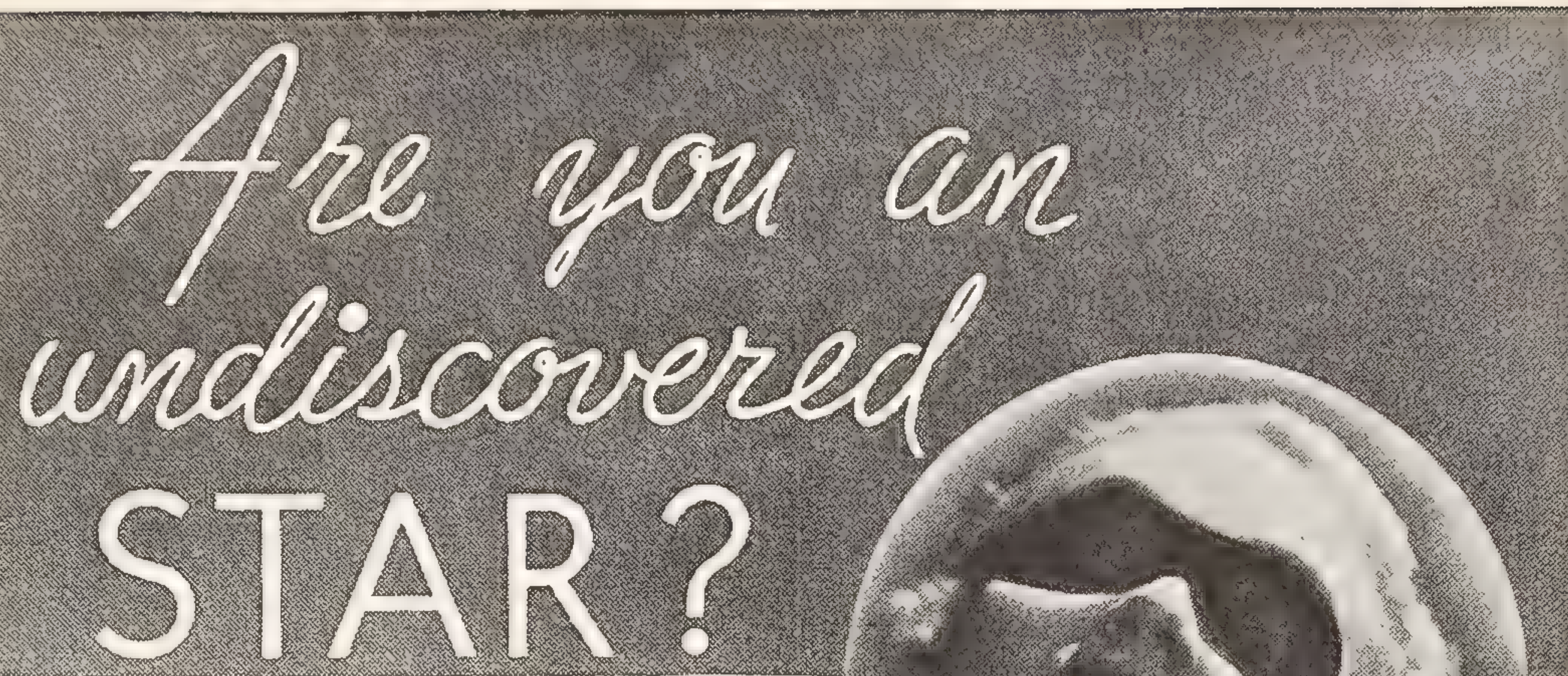
FLIRTING was, and is one of her most adroit accomplishments. "I even flirt with the butcher and get the best cuts of meats because I do," she once told me. But asked that I print that her mother did it. Her first professional "break" came because she flirted with a grey-haired judge who was selecting the best singer from three hundred contestants. She was used to being the belle of dinner parties because she had that "something" which attracts men, knew she had it and was not afraid to use it.

As for temper. Whew! It's the kind that wraps a golf stick around the nearest tree and cuts the air with words that would shock even the publicity men who had ordered her to be a perfect lady.

She bought a book on temper. A tiny one she could carry everywhere with her. If you have been often on an Irene Dunne set, you've seen her slip away, squeeze into a quiet corner, pull out a book and commence to read. The habit resulted in the publicity that she is a studious and deep reader. But if you have succeeded in snatching the book from her, you've found it filled with instructions on how to hold your temper.

It's not easy to be a goody-goody girl before people and yet find a way to let the devil out of you when no one is looking. It takes finesse and trickery and brains and will-power and a great capacity for fibbing convincingly.

I shall not forget the time I was lunching with Irene at her high-ceilinged home in Beverly Hills. The butler brought in a huge florist's box. Irene slipped the card from its expensive envelope, glanced at it, slipped it beneath her plate and went on talking as though she had not received it. I would have made a large-sized wager that the flowers were not from her husband. She would have said so, woman-like, had they been. And she would not have blushed so tale-tellingly. I knew, too, that flowers were not unusual to this



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*"Accept No Substitute, There
Isn't Any"*

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woman with whom men are continually falling in love.

Irene Dunne has never had trouble with one of her leading men—a record among actresses in this city—because she makes certain they are her slaves from the day she begins a picture. There is no competition in an Irene Dunne production. Men do not steal scenes from a woman with whom they are carrying on an animated, spring-feverish flirtation. Irene deliberately enslaves them, as she does her butcher or her chauffeur. "What is appeal for, if not to use?" she once asked me.

RICHARD DIX stalked from the set of "Stingaree," the other day, his face several shades redder than usual. "What a woman!" he exclaimed. "When you're doing a love scene with any other woman, she does one of two things. Either holds back a little, instinctively, or forces emotion. But when Irene Dunne is supposed to melt—she just melts. You can't remember it's for a picture."

Irene Dunne, sitting in the lunch room with one leading man after another, holding hands! Irene Dunne, walking across the lot with each leading man—from Dix to Walter Huston—trotting determinedly behind her.

"The only thing that saves us all," one of them told me, "is that she's fickle. She stirs up everything a man has while he's working with her and then—well, there's a new leading man for another picture. Or you wake up and find her husband's arrived from New York. And you don't know whether you've been tricked or whether she's meant it or—so all you can do is hope you'll play in another picture with her!"

Certainly, Irene spreads her allure among many gentlemen. There's the electrician who moons around like a love-sick adolescent until he's assigned to a new Dunne picture. There's the cameraman who stays with the studio because *he* may get the assignment. You may have read about Sergeant Leo H. Kalem, Battery B, 15th Field Artillery, who saved his money in Honolulu so he could visit Hollywood to see Irene Dunne, his idea of a "perfect lady."

He hung around the publicity department for days, leaning across the rail, begging anyone he saw to let him pass it. He became a joke among the boys. The joke reached the ears of Irene Dunne. She waltzed right up, captured him, took him onto the set, had him as her guest at an intimate little luncheon.

When he left to return to Honolulu for duty, he rubbed the arm to which she had clung, looking appealingly up at him. "I'd admired her on the screen. But I had no idea she'd be so—so—oh, damn it, it would have been better if I'd never met her."

WHAT a relief it must be to her when she is with her husband or at home, away from those who might whisper about the real Irene Dunne if they saw her. Perhaps that's the reason it's difficult for Irene to keep servants or secretaries. A girl must be herself, once in a while. If she sits with a "temper book" while in company, she's likely to give her temper more than its natural full sway when she's at home with those who "don't matter."

No wonder she runs to New York between pictures. In New York, she's herself. A member of a merry gang who are among the first-nighters, night-clubbers and high-stoolers. A gay gang, counting some of Europe's speediest titles. And if Dr. Griffin, by chance, can't accompany her, she's there, just the same, a ring leader of the swift, wee-o'-the-mornin' playsters.

"I can be myself there. Fight with my husband, in private or public, and nobody

pays any attention nor rumors a divorce or prints that I'm not a perfect lady.

"Why, I get so bored out here that I play telephone bridge with my husband, via long distance, so I can have a good fight if I want, before I go to bed. My blood is not water. And it's not blue. As a matter of fact, it's crimson. I stamp my feet when I'm very angry and literally bounce up and down with rage. I don't want to be a perfect lady, either on the screen or off. I would rather be a live, normal human—subject to temper and quarrels and other things that vary the tone of life and make it interesting. But," she shrugged her shoulders, "of course you can't print it."

She looked, then, as she did when they had called her to take still pictures while she was making "Stingaree." There had been a horse scene and the stage was smothered in flies. She stood, first on one foot, then on the other, battling the pests. Finally, she walked from the set. "When you get those *blank* flies off the set, I'll take the picture!" And the crew looked at one another in stupefaction.

In fact, Irene forgot to use her little book several times on this, her latest picture. How could a woman remain a perfect lady while working with director William Wellman? Billy Wellman is one of the directors who prides himself upon his use of roughness and tough language to get the best from his actors. He screeches and yells and cusses.

WHEN they were beginning the picture, you'd often hear Irene's dressing-room door slam hard behind her. She'd run to read her book, not trusting herself to corners. One thing that irritated her most was the way Mr. Wellman addressed her: "Miss Garbo; Miss Bennett; Miss Hepburn." He just couldn't remember it was Irene Dunne whom he was directing. Irene sought revenge. She snooped until she learned the names of each of his enemies. And a man as capable as Billy Wellman always has plenty! "Yes, Mr. So and So," she'd answer—calling him by the name of some hated-one each time he addressed her.

Cooing at Richard Dix; snapping at the director. Running to her dressing-room. Turning literally white in her attempts to remember that she must be a perfect lady. Until one day—she just up and flipped her body at him, *backwards*, in a perfect Lupe Velez gesture. William Wellman staggered. But he didn't give up. He even took her diamond brooch and whittled a diamond from the setting with his pen-knife—to see what she would do. She did it! And the toughest director in Hollywood learned that Hepburn is not the only star on the RKO lot who can screech at her director.

And there's a sad little side to this story, too. For to feel something like a Velez and act like an Irene Dunne is not easy. There's only *today* for Lupe, for example. Lupe awakes to a new world each morning. She blots out the old one each evening. She lives exactly as she pleases each single moment, never worrying about what has gone before or is coming after.

But Irene Dunne, with the same kind of pepper sprinkled through her, must remember each morning. "I am a perfect lady. I must not forget it." And each night, whether she be slipping in from a secret jaunt or lying in bed bored to death with the monotony of the role she is playing, she must be planning the ladyfied campaign for the morrow.

"Why don't you admit you made a mistake in this perfect-lady role, Irene, and come out and be frankly yourself?" I asked her.

"Because it is a mistake to admit mis-

takes. I don't believe it's good business. The public doesn't like to think it's been fooled."

N.O, she wouldn't admit the truth for publication. So, I'm snitching on her. For her own good. Katharine Hepburn gets the credit for having all the temperament on the RKO lot. Irene doesn't particularly like that, of course. Because temperament also means publicity.

Now, I'd like to see Katie and Irene having a good hair-pulling battle. Knowing both girls, well, I'd bet on Irene to yell louder, use the more convincing language and pull harder—if a publicity man wasn't around to hand her the little book and say, "Remember, you're the perfect lady of the screen, darlin'."

It isn't fair. Irene Dunne flies to Chicago, *once*, to meet her husband and they immediately advertise the fact that here is the commuting, airplane, happily married couple meeting half-way. While, in reality, Irene's the kind who keeps her husband's interest because he has to go all the way, always! Why, she even made him keep the engagement ring he bought her nearly four years before she said, "Yes," and wore it.

"She's a devil," one who knows her well said. "More of a demon than Hepburn will ever be."

And it's the devils in life who make our hair curl and our flesh goose-pimple. I think she's led her double life long enough. She threw her book away several times while she was making "Stingaree" and became the natural, peppery, lively-mouthed, dare-devil Dunne, in person. She should thank William Wellman for making her so mad. She'll probably be just as mad when she reads this story. I hope so. I hope she'll be so furious, she'll throw that "temper" book away forever and be herself. A passionate, high-strung, interesting girl. Not a self-controlled, tight-lipped, dainty—perfect lady!

How the Stars Face Motherhood

(Continued from page 29)

career, not be with him too much of the time, interest him as a person as well as evoke his love as his mother.

"No, I didn't have a trace of that feeling, 'This will change my life.' I didn't have any sense of oneness with the baby. From that first instant I thought of him as separate from me, an individual, a person. I didn't have any of the possessive mother emotion. I had the feeling that I would soon have another friend, dearer to me than any other, a new interest to whom I hoped, first of all, to be interesting. I may add that I never changed—not during all the while he was coming—not after he was here—not now."

GLORIA SWANSON has, admittedly, a maternal complex. "Or perhaps," she told me, "I should call it a baby complex."

"From my earliest recollection, I dreamed of the day when I should have a baby. I always hated the state of being a child myself. I wanted to be grown up. I wanted to be mature. I wanted to be—a mother. I was the first of the women stars to have a baby. The very first. And so, when the doctor first told me that what I hoped was so—when I first knew that little

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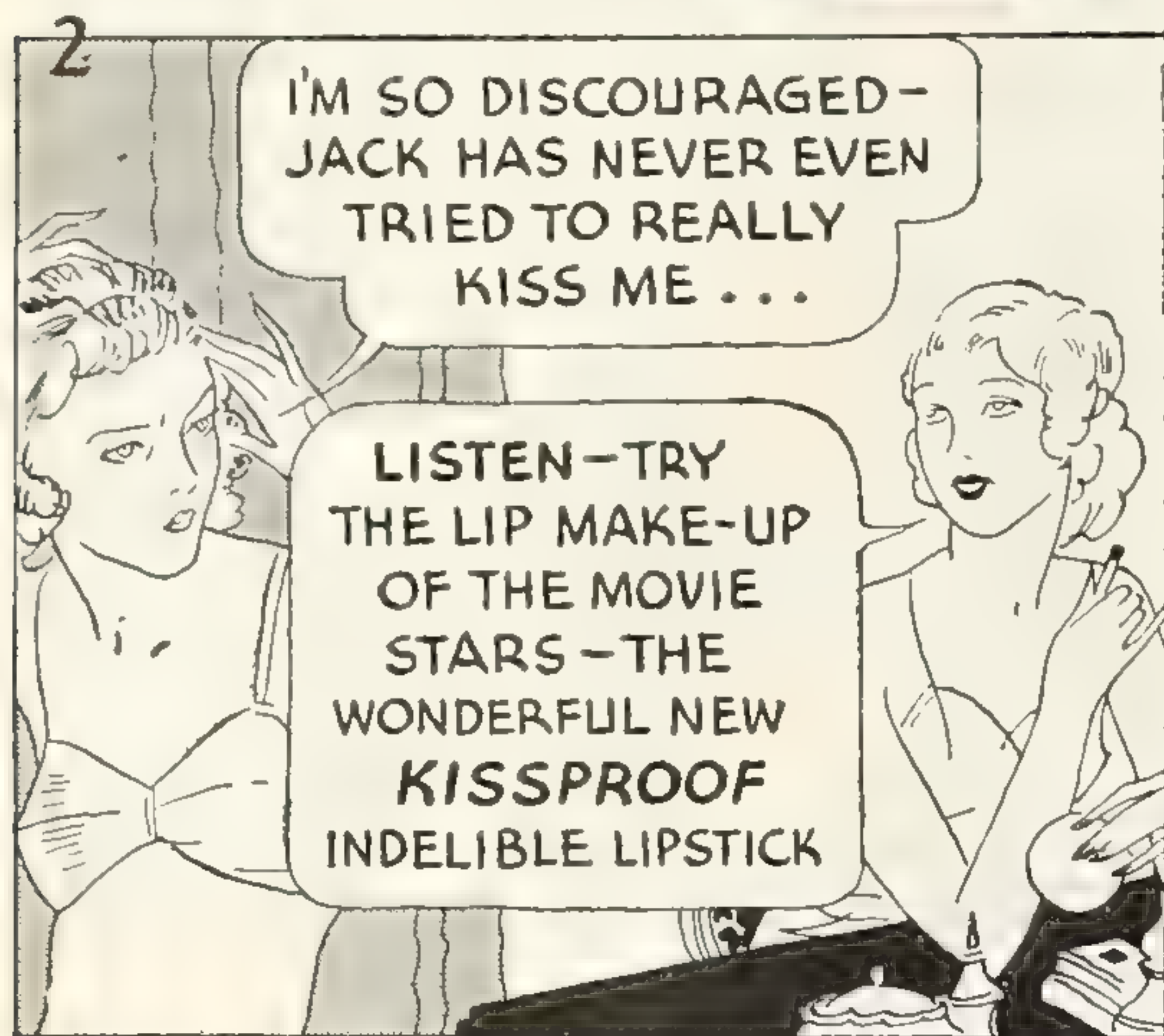
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Gloria was really coming, I didn't have any conscious thought. My first reaction was one of transported ecstasy. If one can be literally lifted into the realm where the seraphim and cherubim are, that is where I went. I had the sensation of being lifted on wings, exalted, transfigured. I laughed and laughed and laughed and wasn't even conscious that, at the same moment, the tears were streaming down my face. Wasn't conscious of anything until, looking at the doctor who was looking at me, I saw tears in his eyes.

"Trying to be as analytical as possible—of a moment that allowed of no analysis—I knew that there was one fear, like the thin stab of a knife underneath all of the almost abnormal joy, the fear of losing the baby. No fear whatever of my face, my figure, my career, my looks, myself—nothing was farther from my mind. What were these things compared to this? Nothing!

"I wanted everyone to know about it. Contrary to the usual procedure of screen stars at that time—a time when even marriages were kept as quiet as possible—I had the quaint idea of sending this glorious item to the press of the whole world. I wanted to shout it from the housetops. I even—" Gloria laughed a little, remembering, "I even signed my Paramount contract when I was seven months along. I was utterly unconscious of my appearance. I was utterly unconscious of me.

"I felt, from that first moment, that I was giving an unique, an incredible performance. Perhaps many women will know what I mean when I say that my first reaction was largely compounded of the feeling that no one else in the world had ever had a baby before. I sound hysterical, even now when I talk about it. That's because I *was* hysterical. Hysterical with the greatest happiness I have ever known or ever expect to know again. It has never left me, where Gloria is concerned, this sacred and sublime feeling about her." And Gloria's beautiful eyes dimmed with tears.

"With my last baby, Michael Bridget," she said, "it was a little different. Because everything was different. I was not happy. Circumstances were unfortunate. Everything was going wrong for Michael and for me. Great things and small. It was attended, all of that pregnancy, by anxieties and uncertainties and embarrassments. But—I was having a baby. I hoped it would be a boy. A son. Michael. But a baby—any kind of a baby, under any conditions, is the greatest of all the great facts of life to me. There is no thrill in life even partly comparable."

I TALKED to little blonde Dixie Crosby, wife of the idolized Bing. Dixie, with a less than two-year-old baby at home and another one due in a few months time. September, I believe she said. Dixie told me, "I had two fears—two perfect bogiemmen rose up to face me when the doctor told me that my first baby was a fact. My first fear was the certainty, the absolute certainty that I would die. As the doctor said to me, 'You are going to have a baby, Mrs. Crosby,' I said to myself, 'This is my time—my time has come!'

"I felt sorry for myself, in that first moment of what I thought to be a positive premonition. I felt that it was really very sad for me to go, so soon, so young. I felt, too, that I was being very brave about it, very gallant and rather dramatic, not telling Bing what I knew. This certainty, you may be interested to know, never left me for the whole nine months. And this in spite of the fact that I was perfectly healthy and 100 per cent normal from beginning to end. Actually, the only time I nearly did die was after the baby was born and I found myself alive. The

shock was almost too much for me.

"My other fear was that the baby would be in some way disfigured or abnormal. I never thought that I'd paid much attention to such things, but in that first hour of knowing that I was really going to have a baby of my own, all kinds of horrors and abnormalities of which I had read, or been told, kept flooding my mind. I kept asking Bing, later, whether there had ever been anything queer or abnormal back in his family. He reassured me by telling me that a crooner was the queerest thing that had ever raised its ugly head among the Crosbys!

"This time—with this baby—I haven't been able to raise a fear of any kind. I just think it's jolly and will be grand for all of us and that's the most complicated reaction I seem able to have."

ESTHER RALSTON, looking like a dream walking, told me, "I remember perfectly the very minute when the doctor said to me, 'Yes.' Could I ever forget it? I was standing in his office, looking out of the window. The sunset was especially lovely. There were flowers growing in a window box. I thought, 'I must look at flowers and sunsets and lovely things. I must make the baby beautiful, by drinking in beautiful sights and sounds and thoughts. And then, in that same instant, almost hand in hand with the first thought came another.

"I wonder whether I will ever have any looks again! Is it possible that this may ruin my figure, coarsen my face? Show people must be so spectacular. It's all we have, it's all we have.' I remembered pretty girls I had known, girls who had babies and got dumpy and thick-waisted and sallow and slowed down. I thought, 'Suppose this should happen to me. I've wanted a baby so much. There is always a price for great happiness like this!

"I'll have to admit that I did have these reactions of fear and anxiety, but in fairness to myself I can also say that I would never have had any such reaction if it had not been for the fact that I was not, even then, happy in my marriage. I had deliberately prayed and hoped for that baby. I had almost died of grief when I thought I might never have one. I had only hoped that the baby would help to build our marriage all over again. But in my heart of hearts I knew better—or worse. I knew, I realized in that first moment that the care and support of the baby would undoubtedly be up to me. I could only support her with the help of my looks. If I lost them, where would the baby be?"

JOBYNA RALSTON (Mrs. Richard Arlen) laughed when I asked her. She said, "My only reaction to the doctor's statement was, 'It really isn't so!' He almost had to draw a diagram and take a solemn oath of Hippocrates or something in order to convince me. You see, I'd been disappointed so many times before. I'd got much more used to disappointment than I had to—a baby. I thought, 'Well, it may be so now, but something will happen. I just can't see us with a baby. I don't believe there will ever really be one.'

"After he had convinced me that he really did know what he was talking about, my next thought was, 'I won't be one of those nine-months-negligée wives. I won't be the whining, petulant kind, always being waited on, always looking slightly martyred and 'different.' Then and there I determined to do what I did do, right through the whole nine months. I determined to say things like 'Let's go up to the snow and do some skiing,' or 'Let's go down to Caliente, now, in the middle of the night' or 'Let's go up in a plane and go somewhere.'"

ARLINE JUDGE RUGGLES said, "My first reaction wasn't very startling or original, I'm afraid. It was one a lot of women have had and always will have. I thought, 'Oh, I wonder what it will be!' and then 'I wonder what it will look like?' I honestly never gave myself a thought. Never gave a thought to my face or my figure or my career. I only knew that I wanted a son, because Wes is the last of the Ruggles name and I knew what a son would mean to him and what a kick Charlie would get out of it, too. I just wanted to turn in a grand performance. That was my first and sharpest reaction.

"And next I thought how sweet it would sound to hear a baby call me 'Mother.' Someone asked me, shortly after I knew that I was to have the baby, what I would have him call me. I said, 'Mother, what else? We wait long enough, don't we, to hear that name on a baby's lips?' So, all I thought was, 'I want a boy. I want him to be healthy and handsome. I want to hear him call me Mother.'"

Happy Contest Winner

(Continued from page 63)

I couldn't believe it! And then, after I had read the letter over and over, my emotions were simply hectic. So were my activities. There was a leave of absence from my job to be obtained, there were new clothes to be bought, and frantic wires between Shaker Heights and New York as I asked if it would be possible for my cousin to accompany me. When an affirmative answer returned, we were the happiest girls in the world.

OUR departure, train time, friends there to tell us goodbye and to wish us every happiness in Hollywood. Then two days of impatience, counting the hours when we would arrive in Hollywood. But don't laugh . . . when the conductor called "Los Angeles," I was struck with such a horrible feeling of stage fright I felt I did not want to get off the train. I thought, suppose these glamorous, exciting people out here find me dull and boring?

M-G-M had informed me I would be met at the station by a representative of the studio. And, fans, I want to tell you that there are no friendlier people in the world than these Hollywood people. They are so natural in their manner you feel at ease immediately. The young man who met us is named George May, from the publicity department. He took us immediately to the Roosevelt Hotel, which was to be our headquarters during our visit.

Perhaps I should explain that I knew before we left home that we could not be Joan's house guests. You have read of course, that Joan is redecorating her home, and that she is building on to it. All this work was taking place during our visit to Hollywood and Miss Crawford, herself, was not living in her home, but in a small hotel apartment. The beautiful room we walked into at the Roosevelt was a bower of flowers. An enormous basket from M-G-M with a cordial card, and another of spring blossoms bearing the card of Walter Ramsey, western representative of MODERN SCREEN, greeted us. But, fans, I don't think either M-G-M or Mr. Ramsey will seriously mind when I say my heart skipped a beat when I saw that white basket filled to overflowing with gardenias, which just seemed to shout to me, "These are from Joan."

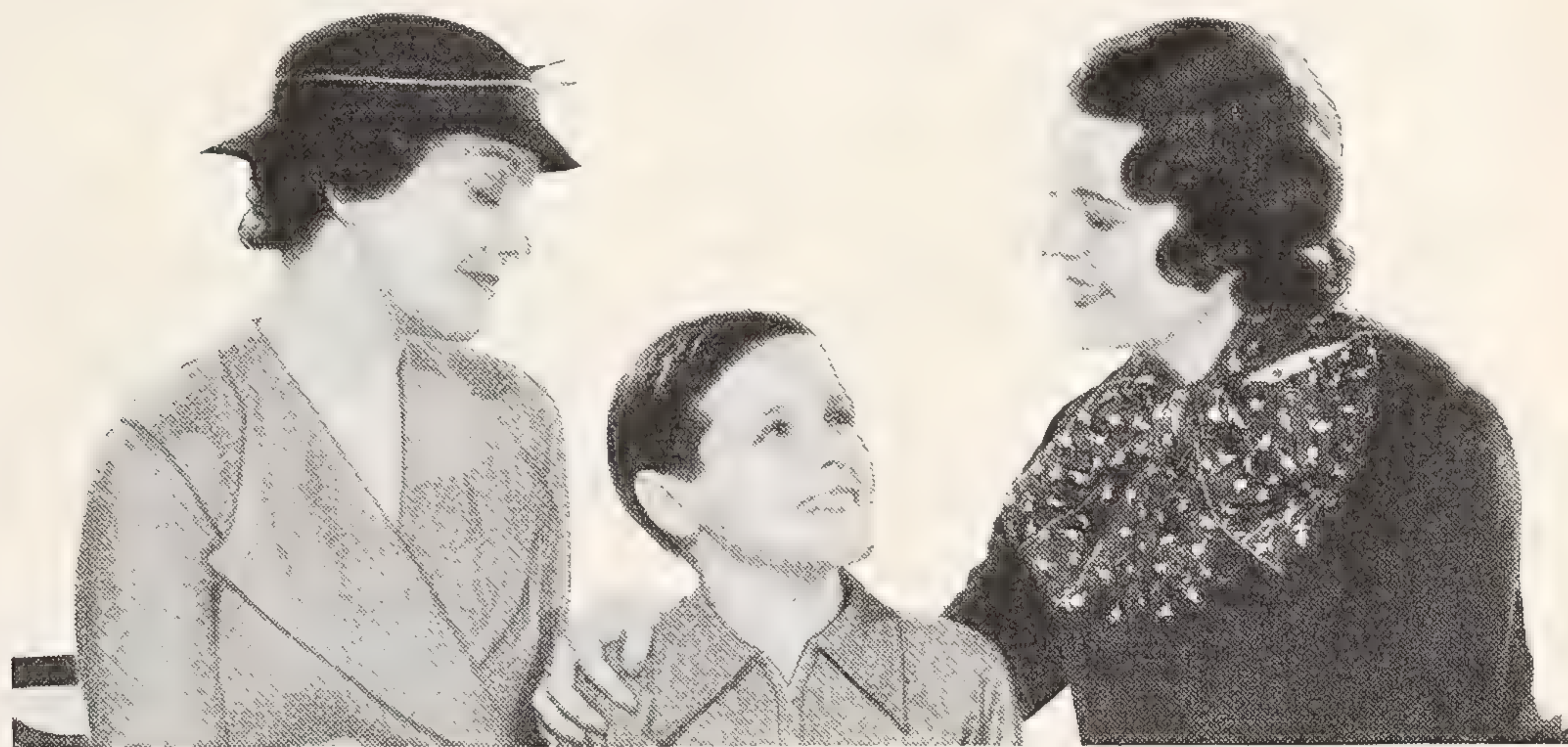
"Welcome to Hollywood, Jean." She



"Aren't you going to eat your ice-cream, dear?—Polly, I don't know what ails Tommy—he isn't a bit like himself. He won't eat, and he's lost all his pep!"



"Alice, I wouldn't worry about Tommy. Jack was the same way a month ago, and I found all he needed was a laxative. Give him some Fletcher's Castoria."



"You're just the person I wanted to see, Polly! Tommy's been out playing all morning. I gave him some Fletcher's Castoria last night, and it's certainly wonderful!"

• "Yes, it certainly is, Alice. Fletcher's Castoria is the ideal laxative for children. It's pleasant to take, too—because it tastes awfully good. You know, it hasn't any of the harsh drugs in it that are in some grown-up's laxatives. Don't forget that it's just the thing for colic in little babies, too! The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton."

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1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
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had not needed to sign any name. Gardénias have come to be Joan Crawford's calling card.

Mr. May immediately proceeded to explain, "Joan is awfully sorry it will not be possible to bring you girls out to the studio today. She is doing the most dramatic scenes from the picture, but Monday you are to be her guests all day, and in the meantime..."

I could hear Mr. May's voice going on explaining such interesting things. A trip to Catalina Island for over Sunday and a theatre date at Grauman's Chinese for this evening, but the words that kept echoing in my mind were, "Joan's guests for all day Monday!"

Mr. May had planned that we should rest following our long train trip before he came to take us to dinner and to the famous Grauman's Theatre that evening. But no sooner had he departed than Walter Ramsey called to take us on a sight-seeing tour of movie stars' homes that afternoon. All thoughts of rest vanished as we set out for the MODERN SCREEN offices about seven blocks from our hotel on Hollywood Boulevard where we were to meet Mr. Ramsey at noon. Mr. Ramsey had wanted to pick us up at the hotel but we wanted to walk down Hollywood Boulevard to get a close-up view of the most publicized street in the world.

I DOUBT that Hollywood Boulevard is exactly what you think it is. It is not unlike Main Street in any other town, except it has this one great difference—the people! Strangely enough, they look alike, and they are all reminiscent of faces that seem vaguely familiar. It is obvious that Hollywood's movie stars have been an influencing model for Hollywood faces. Dress is most informal on the Boulevard. Some of the girls wear pajamas and many wear slacks. Most of the male attire is sports, and when you are used to dark tailored clothes for street wear, Hollywood's seem very vivid.

That exciting afternoon we went on a tour to the homes of Lupe Velez, Carole Lombard, Helen Twelvetrees, Chester Morris, Leila Hyams, Gloria Swanson, Pickfair, and yes, we drove past Joan's home, where we saw the carpenters and workmen busily adding wings onto the house. It is on a quiet, tree-shaded street in a suburb about ten miles from Beverly Hills called Brentwood. The house is surrounded by a beautiful garden, but the structure itself is far from what you would imagine a movie star's home to be.

Sunday, too, brought many interesting diversions, what with our exciting trip to Catalina. But I know you must be as impatient as I was for the dawning of that fateful Monday. We awoke and dressed hours before Mr. May called to take us to Culver City, the famous M-G-M studio, and Joan.

I saw her, and had the opportunity of watching her for a whole half hour before she knew we were on the set, fans. In other words, I saw her as the people who work with her every day see her. Oh, how my heart was pounding as we stepped on that set and through the maze of lights and cameras, I saw Joan.

FIRST I want to say that she is smaller than you would imagine from her screen appearances. I had always had the impression that Joan was about average height, but in that simple little black dress she wore with the touch of white at the throat, with her lovely chestnut-brown hair combed simply, she looked like a child.

If I were permitted only three words to sum up the impression I gained of Joan, they would be beautiful, gracious, kind! When I showed her several of the letters

you fans had written me, she seemed genuinely surprised and touched. "Maybe it's a good thing all my fans can't meet me," she said. "I shouldn't want to spoil their illusions and no one could really live up to these wonderful tributes."

From reading interviews, have you gained the impression that this girl is melancholy? So many writers have referred to Joan's moodiness. But if these stories are true, I must have caught her on a particularly happy day. For I was strongly impressed with Joan's desire to laugh. We had been talking only a short time when Franchot Tone came over to join us and I'm sure that if director Clarence Brown wasn't a very even-tempered man, the gales of laughter that came from our corner would have interrupted him.

Then Miss Crawford invited my cousin and me to lunch with her and Mr. Brown in the studio commissary. She introduced us to every star that passed our table. Not only did Miss Crawford summon Clark Gable over, but she insisted that he sit down and he asked to pose with me in a picture after luncheon. Luncheon with Clark Gable and Joan Crawford!

The things they talked about? Truthfully, it is impossible to record the conversations of people in Hollywood. They talk to each other so kiddingly, so gaily. One thing I do remember though. Joan said to me, "Of course you can see that Clark is just a grand person, and not the heart-breaker he's supposed to be at all."

"There's not a word of truth in that," grinned Clark. "I insist upon being a heart-breaker." And then, "You are the only visitor I've met who hasn't an autograph book." And Joan replied, "How do you know she hasn't an autograph book? Maybe she doesn't want your autograph!"

I THEN confided I would like to have their signatures, but that I had thought it might be too much trouble to expect everyone to sign a book. "Don't be silly," said Joan, "we get hurt if we aren't asked to sign something." She and Clark then wrote their names in big letters across a menu card.

When we came out of the commissary, a cameraman was waiting to take our pictures. I had already made several with Miss Crawford on the set, and Clark insisted that I make one with him alone.

Miss Crawford's maid came in and assisted her to freshen her make-up, and several minutes later we were back on the set, where we remained through tea time. I'm afraid it would have been a sad leave-taking if Joan had not said, "You girls are to be my guests at the theatre Wednesday night at 'Men in White.' I'm terribly sorry I won't be able to accompany you. Mr. Brown has just told me we are working that night. But my car will be at your disposal, and Thursday I am expecting you to lunch here at the studio with me again, unless something more exciting for you turns up."

I'm sure I could easily fill this issue of MODERN SCREEN with details of the rest of our week in Hollywood. But for the sake of brevity, I am going to condense my impressions and you are going to have to help me out by reading between the lines the enormous thrill we got out of everything that happened to us.

Tuesday: Shopped on the Boulevard, then to lunch again at M-G-M. This time we met Myrna Loy, who is so sweet and Ramon Novarro, who kissed my hand. Tuesday evening brought our biggest Hollywood event next to meeting Joan, a studio preview of "Riptide," starring Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery. The preview was for the press, and there was a wonderful buffet supper served afterward. Norma Shearer and Robert

Montgomery and Herbert Marshall, Edna Best and Mr. Irving Thalberg acted as hosts at this affair. And fans, Robert Montgomery is just exactly as he is on the screen, and Norma, who is very tiny, is even more beautiful. She stopped by our table to have a little chat with us about this and that.

Wednesday: To famous Agua Caliente, the Mexican playground of the stars. The plan was to lunch there and return almost immediately, but we had such a grand time we decided to remain through dinner. Mr. May called Hollywood on the phone, asking Miss Crawford's secretary to cancel our theatre tickets for this evening and engage them for the following night, Thursday. Did not return to the hotel until midnight and tumbled right into bed—terribly tired.

THURSDAY: Lunch with Joan again at the studio and told her all about the trip to Caliente. Surprised to learn that our idol has been there only twice in her life. "I'm not much of a gambler," she told us. "If I lose ten dollars my conscience hurts me terribly. That's why I don't go in for that sort of thing as a rule."

Theatre time Thursday night, Joan's beautiful black town car arrived to take us to "Men in White," and were we thrilled to find two gardenia corsages sent by Joan! What a thrill it was to ride in her own car, and everyone's eyes simply bulged when we drove up before the theatre, feeling like a million dollars.

Friday: Lunch at the Brown Derby with Mr. May. He pointed out Wallace Beery (you'd recognize him anywhere), Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller (Lupe certainly wasn't noisy and temperamental this day. She seemed very quiet and almost sad.) Mary Brian and June Collyer, who is Mrs. Stuart Erwin, Mrs. Bing Crosby, and many famous directors and writers. Then we went back to the studio and did all the "sets," meeting William Powell, Leo Carrillo, Myrna Loy again, Muriel Evans, Clark Gable (who hailed us as old friends), Otto Kruger (and how attractive he is!) and, while Mr. May had made plans to take us to the Hollywood Legion fights, we were so exhausted from our five hectic days, had to beg off. Dinner at the hotel . . . and early to bed.

Saturday: Up early because we were going to Palm Springs, famous winter resort, with Mr. May. This is a wonderful garden spot in the desert, so restful it is no wonder it is the favorite vacation resort of the stars. Saw Kay Francis in sun pajamas, Skeets Gallagher and his wife and two children, Nick Stuart, Constance Talmadge and her husband. Returned to Hollywood for dinner at the swanky Sardi's.

Sunday: Early to church on a beautiful spring day that made you disbelieve the newspaper headlines of another terrible storm back home in the East. Saw Dolores Del Rio and Marion Davies there, both alone. Then, back to the hotel to noon-day dinner and to hurriedly pack our bags before Mr. May came to take us to the train. I asked my cousin, "Are you sorry it is all over?"

"Couldn't be sorry," she replied, "because it will never be over. This wonderful trip will be in my memory as colorful and as vivid as it actually happened to us, the rest of my life. I shall never forget it."

And that is the way I feel about it, too. Thank you, Hollywood, and all your kind people who made our visit the great adventure it was. And thank you, Joan, for being the gracious person you are! And thank you, MODERN SCREEN, for making this wonderful trip to Hollywood and my meeting Joan possible.



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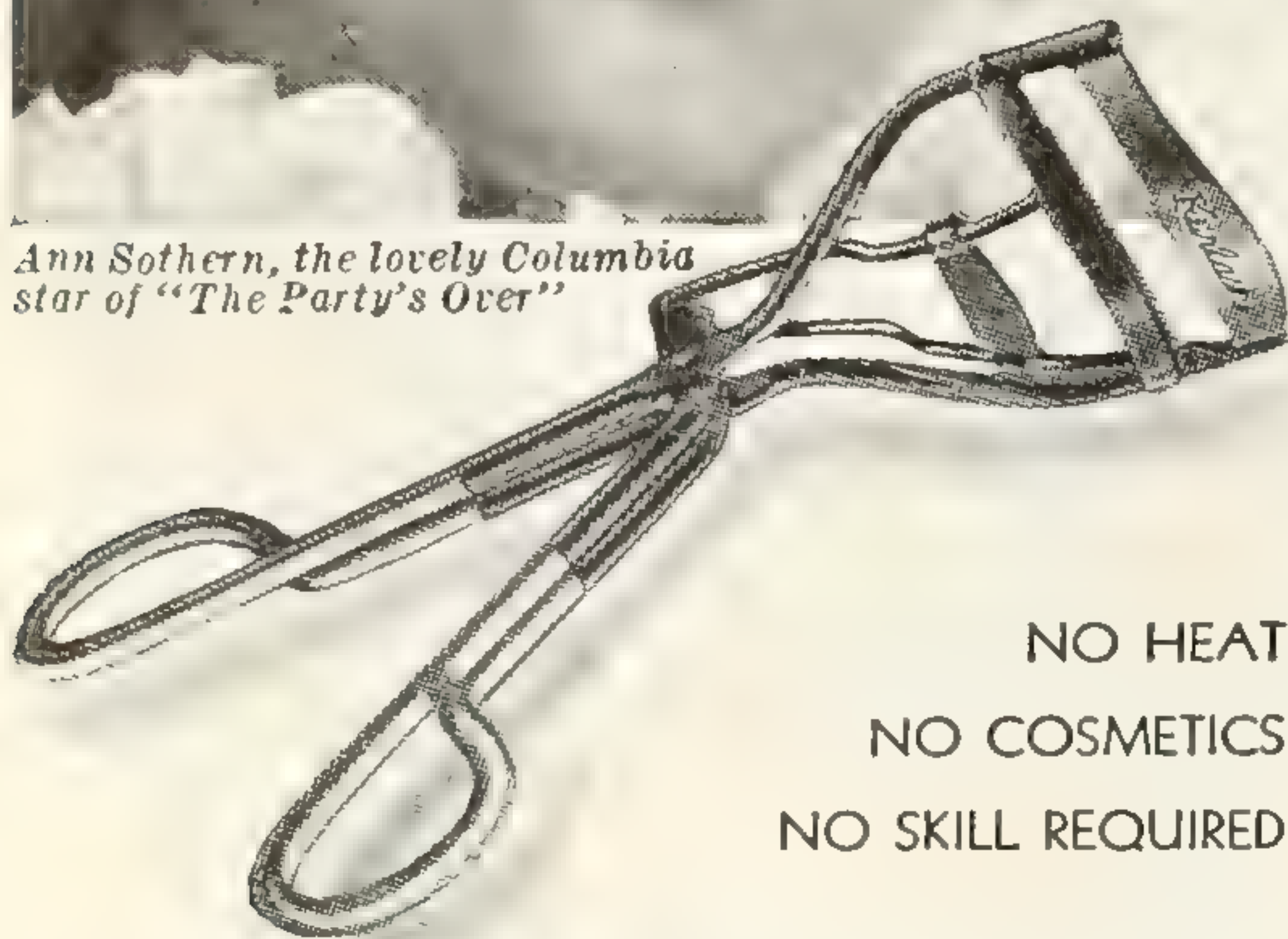
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Jimmy Ups to Me

(Continued from page 34)

lumbago. So Jimmy packs up, goes in to the old man and tells him to get ready. Says they're leaving for Hollywood in a couple of hours. Well, to make a long story short, the old man and Jimmy get out to the coast and Pop ain't been bothered with lumbago since.

GEE, the old man's swell. I know I'm supposed to be telling about Jimmy, but I guess you won't mind if I say something about Pop. Because after all Jimmy and me used to work in Pop's barber shop down on the East Side and, besides, he had a lot to do with giving Jimmy a boost here and there.

Anyway, he's out on the coast with Jimmy and my brother tells me how the old man still carries his shaving-tools with him and keeps asking everybody out at the studio if they want to get a haircut. He kept Norman Foster looking dandy when he was in the hospital. Now I hear how the old man just won't rest easy until he gets a crack at Johnny Weissmuller. Can you tie that? The old man's in his eighties and he's still picking tough jobs for himself!

Talking about him, however, reminds me of the days we used to work in his shop. Jimmy was a great hand at clowning and he'd have a time of it with the customers. Sometimes there'd be a nickel tip in it for him. But most times it was just for the fun of it—and because the old man wanted us around Saturday nights where he could keep an eye on us, I guess. But it was fun.

Anyway, Pop's barber shop always was a hangout for everybody in the neighborhood. We lived on Catherine Street and on Henry Street and a couple of other places, too. And among Pop's best customers was Al Smith—you know, the ex-governor—and a lot of others who became big shots. They was always regular, too.

Jimmy always had a yen for entertaining. Me, I wanted to be a cop—and a good one. I've been on the force for a long time and I guess I'll apply for retirement. I want to take the wife on a trip and maybe we'll go to live in Hollywood. Jimmy wants us to be out there. Of course, we won't live with him. He wants us to, but you know how it is. A guy's got to be independent.

There was Jimmy, my sister and myself. We had another brother but he died some time ago. Jimmy, however, always was Mom's favorite. She used to keep after Jimmy to take piano lessons and, well, he always wanted to do what Mom said. He thought a lot of Mom. But she was swell. She'd save up from the house money so Jimmy and the rest of us could have little things that kids always like. You know, like oranges, bananas or the movies.

JIMMY was quick at learning things. When he got to know the piano pretty well, he'd go around to Italian weddings and play for them. And believe me there always was weddings, so Jimmy got a lot of practice that way.

Then the first thing we knew Jimmy was trotting around to cafés on the East Side playing the piano for tips. He'd make a lot of dough that way, sometimes, and then he just kept on going—from joints like Diamond Tony's on the East Side to the Alamo way uptown and to Perry's on Coney Island.

And before we knew it, Jimmy was

making a big hit. He was playing in Broadway cafés and, later, he teamed up with Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson. I suppose there ain't much more about Jimmy's history from then on that you don't know as well as me.

There's a lot of nice things about Jimmy, but what I like best is that he's the same kind of guy now that he always was. If I wanted to go on about the guys he's supporting, you'd think I was putting in a plug for him. But I ain't. Because everybody knows Jimmy is regular.

I recall when he was a kid he always was the leader of his gang. His piano-playing made him a favorite with everybody and, anyway, he's got personality. No matter what the game, you'd find Jimmy well out front.

In talking about Jimmy, you have to mention Lou Clayton and Eddie Jackson. After all, they started to hit the big time together. When the three split up, Eddie opened a cabaret on Long Island. But he still keeps in touch with Jimmy. Lou is Jimmy's manager and, take it from me, Jimmy needs one. He just ain't got the proper idea of what money's worth.

Jimmy's the kind of guy who'd get out and entertain and not give a damn for the money. But not Lou. No, sir. Lou would say to Jimmy, "Listen, baby, you're a big shot now and you're going to get a big shot's dough!"

I'VE been able to save some money on my job, but last year when I had to go to the hospital, Jimmy wouldn't let me spend a cent. Say there was nothing in that place that was too good for his brother.

Some time ago they was arranging a publicity stunt for some charity and Jimmy had a date to meet Mayor LaGuardia. Afterward, when it was all over, Jimmy decided to go to the East Side to visit the old neighborhood and I went along. He got a kick out of looking up the spots where he used to go.

Soon after we got there, the kids in the neighborhood learned Jimmy was around. And before you knew it a couple of hundred of 'em started yelling for Jimmy. Well, the guy stood there for nearly an hour, clowning with them, singing songs and having a grand time. But I'll bet Jimmy got a greater kick out of it than they did at that.

I ought to know something about kids. I'm warrant officer over in Brooklyn Children's Court and it's my job to bring 'em in when they've misbehaved or something. Sometimes I'd write to Jimmy about a particularly sad case and he'd write the kid a little note. Being Jimmy's brother has its advantages in my job. Because all the kids know him and like him and they'd come along with me and I'd never have any trouble. All I'd do is tell them I'm Jimmy's brother. And they believe me, too. They always recognize the schnozzle.

Talking about writing brings to mind a funny quirk about Jimmy. You know, he's never written to a girl, other than his wife or his sister. Jimmy never did have much education. He picked up most everything he knows himself. And he just won't trust himself to write, especially to girls. There's always a chance some dame would take it wrong. Well, I guess Jimmy learned one thing there you never pick up in school.

Jimmy thinks a lot of my son, Albert.

The kid's taking a course in journalism at the Washington and Lee University in Virginia and, if you don't mind my bragging, he's a pretty clever kid. He wants to be a newspaper man and I guess there's no stopping him. You see us Durantes are stubborn. When we make up our minds—well, there ain't no stopping us. But I guess it's a good idea.

Sure, the kid's got the family schnozzle. And he's the only youngster who'll carry on the Durante name.

There ain't much more I could say about Jimmy. Except that he's a great guy, and the proof is that everybody likes him. Because Jimmy's the kind of guy who likes everybody.

While we were going to press, Al Durante died. Strangely enough, during the course of the interview, he told the writer of this article about the operation which the doctors thought advisable, but not absolutely necessary. Al decided to go through with it anyhow. His death was a terrible blow to the Durante family—especially to his brother, Jimmy.

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 8)

with a tasty first course—and for this you can do no better than a good canned soup. Garnished with a dab of whipped cream, a few croutons or minced parsley, it makes any meal start off on a festive note. Next choose a meat which requires no last-minute ministrations (steaks and chops are taboo for company meals, if you must cook them yourself). You will probably wish to have one or two vegetables besides potatoes. If you substitute spaghetti in tomato sauce for potatoes, one green vegetable will be sufficient. After this main course, plan to have a salad with crackers and cheese or a dessert. It is not desirable to have both if it involves your jumping up an extra time to change the dishes. Serve coffee with the last course. And there you are! Three simple courses, everything prepared in advance, and the result is a pleasant, smoothly served dinner which you can enjoy as much as your guests.

And yet, we can hear you say, when one has company one wants to have a little extra swank—and swank, alas, means work. Well, it needn't, for you can get your swank via the can opener and the cork screw. But let us caution you that you must always purchase the best. Then you can be sure that the canned and bottled foods you are buying have been prepared according to tested and proved formulas under the most rigid sanitary conditions and that the results will be uniformly good. It takes much time and trouble, rare seasonings and the practised hand of a chef to concoct many of the excellent seasonings and prepared foods now available, but it takes only a moment for any housewife to add swank to her dinner with one or more of these canned and bottled aids.

Besides the soup course I have already mentioned, you can pass a dish of assorted olives—plain, stuffed and ripe. You can serve mint or currant jelly and mustard pickle or some other relish with the meat and add a dash of tomato ketchup to the gravy and a little chili

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sauce to the mayonnaise. These and many other things you can do if you keep a well-stocked pantry shelf—where you always have on hand those little, but important extras that make for an appetizing meal and lend distinction to a dinner.

BUT distinction isn't going to net you much if that portion of your meal which you cook yourself is not *perfectly* cooked! And perfect cooking takes knowing how. However, the young bride of today can be, and should be, a better cook than her mother ever was. Today we know the importance of using accurate measurements and we have the advantages of oven temperature indicators, simple, helpful cook books and the really excellent booklets put out by the manufacturers of nationally advertised food products.

At the very outset we hope that you are the type of person to realize that there are a few basic recipes which you really must master. Once you have mastered these you can cook most anything. Take a white sauce, for instance. A smooth, velvety, deliciously flavored white sauce is a very simple thing to make when you know how. But there is only one surefire, unfailing way to make it to insure perfection. And once you know how to make the perfect white sauce you have the basis for endless creamed dishes.

Then there is the familiar butter cake. The one made with shortening, sugar and eggs, flour, milk, baking powder and sea-

soning or flavoring. Also the easiest thing in the world to make when you know how.

And how about biscuits? Can you make a feathery, light, mouth-melting biscuit? It takes less time to make than it takes to tell about it. And how the men adore the variations!

WE know of no food more frequently miscooked than the egg. It is a horribly abused article of food. So many cooks won't realize that eggs should never, never be submitted to high temperatures, that they must be cooked slowly and lovingly over a low flame or in a slow oven. And eggs certainly do respond to this sort of tender treatment. There are so many ways in which to cook them—boiled, poached, fried, baked, scrambled—plain or with sauces, reposing on toast, on vegetables or on hash—scrambled with chives, ham or spaghetti. These are but a few of the many ways in which eggs can be served.

This month's MODERN SCREEN Star Recipe Folder gives you the secrets for making a superlative white sauce, biscuits and butter cake. And there is a recipe card, too, on eggs and how to cook them. Fill out and mail the coupon on page 8. I do hope that all you young brides—and many of you more experienced homemakers who aren't too set in your ways to learn new methods—will send for these recipes and keep them in the kitchen where they will always be handy.

They Visit New York

(Continued from page 35)

It also decided la Swanson to confine her personal appearances to four times a day at the Paramount. Incidentally, the lady looked exceedingly lovely and if the sketch in which she was featured had been one-tenth as attractive, she'd have gone over with the proverbial bang and box office receipts might have soared. But since the "act" was so bad, attendance was rather poor, too. So Gloria's visit to our town, on the whole, couldn't be termed exactly triumphant, taken from any angle.

While here, the star was awaiting a revised version of "Three Weeks" in which she will appear for M-G-M. She hoped it would be good. We do, too. For if anyone in Cinemaland could use some first-class material at this point, it is Gloria.

* * *

BROADWAY rated a bona fide, honest-to-goodness movie premiere recently, when "Viva Villa" had its opening at the Criterion Theater. Celebrities, blue spotlights, autograph-seekers and tickets at \$11 per pair all contributed to making the affair take on the importance of an event.

Miss Celia Villa (yes, the colorful Pancho's own daughter) was among those present. At any rate, the young lady billed as the Mexican Miss looked authentic enough to satisfy the most doubting and thrill the most ardent celebrity-seeker. She paraded down the aisle to a front seat wrapped in a brilliant-hued Spanish shawl, her dark eyes flashing a greeting to all who recognized the added dash her presence gave the occasion.

The tiny theatre lobby was jammed with those who would see and be seen. Mr. Al Jolson was there—very much. Indeed his presence in the foyer gave the impression that his was an unscheduled personal appearance. Even after recognition and applause, the famous Mammy singer, who would drain the cup of adulation, wouldn't

budge from the center of a large group of his and others' admirers.

When an M-G-M gentleman tactfully suggested that Our Al move on, as he was stopping the traffic, the snappy retort was in effect, "Quit shoving me! Who the (well, you guess) do you think you are?" Yes, yes, Al's just as modest as the violets he sang about that rained in "April Showers."

Some old-time favorites were enthusiastically greeted at this premiere. Tom Meighan—remember?—looking as well as ever, Mae Murray and Nita Naldi were among them. And in the newer group, Irene Dunne, June Knight, Abe Lyman, Rudy Vallee and his little pal, Alice Faye.

"Viva Villa" was better than well received, for its hair-raising thrills are generously interspersed with comedy and it moves at a pace that keeps the spectator on the edge of his seat.

* * *

FOR a long time Rudy Vallee has been a belligerent little lad insofar as his relations with the press were concerned. He just wouldn't play ball unless he came off with the ball, a bat and the catcher's glove.

And so, perhaps from the fullness of his experience—or maybe 'tis just our good memory or vivid imagination—he may have suggested that Alice Faye leave the newspaper boys and girls to their own devices. Yes, gentle reader, Alice, whom you have scarcely met, is already turning down interviews. Oh you, Garbo, Hepburn, Sullavan! Better look to your laurels when a blonde actress—pardon us, cutie—starts to steal your stuff! Well, Fox seemed sorta sore, too, and they're used to dealing with garden varieties of temperament.

Anna-hoo. Alice didn't let Rudy down. She sang for him at Broadway's Holly-

wood Club. Indeed, she warbled, "Don't Fool Around With the Other Woman's Man," which seemed like a very smart or a very stupid move. Take your choice. We have ours already.

The Hollywood was particularly gay that evening. A gentleman at a nearby table, who was taking Repeal a bit too seriously, greeted Rudy's singing of "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" with "Sit down, you sissy." Mr. Vallee was much too well-bred to dignify this remark with a reply.

We later spied Rudy and Alice in the lobby of the Essex House, the swanky hostelry the lady called home. Vallee was seeing her to the elevator. He gave little Miss Faye a resounding whack on the (5 letter word meaning a girl's name, you cross word puzzle hounds) as he said, "Goodnight, baby."

Nice? Well, unique anyway.

* * *

WHEN Spencer Tracy hit town, the powers that be at Fox did right by him, but whether S. T. did as much by Fox is debatable. A party was thrown at the Waldorf-Astoria for the actor. An orchestra, was engaged, waiters rushed about with delectable things on trays and potent items in glasses and everybody was there. That is, everybody, except the guest of honor. Mr. Tracy just didn't get around to appearing. He had been taken suddenly ill. Something he "et," no doubt.

There were a few, claiming to be in the know, who whispered that Loretta Young had dropped into town unexpectedly and that Mr. Tracy was at the station.

The publicity department of Twentieth Century were immediately put on the trail of their Loretta, but after scouring the hotel registers of the town, reported that the beauteous one was nowhere to be found.

* * *

AND now we may as well let you have the anti-climax. There were luncheons given for Robert Donat and Sophie Tucker, and Bob and Soph showed up. Yep, shades of Emily Post, if the pair haven't good manners. Perhaps they don't know they're famous. Well, "far from it be us," as Gracie Allen would say, to inform 'em!

Mr. Donat, if you recall, played the young lover in "Henry VIII." He played it so well that Majestic Pictures bid him leave his native England and come to this land of equal rights and unequal fights to make the "Count of Monte Cristo." He should be grand in the rôle, too, for besides being a good actor, the gentleman, as you know, is very romantic-looking.

Now, about Sophie. The occasion of Sophie's luncheon at Sardi's was her departure to London. Having made a couple of pictures in Hollywood, the last of the red hot Mamas must needs keep faith with her English public. She's going to appear in a night club over there and take in some garden parties with her royal friends, for the Tucker steps out with Lord This and Lady That when abroad and still manages to wear the same size hat.

* * *

RAMON NOVARRO is a nice boy. Everyone knows that. He sorta looks after his friends and has always been simply swell to his family—and there are plenty of 'em, too. When Ramon left New York en route for his South American concert tour, he had his lovely sister, Carmen, with him. She is to be treated to the delights and vagaries of the trip—to go places, see things and serve as her famous brother's secretary on the side.

Upon his return in August, Novarro will make two pictures for M-G-M.



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Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured brewers' ale yeast imported from Europe—the richest yeast known—which by a new process is concentrated 7 times—made 7 times more powerful.

14 lbs. quick

"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

11 lbs. in 3 weeks

"I was very weak and thin, my skin was yellow. With Ironized Yeast I gained 11 lbs. in 3 weeks and my skin is lovely." *Mrs. W. K. King, Hampton, Va.*

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No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money refunded instantly.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine* with "IY" stamped on each tablet.

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To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body", by an authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Dept. 37, Atlanta, Ga.



Mr. Irvin Echard

14 lbs. quick

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Send me FREE Regular Size Radio Girl Perfume and Trial Size Radio Girl Face Powder. I am enclosing 10c (coin or stamps) for cost of mailing. (Offer good in U.S. only.) M7

Name
Address

So Many Dear Memories

(Continued from page 31)

going through the window in her excitement. "Ed, look! There's the old flat!"

I know a man who insists he's a very lucky guy. Not only because he has fun, but because he always knows when he's having it. That describes Lil, too. Lil always knew when she was having a good time and made the most of it.

It is, of course, memories of moments like this that repay Ed one hundred times for the smiles he wore, the laughs he mustered, and the brave words he found even during those bad moments when he thought his heart must be breaking. For he knows that until the very end he kept a happy person happy.

If you were to ask Ed what he had done for Lil he'd tell you little enough. Considering all she did for him. He remembers so many things.

He remembers all those Sunday mornings, after late Saturday night parties, when Lil used to come into his room and wake him up so he would not miss Mass. She was not of his faith, but she had respect for that faith because it was his.

He remembers the enthusiasm and joy with which she planned their Beverly Hills house and the place at Malibu. How, after the builders were through and he had checked on the final construction details, she would oust him, saying, "Now you mustn't even see it again until it's finished. I want you to be surprised."

He remembers the enthusiasm with which she decided he must have a room for himself, and how in the same moment she planned it as his birthday present. Ed's birthday was March third. He and Lil were in New York then. But the room had been conceived by Lil before they left, even to the smallest detail of ink-well and ash trays.

"You'll get back there before I will," she told him, "and it will be waiting for you."

Originally, you see, Ed was only to be East for a week or two.

"You'll get back before I will . . ."

Perhaps you can imagine how Ed felt when he returned to California alone and stepped into that room.

AFTER that night, when he and Lil went gallivanting to dinner and the theatre alone together, Ed had to leave to fill a Chicago engagement. He had arranged these personal appearances after putting off the start of a new picture so he might remain in the East without Lil thinking it queer.

On Saturday, March seventeenth, he was to get back to New York. By that time Lil was scheduled to have completed "Frankie and Johnnie," and they were counting on a holiday up in Connecticut before she entered the hospital for the operation her physicians felt advisable.

On March fifteenth, her physician called Ed on long distance. He wanted Lil to go to the hospital that same night. He wanted to operate the next morning. His voice was grave.

"I'll catch a plane," Ed said, "I'll be in New York tomorrow by seven-thirty. It'll take me about three-quarters of an hour more to reach the hospital."

"But, Mr. Lowe," the doctor said, "I want to operate at seven-thirty. Sharp."

Ed didn't have to hear any more. He knew the urgency behind those quietly spoken words. "Go ahead," he said. "Do whatever you think best. I'll get there the first minute I can."

He caught a plane. In his vest pocket were two little cardboard Easter eggs. In each was a rosary of tiny bright glass beads. A priest to whose church he had donated some money a few days previously had given them to him and blessed them. One, he had explained, was for Ed, and the other for Mrs. Lowe.

A terrific tail-wind followed Ed's plane the entire way. It reached New York forty minutes ahead of schedule. Ed reached the hospital before Lil left for the operating room. Make what you like of that. Ed makes plenty of it.

There was so little time left now that the least interchange of words or smiles or handclasps, he must count above everything else.

"Things were far worse than I thought," the surgeon told him several hours later. "If Mrs. Lowe lives, the pain will be far worse than she's had so far."

"Then," said Ed, "I hope that Lil can die."

So it happened that he began to pray for the very thing he had feared since mid-summer. He knew so well that a life of inactivity and invalidism and opiates, a life which would mean worry for others, wouldn't be any life at all for Lil. For she could never stand inactivity. She must always be on the go—working, playing. Anything but a life of idleness.

He couldn't bear to think how one by one all her happy interests would be crowded out until only pain remained. To lose her, he knew, would be infinitely easier.

I think, however, that the hardest thing Ed had to do in all those crucifying months—and I do not mean to minimize even one of the splendid brave things he did—was before him.

Lil rallied. He went to her with a telegram asking when she would be able to return to Hollywood for a leading part in one of the big productions about to get under way. He thought this would cheer her trumper's heart.

But Lil only shook her head and smiled. At last that enthusiasm and vitality, which had fooled everybody for so long, was failing.

"I don't care anything about pictures," she said, reaching for his hand. "All I want is to get well and have you with me, always."

"You're all set then," Ed lied, managing to grin, too, "because you're going to get well all right. And you have me, Lil. You know that."

Those were the last words he spoke to her that she understood or heard.

"She was gallant, you know," Ed said the other day when we were talking of Lil. "Darn gallant. She wasn't afraid of things. She always clicked. She always came through."

Idly he took the tiny rosary that had come in one of those Easter eggs from his pocket and wrapped it about his fingers. The rosary from the other Easter egg, the one the priest had specified was for Mrs. Lowe, he slipped about Lil's wrist in the same moment that the doctor told him, "The poor soul's gone."

Gallant. . . . That's a splendid word. And a splendid thing to be.

How Lil would like to know that Ed chose that word to describe her!

And if you should ask me, I'd say it was a word that went a long way toward describing Ed, too.

Don't Get Respectable, Lupe!

(Continued from page 57)

wants to possess always. And men who have been in love with Lupe have wanted to possess her even more than they do most women. To tame her, to train her, to make her into a mold of their creating.

With women, it's jealousy. All women would like to live according to their honest, innate instincts. They yearn to shed the little trickeries, false fronts, "cattish" instincts civilization has developed in femininity. They'd like to be wholly natural, completely defiant of conventionalities. But they don't dare. Lupe did dare.

Lupe thought Johnny was the exception to the rule for *making her over*. But Johnny is a man—and a real one. What was all right for his sweetheart was not becoming for his wife. He ordered her not to swear. "I swear before we marry and you do not care. Why do you care now?" Lupe still being Lupe.

He wanted her to be more dignified at the fights. "I yell at the fights before. Why not now?"

He asked her to get rid of her dozen dogs. They cluttered up the house and were not well-mannered. "Give up my dogs? My God, Johnny, I love my dogs. I love them before I love you, Johnny!"

And the secret about his moving into an apartment and her shrill announcement she was going to have a divorce was because Lupe was being true to Lupe. She was still refusing to be made over.

"That divorce scare was the right thing," she told me two months later. "We became frightened. We discovered we might lose something wonderful for something silly. Now, we let each other live. Johnny plays golf all day; I do not ask him where he is. I go shopping and work; he does not ask me. And when I say an ash tray is an ash tray, he does not say it's a spittoon and try to make me say it. We have learned that marriage is a career and we must work at it to make it successful."

That is what Lupe says and if it were all of the truth, I would not worry about her. She does not tell the rest of the story in mad frankness as she would have six months ago. She does not add that she was never afraid of losing Johnny. Lupe Velez has never lost any love she wanted to hold. Men do not say goodbye to Lupe. She says goodbye to them. Even divorce would not have lost her her Johnny. But divorce would have meant that loss of respectability which the world says marriage gave her.

So she went back to Johnny, believing there was no change in her. She thinks she is exactly the same as she has always been with one exception. I tried to talk to her about this and she answered, "People grow up. Their viewpoints change. A girl of sixteen, who doesn't know anything of life and custom, is different from a woman of twenty-three. Why can't you write that my seeing things differently is only natural?"

I would say it, Lupe, if I thought it would help you. But I don't. So I'm going to give you some advice right out in public, so the whole world can hear it. You've proven your friendship to me again and again. I believe the best way to prove mine for you is to tell you not to go too respectable! And to give you my reasons.

I'm glad you've made friends of your own age. You should have them. Adrienne Ames and Mrs. Gary Cooper give you that



HOW THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER CAN MAKE YOU LOOK YEARS OLDER

Pavlova's Experience

ANNA PAVLOVA, the great dancer, was giving two concerts in a distant city. The first night she looked gloriously young and vibrant. But the second night she was another woman altogether—she looked old and haggard. Something terrible had happened to cause the transformation. What was it?

Just this: By mistake the wrong colored spotlight was thrown on her. And the effect was that she appeared twenty years older. The audience whispered—"My, how old Pavlova looks." The right light was immediately switched on. But the damage was done! No one in the audience could be convinced that Pavlova hadn't grown old.

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What holds for lighting holds for face powder shades, too. The wrong shade can make you look five to ten years older. Many women, choosing their face powder shade on the wrong basis, are victims of a decidedly aging effect. Could it be possible that *you*, too, are paying the penalty of the wrong shade of face powder? Look at the above illustration. It gives you some idea of the difference the right and wrong shade of face powder makes.

One Way to Tell

There is one way to tell which is the right shade of face powder for you—which shade makes you look young rather than old—and that is to try all the five basic shades. As Lady Esther has demonstrated and, as color specialists confirm, there are five basic shades which supply the needs of all types of women. One of these will prove the most flattering and—*youthifying*—for you. And Lady Esther offers you the opportunity of finding out that shade at her expense.

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companionship of youth for which you have always yearned. And I'm glad Johnny and Bruce have become friends because they are much alike in their masculine interests—golf, riding, fishing.

I believe these women will appreciate you for your virtues and not try to correct them.

But your friends do not want to talk about their marriages. And now you don't want to talk about Johnny, or anything else for that matter.

When I heard you were not talking to the press, I shuddered. My mind flashed back over the years. Lupe—her eyes shining onyx, her mouth a naturally scarlet dash of defiant honesty. "Yes, I am in love with Tom Mix" . . . "Of course, I am crazy about my Gary" . . . "It break my heart into little, sharp pieces to leave Gary" . . . "Johnny is my man!"

A newspaper recently printed a story that Adrienne Ames is frightened of you. Afraid you have your eyes on Bruce Cabot. It was a malicious yarn. Untrue. I know you're too busy keeping your eyes on Johnny even to wink at Bruce. And I know you'd give your shirt off your back (and I wouldn't be surprised if you'd begun to wear them) for Adrienne, because you adore her.

I cover my ears when I think of what you would have said to the editor of that paper a year ago. You'd have secured a retraction by the very force of your anger, and hired a lawyer to help you. But today you're retreating behind the dignity of silence.

I once wrote a story in which I called you the best showman in Hollywood because you were the most natural, most unspoiled, most unaffected by the whitewash which success seems to give most of us. By not fighting such a story, you're using whitewash, Lupe.

You've just had a terrific row with Countess Dorothy Frasso. Why don't you tell the world about it? Why don't you tell the rest of us what it means to fight for yourself and a friend? Too many people have forgotten. Why should you commence to do worth while things behind doors, like the rest of Hollywood?

The Countess Frasso invited you to a party. You did your best to entertain her friends as only Lupe Velez could entertain them—in a hell-bent-for-election fashion.

And then someone told you she said, "I invited Lupe because even royalty must have jesters at their parities!" That hurt!

You remembered the gifts you'd sent her. The make-up mirror; the flowers. You recalled how you'd sat up all night while her father was ill to see if there was anything you could do to help. You had thought her your friend. And then, you heard she'd said something unkind about another woman. So you framed her. In the best, old-Lupe fashion. You and the other woman faced her with the remarks. You did not go behind her back. And now she's leaving town! Why not tell us about it?

You weren't afraid to tell anyone who wanted to listen what you thought about the Mae West picture, "I'm No Angel." You said it was "rotten" and advised me not to let my son see it. That's when you first wanted to join a woman's club. I'm in favor of your joining one. For the sake of the woman's club, however; not for your sake. They'd see how quickly the producers would listen to criticisms, if you made them. And you've always been a crank on the subject of clean pictures.

When you wanted to go to Europe on the same boat with Jack Gilbert, you went. You did what thousands of other girls would like to do but were afraid to.

You've become an international "big shot" by being different, by being true to yourself rather than to what others said or printed about you. You are trying to be respectable on others' definitions, when you've always had your own—being true to the whirlwind emotions God gave you and telling the whole world to go to hell if it didn't like His creation.

And I believe the world would rather have you divorce Johnny, if you cease to love him, than live with him for the protection of respectability. And that day will probably come, since your emotions are as natively uncontrollable as the dynamite of your personality. Only, don't kill him. I used to be afraid you'd kill Gary. Now I'm afraid you're getting too respectable to even hit Johnny.

The world needs your color, your native charm, your dare-devil independence of all sham and pretense and falsification. As a friend, I say in print what you wouldn't listen to in person, "Don't get respectable, Lupe!"



Universal is planning to out-Frankenstein "Frankenstein" and out-Dracula "Dracula" in their latest hair-raiser, "The Black Cat," starring Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff.

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 10)

oughly cleansing her skin. How about you? Come now, haven't you sometimes hopped into bed without bothering to take off your make-up? Maybe you've been to a party, it's late, and you're just too tired! Very bad, and what a mess you look in the morning!

Another question: Are you guilty of adding a fresh make-up without removing the old one? That's another crime against the complexion. Don't you realize how that rubs the dust that has been accumulating all day right into your skin? You would never think of going to a party without first cleansing your face and applying a new make-up. Why not let the same rules apply to your everyday life? If you are working in an office, make it a habit to remove the old make-up during your lunch hour. You'll look so much fresher for the afternoon, and how the boss will appreciate that!

Now, to get back to that oily look that Claudette disapproves of so heartily. Did you know that many beauticians now say it is not necessary to cover your face with nourishing creams at night? They advise it is better to leave the skin *naked*, thus giving the pores a chance to breathe freely. Naturally, creams are still to be used, particularly if the skin is dry. But there are other places and times to use them. For instance, in your bath. The steam from the bath water opens the pores of the skin and allows the cream to get in where it does the most good.

Another splendid time to "feed the skin" is while you are under the dryer at the beauty parlor. Haven't you noticed how rough and dry your skin looks when you come out from an hour's session under the dryer? Well, why not utilize this time for a good creaming. Usually no one but the hairdresser is around to see you—and surely it is better for her to gaze on you with the grease oozing from your face, than to let your husband see you that way.

AS for those curlers that a man dislikes seeing on the head of his beloved. It's true they're not quite as prevalent since permanent waves are being executed so efficiently, but there comes a time in every woman's life when she wants to look particularly nice, and a few curlers will go a long way toward helping. Here, pretty Ann Sothern has a swell suggestion. She has a number of bright colored silk-net veils or scarfs that she winds around her head turban fashion whenever she has her hair up on curlers or when she wants to preserve a fresh wave. These scarfs harmonize in color with her pajamas—and the effect is really most attractive. You gals who have boy friends that drop in on Saturday afternoons needn't worry if you have your hair in water wave combs. Don one of these gay little toppers, and you'll probably wind up by getting a compliment. You can either make these yourself, or buy them at any store for little or nothing.

Hands are often very unglamorous looking. Sometimes grime and dirt gather under the nails that no amount of scrubbing will remove. Try this and see if it doesn't help: Wrap a piece of cotton about the sharp edge of an orangewood stick and moisten it with peroxide. With this you can swab out the dirt and, at the same time, bleach them. If, for some reason, you shouldn't like the peroxide, zinc oxide powder may be used. It has the same bleaching and healing quality.

Macaroons a Child Can Make!



Eagle Brand

EASY MAGIC MACAROONS

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk 2 cups shredded coconut

Mix Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and shredded coconut together. Drop by spoonfuls on a well-buttered pan, about one inch apart. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) until a delicate brown. Makes two dozen.

● What a recipe! Just two ingredients! Yet watch these crunchy, crispy, coconutty macaroons make a tremendous hit! ● But remember — *Evaporated Milk* won't — can't — succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name *Eagle Brand*.



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Nadinola Bleaching Cream

I have just heard of a marvelous preparation now available that is really a life-saver (or should I say hand-saver?) for those of us who do our own dry-cleaning. You know how dry and red the hands get after being in contact with a solvent for a few minutes? Well, this preparation that I speak of is spread on the hands before you tackle the job. It forms a coating that does not come off in the fluid. After you have finished with your cleaning, remove the coating from your hands with water, and lo, your hands are as white and your nails as nice as they were before you went to work. It's a grand protector and is nice to apply to the hands just before dusting. In fact, any work that does not require putting your hands in water.

Here are a few little beauty hints I picked up from the stars for you:

Marian Nixon claims the white of an egg spread over the face and neck and allowed to dry thoroughly, and then removed with a towel dipped in warm water, is one of the finest beauty masks that can be used. Following this tightening treatment for the skin, Marian rubs her face for three minutes with ice.

To avoid chapped lips, Margaret Lindsay says that she finds white pomade, used at night or when driving or at the beach, is a marvelous protection.

Bette Davis has a tip for applying lip rouge evenly. Powder the lips slightly, then apply your lip rouge. If you take this tip, Bette assures, you will get better results with less effort.

For that lovely soft, white skin that is Irene Dunne's good fortune, she uses a bag filled with steel-cut oatmeal which she dips into warm water and uses as one would soap.

Ann Harding has a new addition to her dressing-table. It is a cotton container that has a small hole in the top from which small pieces of cotton may be extracted. Ann maintains it is an asset to every meticulous woman's toilette. It is both novel and sanitary.

For a new skin vim try this: Make a pack of two tablespoonfuls of almond meal, a few drops of glycerine, the juice of half a lemon and enough skimmed milk to form a paste. Apply to your face and let it remain for thirty minutes. Remove with lukewarm water, finishing with cold packs. If possible, do not apply make-up for an hour, thus giving the pores of the skin a chance to react to the treatment.

Jean Parker advocates bathing the eyes with boric acid solution every morning upon rising. She prefers using an eye cup, although she cautions against using the same solution for both eyes, by so doing the impurities of one eye may easily be transferred to the other.

Mary Biddle has a sample of a very excellent hair rinse to send those of you who write her for it. Kindly state shade desired.

Your beauty problems will be answered by Mary Biddle, promptly and in a personal letter, if you will write to her in care of this magazine. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, please. The address is Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Go to the Head of the Class, Jackie!

(Continued from page 47)

Its results are twofold. It gauges, first, the "mental age" of a subject. Secondly, it establishes what is called the "Intelligence Quotient," a figure whereby, in relation to the subject's age, that individual's real mental capabilities can be determined.

These results, in the case of Jackie Cooper, were:

1. His mental age is established at twelve-and-a-half years.
2. His Intelligence Quotient is established at 135.

That means, according to Dr. Humm, that Jackie's brain equipment is such that, "given persistence on his part, he is capable of attaining prominence in any field of endeavor he might pursue. Although that field will probably be acting, wherein he has already achieved success, he could also, if he turned, for instance, to science as a life-work, make a name for himself in that field, as easily."

AND now that we've got these scientific findings out of the way, let's get down to the truly interesting story of the test itself. In the paragraphs that follow will be quoted a number of test questions.

These questions can be applied to yourself, and the results scored will rate you on exactly the same scale as Jackie was rated. So go ahead, readers, test yourself and see how you rate with Jackie.

The test was performed in Dr. Humm's Los Angeles office. Absolutely uncoached, because no one knew in advance what the subject matter of the test contained, little Jackie was brought to the office by his uncle, Jack Leonard. For more than an

hour, Dr. Humm put the boy through the intricacies of the examination.

It began, simply enough, by the doctor asking Jackie what date it was. That's the first item on the nine-year-old level of the test. Now it seems silly, but according to experience, it's surprising how many people, well over nine years of age, cannot offhand name the date in full. But Jackie did—without hesitation. He gave the day of the week, the name of the month, the date of the month, the year correctly. Score: perfect.

THEN came the weight test. Before Jackie, the doctor set five little pill boxes, all alike in appearance. They differed, however, in weight. They were weighted so that weight-ratios were 3, 6, 9, 12 and 15. Jackie was asked to pick them out and arrange them in a line in order of weight. He did this perfectly, illustrating a development of sensory discrimination. Score: perfect.

Now came a number test. He passed the nine-year-old number test perfectly. Later on, he passed the superior-adult mental test just as easily! But at first, it was like this: The doctor read to him a list of four digits—"six, five, two, eight"—and asked Jackie to repeat them backwards. Jackie did. Score: perfect. Try it on yourself. You have three chances. If you get one out of three right, you pass the nine-year-level anyway. Later on, in the test, Jackie reached the eighteen-year "superior child" number test. Here it is, and if you want some fun, try it on yourself.

The doctor then read Jackie a list of eight digits—such as "three, four, nine,

six, eight, two, one, seven"—at about one-second intervals. He asked Jackie to repeat them (not backwards, but in the order read). Jackie failed on the first try, and the doctor shot a second list of eight at him. Again Jackie started well, but stumbled and made an error toward the end. He had one more try left. The doctor read a third set of eight.

"... nine, six, eight, one, four, three, two, five..."

Jackie shut his eyes an instant. Then, without hesitation: "ninesixeightonefourthreetwofive," he rattled off triumphantly. Score: perfect for a rating in the superior adult grade, which as a matter of fact, the majority of adults cannot pass. Can you do it?

On another facet of the same test, though, Jackie fell down. He failed in three tries to repeat backwards a list of seven digits. However, he did repeat, backwards, a list of six—which rates him in the "average adult" level on that test.

The whole test reveals, explained Dr. Humm, "that Jackie is particularly superior" in problems of fact and in memory span for digits. The question may arise whether the latter is due somewhat to training in memorizing necessitated by his having to learn his lines for motion picture work. The consensus of best opinion at this time, however, is that training in memory in one regard (that is, learning talkie lines) does not result in improvement in memory for other kinds of material.

It is probable rather that Jackie's innately superior memory has contributed to his success in his work. In other words, Jackie's good at learning lines because he has a good natural memory, rather than that he has a good memory as a result of learning lines.

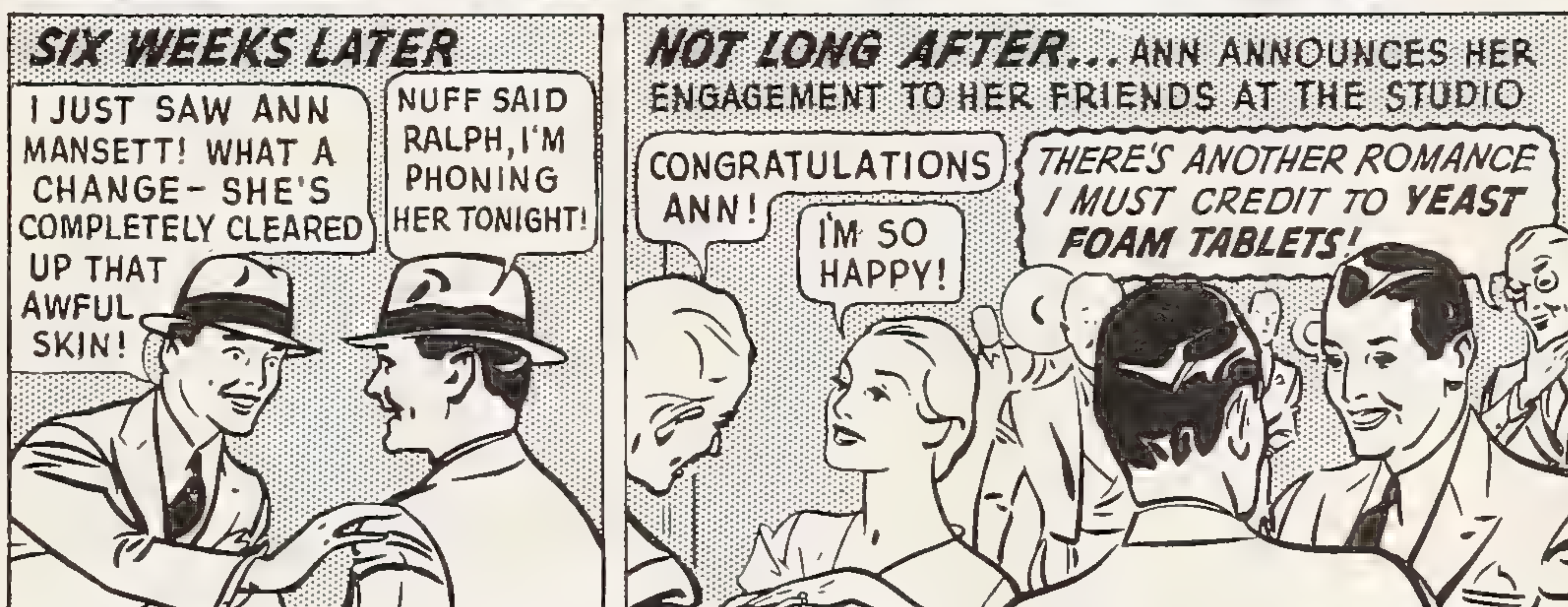
Well, without hesitation, Jackie passed the last test in the nine-year-level. It consisted of making sentences of three given words. Dr. Humm read three words—say, "book, boy, study." Jackie's answer was correct: "The boy studies the book." Another set of three words, then "girl, yard, cat."

Jackie's answer was all right again. "The girl took the cat into the yard." Simple. So the doctor stepped up to the next level—the ten-year-age test.

HERE, at the outset, was again demonstrated one of Jackie's many superiorities. Out of a list of fifty test words, Jackie was able to adequately define twenty-two. According to science's findings, this means that the boy's total vocabulary is estimated at about 7,920 words, which is what might be expected of a child well on the way to 14. And, as a matter of fact, a large proportion of adults today have a smaller choice of words than that. The normal adult vocabulary is about 10,800 words, but many grown-ups can't reach that figure. The normal vocabulary for a boy at Jackie's real age would be 5,400 words. He beat that by nearly fifty per cent.

The list is graduated from a starting word as simple as "gown," through a gradually more difficult series of words until you reach such words that very few adults know how to define. Do you know what "sudorific" means—or "shagreen?" No? Neither did Jackie. But he did get twenty-two out of the fifty. Not until nearly one-third of the way through the list of ever-harder words did Jackie admit he didn't know the meaning. But, beyond that point, the doctor gave the word "brunette." He knew *that*—which is a Hollywood angle, if there ever was one! "Blonde" and "brunette" are primary words in movieland's vocabulary. He knew the meaning of "hysteries."

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"That's when a woman throws a fit," he said seriously. Oh, Hollywood; oh, Hollywood!

Now, although it came later on, there was another word test which was interesting in Jackie's case. It showed he did not know the meaning of "envy." Well, maybe you'd say that with his income of \$1300 per week, why should he? But he didn't know the meaning of "revenge," either. And "charity" meant, to him only "a house for the poor." Whether or not you take these reactions as an insight into his character, their scientific meaning, however, is merely that Jackie has not a mind that thinks in the abstract. He is direct, concrete, instead.

He is an extrovert type. Not the introvert. You probably know those words. They're used a great deal these days.

NOW let's see some of the other interesting tests, which you can try out on yourself. Jackie was asked to tell what was wrong with a set of sentences, comprising what are known as "absurdities." Examples:

1. "A boy said he was older than his brother, and his brother was two years older than himself."

Jackie wrinkled a brow and remonstrated, "Aw, how could he be older and younger at the same time?"

2. "An autoist told me that the tighter he set his brakes, the faster his car would go."

Jackie shook his head. "The opposite would be true," he pointed out.

3. "Yesterday," Dr. Humm read, "the police found a 300-pound safe, stolen from the post office, in a woman's home. They think she carried it there from the post office."

Jackie saw through that in a jiffy. "She couldn't have carried a heavy safe like that," he protested.

4. The last absurdity: "There was an auto crash yesterday, but it wasn't very serious. Only five cars were wrecked and four people killed."

"All that damage and four people killed would be very serious," said Jackie, with a worried face.

That test sounds simple. But it does test a subject's power of analysis.

Now came another test: Jackie was asked to say words as quickly as they came to his mind. Any words. Within three minutes, in the ten-year-level test, he should name sixty words at random.

Jackie went sailing along—his eyes roving the room, he began naming everything he saw. "Walls, ceiling, window, desk, books, floor, rug, pencil, blotter" and so on. Suddenly his mind must have turned to his business—"glass, paper, M-G-M, Metro, Goldwyn, Mayer, Universal, Paramount," he chattered.

Anyway, in the first minute, he'd uttered 53 words. In a minute and a half, 65 words—beating the test more than two-to-one, on time. How well can you do, comparatively? Time yourself, and try it. See if you can do 65 random words within 90 seconds, as Jackie did.

We can skip some questions in several succeeding levels, because they're just repetitions or developments of those you've read about. Here's an interesting one parallel to a test in the 14-year-level, which Jackie passed perfectly.

READ this question: "A man sitting in his home heard a loud crash outside. There was the sound of breaking glass. He looked out, then telephoned the hospital saying that—that *WHAT* had occurred?"

Jackie's reply came in a moment. Correct answer, of course, is "an accident."

Another question: "Something is hap-

pening in the house across the street. The rooms are decorated with flowers, people are coming and they are well-dressed. Among them is a minister. Some people outside are tying old shoes and streamers to an automobile. What do you think is happening?"

Jackie answered his question correctly. The answer to this one, naturally: "A wedding."

Now, that summarizes the things Jackie "passed," achieving scientifically a 12½-year rating. He "fell down" on problems of visualization. He failed, for instance, to sufficiently visualize "one envelope containing two smaller ones, with a still smaller envelope inside of each" to get the correct total number of envelopes altogether. Can you?

And incidentally (Jackie wasn't asked to figure this one out, because it's far beyond his age range), here's a stickler that'll give you something to puzzle yourself with. If you're a "superior adult," you should quickly figure it out. It's one of the substitute questions given on these intelligence tests.

"Two missionaries and two cannibals wanted to cross a stream. They had a boat which could carry no more than two persons. However, it was unsafe to leave two cannibals and one missionary together at any time, on either shore, because the two cannibals would eat the one missionary. How did they all cross the stream without running this danger?"

Try to figure it out. You'll find the answer on page 109.

Jackie's reaction, after the entire test had been completed, was amusing. He tumbled out of the doctor's office into the anteroom where his uncle was waiting. "Look here," he shrieked at the uncle, "lemme read you these numbers and then see if you can repeat 'em, will you?"

But uncle wasn't taking any chances. "No sirree," he said, "you wait until we get home before trying that."

"Okay," said Jackie, "we'll wait till we get home."

THAT night Jackie spent the evening before bedtime applying his own conception of an "intelligence test" to his uncle, his mother, his grandmother, his body-guard, and even his dog. But no official findings have been reported.

"Is he spoiled?" the doctor was asked, afterwards. The answer was no. "While he's somewhat distractable, and shows a considerable amount of emotion in his temperamental makeup, these traits are no more pronounced than is to be expected in a boy of his age," the doctor said. "He has an amount of stability and control which is superior for his age. He is considerate of others, co-operative, and persistent in his attempts to follow directions. These are points of great interest, inasmuch as it is often said that children who are made much of because of success in motion pictures are invariably spoiled. Jackie decidedly is not spoiled."

"And," the doctor added, "with the balance he had at nine, it is safe to assume that the balance will increase as he grows older. I'd almost certainly say that he stands less chance of being spoiled by his public acclaim than most adults in a similar position. He's very well trained, as a 'gentleman,' as well. Whoever did it, did a good job."

And that, readers, is a fine compliment to Mabel Leonard Cooper, Jackie's mother, who devotes herself unceasingly to keeping Jackie "unschooled" and normal, fighting the influences which her own experience of working on the stage since childhood have taught her might wreck her boy's life. Mrs. Cooper has succeeded very well indeed.

Here is the answer to the test question given on page 108:

"First one missionary and one cannibal cross the stream in the two-place boat. The missionary sets the cannibal ashore, returns, takes the second missionary across. Then the two missionaries stay on shore, while the cannibal returns and brings the other cannibal over, thus landing all four individuals on the opposite shore, yet at no time leaving one missionary with two cannibals."

This is the way Jackie's mental age was determined:

Figures arrived at as follows: Jackie's "intelligence quotient, 135 at actual age of 9 years, 3 months, when applied to adult age gives relative adult "I.Q." of 81. Scientific figures, based on countless tests reveal that 9 per cent of adults tested rate an "I.Q." of 81 or less. United States 1930 census figures reveals a total of approximately 73,000,000 adults (over 21) in this country. Nine per cent of that figure gives approximately 6,500,000—whose intelligence Jackie's exceeds.

Love Is Enough

(Continued from page 33)

of Isabel Jewell, his sweetheart."

And it is quite true that Isabel and Lee began their careers "at scratch." She had had years of stock experience. She had already crashed Broadway in a couple of successful plays. She was sent for to play the rôle she had created in "Blessed Event" and in which Cagney was going to star in pictures. It was—and I give you my word on this—mere accident that when Cagney went to war with his studio he was replaced by Lee Tracy. It was nothing but coincidence that Lee and Isabel played together in her first film. It was, again, just the breaks of the game when he shot to success and she was told she didn't photograph well.

Now it is all so strangely different. It happened that her loyalty to Lee did not ruin her career. It happens that she has at last mastered the art of looking as pretty as she is for the camera and is on her way to a great future. It also happens that Lee is almost beginning again. Thanks to the loyalty of his fans, he is making a comeback and trying to blot out the memory of that unfortunate Mexican mix-up.

So Isabel's apparently inconsistent deeds are reconciled. She loves Lee and she loves her career. It strikes neither of them as strange that a woman can have two such loves.

But as for her going to him when he needed her, there was not the slightest hesitancy. How could she fail to remember when she had been hovering between life and death in a hospital bed and Lee had been beside her every moment, haggard beyond recognition. She needed him then and he stuck by her. Had he had smallpox or yellow fever she would have gone to him. It happened that he had a malady, more deadly in its quarantine—Hollywood ostracism. And she went to him then when he needed her most.

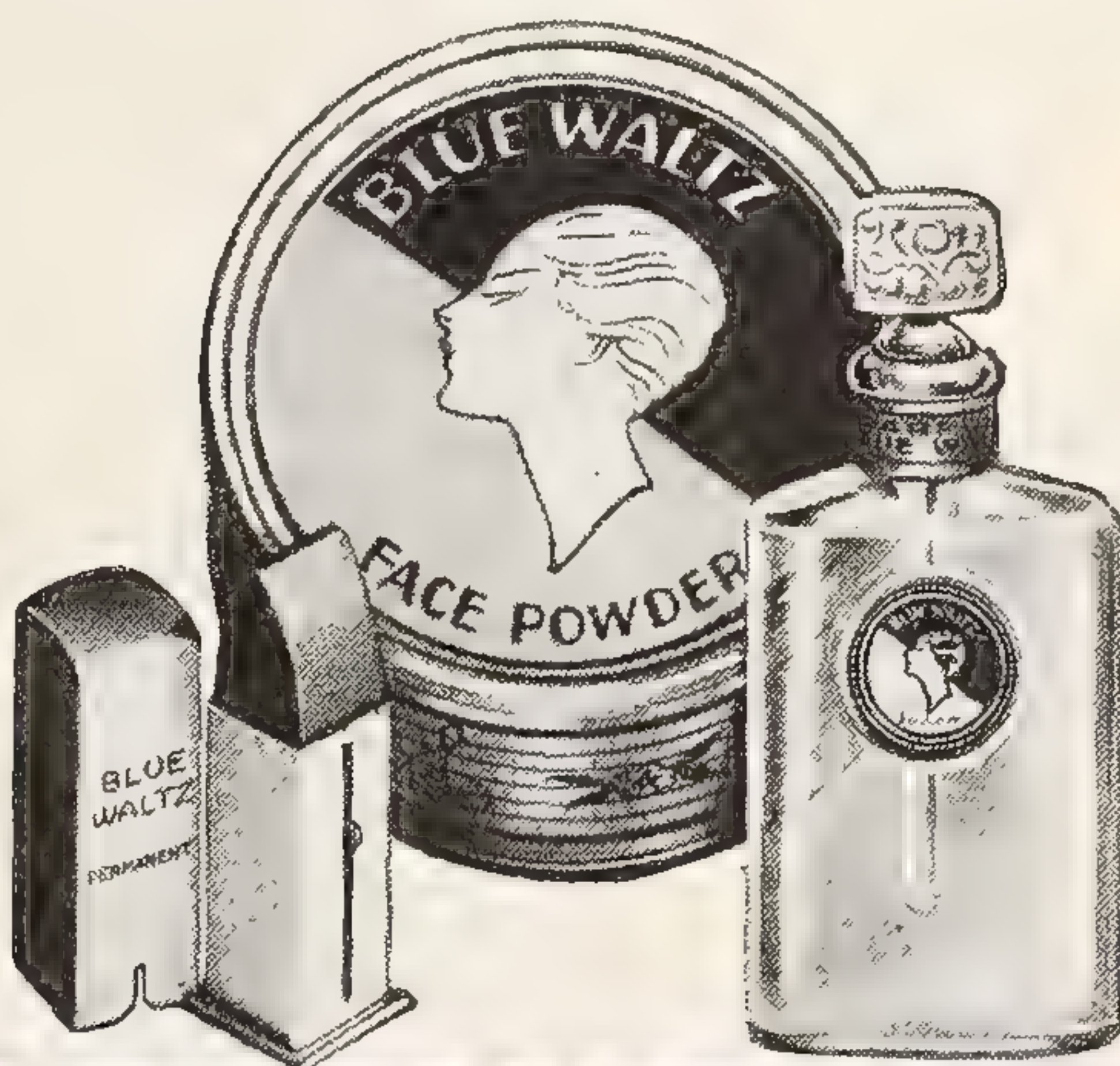
These two have found it much more simple than it looks to combine love and work. They love each other, but they have for each other respect and admiration as well.

"She's a great trouper," Lee will tell you. "He's a great actor," she says of Lee.

And that means more to these two—and has a greater significance—than any words of praise they could possibly bestow upon each other.

Learn Her Magic Secret of Beauty

She is not a wealthy debutante nor a famous screen star. But she is so lovely because she discovered the magic secret that Blue Waltz Beauty Aids, used daily, make you compellingly beautiful always. Start sharing her secret today . . . you will find the results so marvelous that your dream of popularity, romance and love will indeed come true.



Blue Waltz
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK



Face Powder, Lipstick, Perfume, Cold Cream, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Talcum Powder. Each only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores



The very basis of a fine complexion is *clean pores*. Don't clog them with thick, waxy creams--*bathe* them daily with pure Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. Melting at body temperature, Vi-Jon's cleansing oils flow deep into the pores and free them of all impurities, leaving your skin sweet, fresh, lovely.

Anybody can afford daily "beauty baths" with Vi-Jon Liquefying Cream. A 10c jar holds enough for 30 thorough cleansings. Cream of this quality -- and quantity -- usually costs four to 10 times as much. Light, dainty, delicately scented. Try it. Also try these other high grade creams:

VI-JON
VANISHING CREAM

VI-JON
COLD CREAM

VI-JON
THEATRICAL CREAM

10c at Five and Ten Cent Stores

VI-JON LIQUEFYING CREAM



VI-JON LABORATORIES . . ST. LOUIS

Here's What the Censors Took Out

(Continued from page 43)



MAKE YOUR PERMANENT LAST 3 TIMES AS LONG

WOMEN everywhere are finding that the secret of keeping a permanent wave is to reset it regularly with the new Wildroot Wave Powder. Naturally curly and straight hair are also easy to set with this inexpensive home-made wave set. Just buy Wildroot Wave Powder, mix with water, and follow simple directions in package. Never leaves white flakes, dries quickly, keeps indefinitely. Used by hairdressers. At all drug and 5 and 10 cent stores.



10c
MAKES 1 PINT

New improved
WILDROOT
WAVE POWDER

Change Now!
Gayanne **SUN TAN**



Your complexion
deserves the flattering
TAN of Gayanne

10c

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT ALL

S.S. KRESGE CO. STORES

theme of the picture as a whole, as well as the treatment of many borderline scenes, this reasoning on the part of the Buckeye moralists might well be questioned. Consider, also, that this is the same state that made two pages of eliminations from Miss West's first picture, "She Done Him Wrong." Among the deletions, be it noted, was the very line which had been placed in the picture at the direct instigation of the Hays Office to do away with the troublesome angle of white slavery. The reason for this cut is obscure, to say the least, since the line merely disguised the idea that those awful Gay Ninety Bowery gents were mixed up in white slavery by indicating that innocent young girls were being dispatched to San Francisco to be educated in the ways of crime.

Recently in a picture dealing with a group of wily, well-dressed English thieves, there was a scene in which the suave leader of this band perpetrated the hold-up of a jewelry store by impersonating the chief of Scotland Yard. He and a henchman, dressed as a bobby, routed out the owner of the shop late at night with the story that they had been informed that a robbery had taken place. The surprised owner, to prove that he had not been disturbed that night, obligingly opened his safe to display his best jewels. Then our romantic friend revealed himself as a wolf and walked off with them, leaving the proprietor in the safe. The crime seems rather too far-fetched to inspire imitation. Nevertheless, the censors in Ohio cut the entire scene and they were the only board to do so. Despite the meticulous care with which scenes such as this are eliminated, it is evident from all reports that crime flourishes in Ohio. The prisons do not lack for tenants, who even carry things so far occasionally as to try to break out by force. And speaking of prison breaks, just let anyone try to get one by some of our censors. They will not only eliminate the offensive material, but will ban the picture.

Undressing scenes also come in for their share of cuts in Ohio. In fact, they even eliminate the word "nude." All the "production value" furnished by that breathless moment when the star is shown seated coyly in the bath waving a scrubbing brush aloft or is shamelessly intruded upon by the heavy when she is clad only in the sheerest of undies is merely for the private delectation of the censor. Even bathing beauties strutting their stuff in beauty pageants are ruthlessly deleted from the news reels.

SPEAKING of beauty, it is rather fun to see what was done with Jean Harlow's picture "Blonde Bombshell" in censor boards throughout the country.

Virginia eliminated the italicized words spoken to Jean by the colored maid in the picture: "That negligée was torn up *night before last*." And also, "Your day off is certainly hard *on your lingerie*."

Ohio also deleted the objectionable "night before last" phrase, as well as a portion of Mrs. Titcomb's speech. "The call of fatherhood in men, too. *Sometimes I think that's what killed Mr. Titcomb.*"

British Columbia objected to "Your day off is certainly hard on your lingerie," but the words they eliminated were, strangely enough, "day off."

In Massachusetts (for Sunday showings) they eliminated the dialogue "You can take your Bostons"—up to and including—"stuff a codfish with 'em."

Chicago and New York passed "Design For Living" without a deletion but Ohio objected to the store window sequence where Max and Gilda are looking at a bed and, after the salesman measured the width of the bed they eliminated scenes of Max measuring Gilda and then himself. On the wedding night the following dialogue between Max and Gilda was questioned:

Max: "It's nine-thirty."

Gilda: "Oh, that late?"

Max: "Yes, and I have an appointment in the morning at ten-fifteen sharp."

Gilda: "Oh, yes?" Max's remark, "I have an appointment tomorrow, etc.," had to come out.

"Design for Living" was snipped by the scissors of the Kansas board like this: they eliminated the remark by one of the artists: "Two slightly used artists ready for the ash can," as well as the scene of the two artists standing by the girl's bed and their suggestive looks at each other and at the bed.

But let us return to the subject of crime and go with this lurid Frankenstein to the land where it was nurtured so carefully and where it attained the fullness of its growth. Chicago, which has a municipal board, really acts for the whole state. In view of its environment, this board might really be pardoned for being gun shy. Surprisingly enough, however, crime no longer bothers them. They seem to have acquired a tolerance toward it and even the one or two gangster themes which have cropped up in pictures lately have not been touched, although there was a time when even the word "gangsters" was eliminated. With the retirement of Mr. Capone to the cloistered peace of Atlanta, Chicago showed itself willing to forget. Now the villain can pull his gat from his shoulder holster and throw it right in the censor's face. So long as he does not say that he hails from the Windy City, he can shoot all the women and children in sight.

NEW YORK, however, is still gun shy. They have even gone so far as to delete a scene in which a virtuous girl attempted to protect her honor by threatening a burly attacker with a pistol. A sling-shot in the hands of a little boy is regarded with suspicion, lest it "incite to crime." Witness the following elimination made from a short subject:

"Eliminate actual view of Dan firing slug from sling-shot and breaking vase."

"Eliminate actual view of Dan firing slug from sling-shot and hitting man on head."

"Eliminate actual view of Dan firing slug from sling-shot and hitting Miss Murray on back of neck."

Dan, in case you don't know, is just a playful boy and it all happened in a comedy and was supposed to be funny. It wasn't. This is the same stern board that rejected several versions of "Scarface" because it tended to glorify the gangster and did not show him coming to a dire end at the hands of the law. Finally, when the picture was revised so as to include scenes showing the arch gangster actually in the death cell and actually being hanged, then the board turned about and cut the scenes of the hanging on the grounds of gruesomeness!

But this board's most just claim to fame lies in its unceasing vigilance in regard to those dubious clichés, "the travelling salesman" and "the farmer's daughter." Never in all the long battle against im-

purity have either one or the other been allowed to pass unchallenged. At times the censors have apparently been so busy watching for these two evidences of suggestiveness that they have overlooked many more serious and unalloyed vulgarities. However, their incontestable success in keeping the screen free of these spurious items compensates for a lack of vigilance in other directions. So alarmed have they always been about the innocent girl from the country and the wicked city feller with his sample case and cumbersome trunks, they have at times tempered their destruction with coy attempts at education. The following is the most outstanding example of their resourcefulness in this direction and—in case you don't believe it—was taken verbatim from one of their bulletins:

"Eliminate italicized words in subtitle; 'Near Turkey is the French speaking isle of Sainte Cassette—colonized during the Crusades by troubadours (*traveling salesmen*), and sans culottes (*farmers' daughters*). Substitute song pluggers for traveling salesmen and stenographers for farmers' daughters."

As you see, the distinctions are subtle indeed, but they do lead one into rather fascinating bypaths of comparison. Hereafter when you have a story about a traveling man and a country girl you might try these suggested substitutions.

It all seems a bit silly when you consider that these eliminations were made by the same board that passed "Temple Drake" without a cut. And, speaking of that picture, Pennsylvania sheared material amounting to three typewritten pages from it and Ohio two. The same board, too, passed "She Done Him Wrong" with but a single cut—to wit, the shot of the nude painting hanging over the bar. One wonders how a flash of such a painting can corrupt more morals or stir up a bigger ripple on the vast sea of suggestiveness than the song, "Easy Rider," which Miss West sang with such gusto and to which she gave such an interpretation.

Nothing that is in the slightest degree derogatory to the law or to the people who administer the law is tolerated. The citizens must at all costs be protected from



Scott

Recently divorced and married already! Yes, that's Stan Laurel with his new wife, the former Ruth Rogers, leaving M-G-M's banquet at the MPTOA convention.

The Fairest Offer Ever Made to VICTIMS OF ACID INDIGESTION

SO positive are we that you will approve this new way to treat stomach distress, caused by acid indigestion, that we offer this "Guarantee Test." Just ask your druggist for the special new 3-roll Carrier Package of Tums; only costs 30c. Attached you will find a generous test packet of Tums. Use this test supply the next time you feel distressed. See how quickly Tums counteract acid and dispel gas. Then, if you don't agree that Tums give the quickest, most positive relief possible, just return the Carrier Package unopened. Your druggist will refund every penny you have paid. Carrier Package includes handsome gift Tums users have always wanted—a metal pocket carrier, that keeps a Tums roll fresh and sanitary in pocket or purse.

Try Tums today. Millions already use these refreshing candy-like mints, which act to neutralize excess acid without over-alkalizing the stomach. Tums contain no soda—or any water soluble alkali—that's why!

A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

TUMS

FOR THE TUMMY

SPECIAL

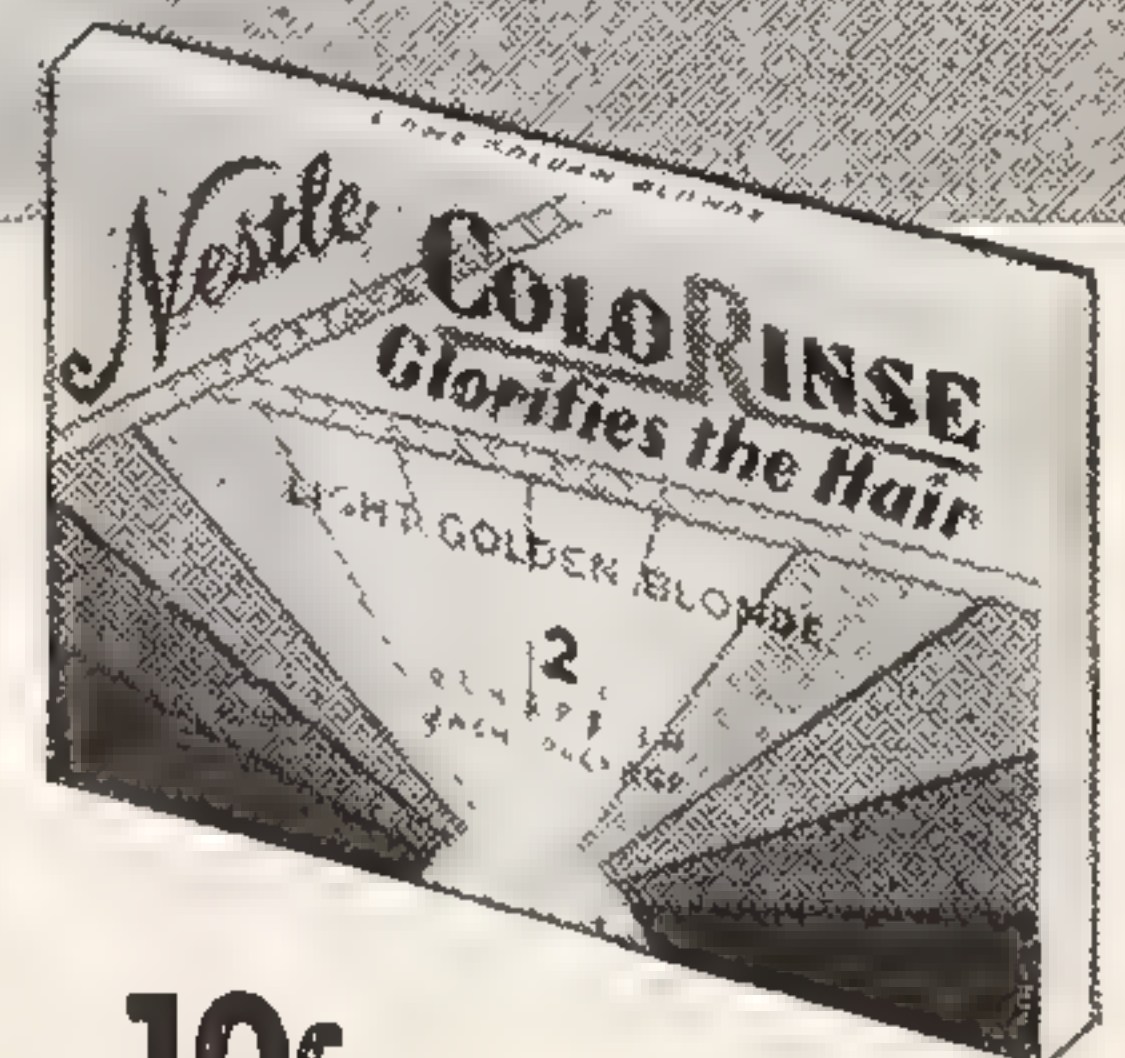
Tums Package Includes Special "No Risk" Offer and Gift Pocket Carrier

NOW I
KNOW WHY
MILLIONS
USE TUMS!

TEST PACKET
Lets You Prove Tums
Are Quicker Relief
..OR MONEY
REFUNDED



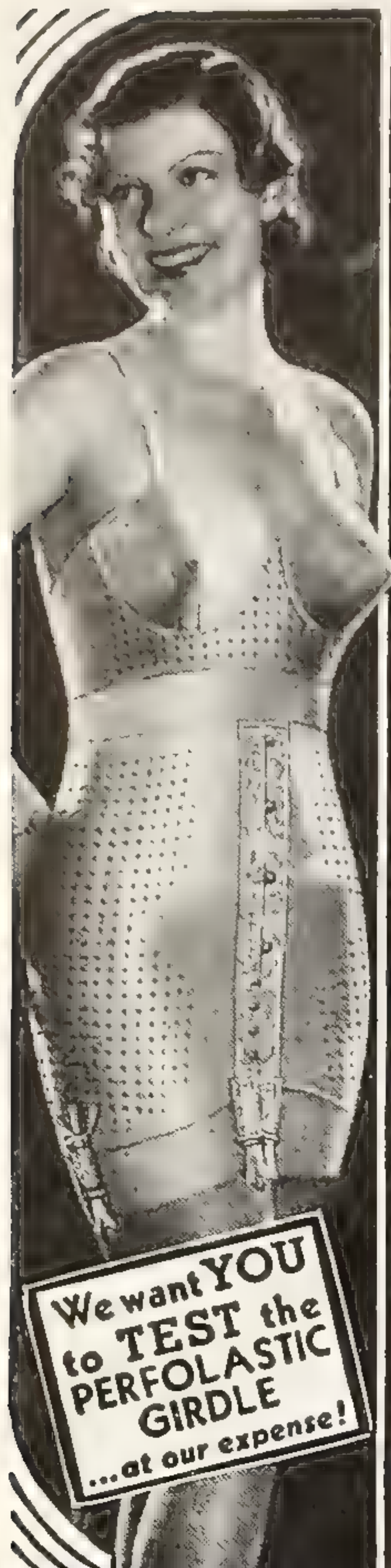
FOR GLORIOUS HAIR, youthful and natural... free from that dull, faded look... be sure you use ColoRinse in the shampoo wash. Not a dye or a bleach, it gives the hair a shimmering softness and a rich, colorful lustre that is entrancingly beautiful. There are 12 tints to choose from... and you can use it as often as you please, for it is entirely harmless. THE NESTLE-LE MUR CO. • New York



10c

at all 5 and 10c stores and beauty shops—Nestle ColoRinse, Super-Set, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo.

Nestle COLORINSE



"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
...writes Miss Healy

"IT MASSES like magic" writes Miss Kay Carroll. "The fat seems to have melted away" writes Mrs. McSorley.

■ So many of our customers are delighted with the wonderful results obtained with this Perforated Rubber Reducing Girdle that we want you to try it for 10 days at our expense!

**REDUCE your
WAIST and HIPS
THREE INCHES
IN TEN DAYS**
...or you pay nothing!

■ Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement!

This illustration of the Perfolastic Girdle also features the new Perfolastic Uplift Brassiere.

We want YOU
to TEST the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
...at our expense!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 537 41 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y.
Without obligation send FREE Booklet, sample of rubber and details of 10-Day FREE Trial Offer!

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Penny Post-card

HELP EXPERIENCED IN Hospitals & Institutions INEXPERIENCED WANTED

Positions available everywhere for all kinds of male and female help, with or without hospital experience. Why be idle? Write NOW, enclosing stamp, Scharf Bureau, Dept. 7-9 145 W. 45th St., New York

*Hidden
Gold
in your
hair
too!*



CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
POPULAR STAR

**Discover it
tonight in one
shampooing!**

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely cleanse. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—a wee little bit—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBİ CO., 602 Rainier Ave., Dept. G
Seattle, Wash. * * * * Please send a free sample.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair: _____

seeing on their screens any fictional evidence that government is not what it ought to be. While the censors are busy keeping such disillusionment from the defenseless public, the newspapers are fairly bulging juicy scandal and political perfidy.

AND now let us move up the main line of the New York, New Haven and Hartford to Boston where, up to a few years ago women were not allowed to smoke in hotel and theatre lobbies. Here they have a censorship board, too. Although the eliminations are enforceable only for Sunday showings (week days one can be oh-so-bad) the censor board is wide awake.

Massachusetts is unalterably opposed to all scenes of dancing, gambling in all forms, practically all gun play and finally, no one must ever be called a beast.

In Boston, moreover, extreme nervousness is caused by news reels and their titles. These are rejected wholesale. The following are a few examples picked at random:

"Havana gets gay for the New Year."

"Movietone takes you to trial of Soviet traitors."

"Soviet remits death penalty of accused in treason trial."

"Wrestling champ keeps crown."

Of them all, the last seems most tragic. Imagine the big fellow's disappointment at not being allowed to keep his crown on the Sabbath.

Virginia leads a very quiet and normal life, apparently, for the censors there display more good sense and a more even temperament than all the others combined. They do not, however, like to see young girls kissed on the neck by amorous males.

Maryland shares this dislike. There was a time, not so very long ago, when most anything except this peculiar form of amorous advance went, but Maryland has undergone a belated development of a noble sense of the moral and the right. Now this board will cut anything and not even give an excuse, but one of the sheep they were shearing suddenly turned on them and butted them so hard that they awoke to find themselves in a most humiliating and ridiculous position. The sheep was Dietrich's "Song of Songs." When they reviewed this picture, they allowed false piousness to run riot, with the result that they deleted so much material there was barely enough left to show as an advertising trailer. Paramount took the case to the courts and the decision was entirely reversed, the picture being passed with but a single elimination—namely, the shot in which the sculptor takes the nude model in his arms.

Kansas, in leniency, more than balances Maryland's severity. For instance, "Mary Stevens, M.D." was passed without eliminations while the majority of the other boards subtracted generous amounts. "The Song of the Eagle" likewise seemed to disagree radically with the ideas of most of the censors, yet it, too, was passed without a cut by the Kansas liberalists. The theme of this story, you may remember, was beer and gangsters; the horrors of prohibition were on display and the theme song was a lilting, beery melody ending on a falsetto note of hope—that the return of malt brew would solve all problems. Despite this wholesome sign of approval of a new deal, however, this board did a strange about-face by eliminating a line from "Emergency Call"—which was not about beer at all—in which one of the characters remarked, "I'm glad beer's back." What is more and even better, two inserts of newspaper headlines were also cut, because they announced in black and white that the 3.2 bill had been passed! It appears that one can never be sure when liberalism is likely to try a nip-up and miss the flying trapeze.

When examined with the magnifying glass of reason then, censorship seems to make no sense at all. It is like some strange vulture that nibbles haphazardly at its prey and then levies a privilege tax on the mutilated, half dead remains. Its standards, its rules are negligible; one state chokes on what another swallows with the greatest ease. Its personnel is inadequate. That is the very kindest thing that can be said of those favored beings who sit in judgment on what it is right and safe for the public to see.

Below you will find reproductions of the elimination sheets, which will show you exactly how the censors work.

THIS IS WHAT MOVIE COMPANIES CONTEND WITH FROM THE CENSORS

FEATURE	COMPANY
"I'M NO ANGEL"	PARAMOUNT
TERRITORY	
MARYLAND	

In our letter of October 25, 1933, we informed you of the eliminations made by the Maryland Censor Board in the above production. The eliminations have been modified to read as follows:

Reel 1. Eliminate words by barker:

"And with the right kind of encouragement she'll throw discretion to the winds, and her hips to the north, east, south and west. Yes, sir, boy."



The Fredric Marches and the John Cromwells attend the premiere of "The House of Rothschild." Mrs. Cromwell is none other than Kay Johnson who made such a hit in "This Man Is Mine."

6 1/2 MILLION

cans sold
in 1933 without advertising
... **QUALITY** is the answer

10c for a big, BIG can of
the finest, purest talc
... a value that you
cannot beat at many
times the price! Tested, proven,
accepted! Millions more will
buy these splendid talcs, now
that we are telling everyone
how fine and pure they are.

Select your favorite odor,
from this wide assortment. We
particularly recommend our
own exclusive copyrighted blend
of Lilacs and Roses, a
breath of Heaven itself.
Insist on Lander's big
QUALITY dime's worth,
and get the most for your
money.

**AT YOUR FAVORITE
CHAIN STORE**

Lander PERFUMER

New York, Memphis, Binghamton

THE INFORMATION DESK

We're at your service! So step right up with questions about the stars, pictures or anything pertaining to the cinema, and we'll give you all the answers



as ordinary "surface dyes" never can!

WHERE ordinary dyes just give a "color wash" to clothes—Rit soaks into every fibre and every thread—through-and-through—*instantly*. Rit contains one remarkable new chemical (registered in the U. S. Patent Office) that no other tint or dye can have for 17 years—that makes Rit quicker, easier and surer than any product you have ever used!

Rit in its new form (*not a soap!*) is a quick-dissolving tablet for convenience—won't leave streaks and spots of undissolved dye as powders often do. Color won't rub off—not affected by perspiration—won't look "dyed". Try this *new Rit*—and you'll be lastingly grateful to the scientist who discovered it!



Your choice of 33 colors! Rit's complete color range meets every need. *And every color is clear, sparkling, professional.* Rit leaves the material soft and pliable as new. You'll have perfect results the first time and every time with new Instant Rit.

✓ CHECK THIS LIST OF RIT USES:

Draperies Hooked Rugs Slip Covers Bed Spreads
Lingerie Bridge Sets Table Cloths Children's
Sweaters Men's Shirts Stockings Clothes

YOU'LL HAVE "BETTER LUCK"

WITH

RIT



NEW!

No longer a soap!
Dissolves instantly.

M. J. GIBSON, Flushing, N. Y.—The cute dog in "The Way to Love" was a Sealyham. Want one?
G. W. K., Fayetteville, N. C.—I don't much blame you for being puzzled about the pronunciation of Sally Eilers' surname. The correct pronunciation is "eye-lers."

HELEN DORSAM, Bethlehem, Pa.—Douglas Walton was the lad who played the part of Karl in "Madame Spy." His age is a mystery and I don't believe he's married.

RUTH HAYASAKA, Seattle, Wash., and **DORIS HANSEN**, Perth Amboy, N. J.—Noah Beery, Jr., following in the footsteps of his famous father, was the lad who played the part of Danny Brand in "The Rustlers' Roundup." Our friend, Bruce Cabot, was born on April 20, but he is not disclosing the year. His next picture will be with Clive Brook in "Sour Grapes."

R. M. V., Hot Springs, Ark.—No, Joan Crawford's brother, Hal, wasn't one of the dancing boys in "Dancing Lady."

MARIE DALZ, Naugatuck, Conn.—Here are the birth dates you asked for. If you're good at arithmetic, figure them out for yourself. Gloria Swanson, March 27, 1899; Constance Bennett, October 22, 1906; Dolores Del Rio, August 3, 1905; Norma Shearer, August 10, 1904; Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908; Joe E. Brown, July 22, 1892. That ought to keep you busy of a summer evening.

MARY SICILIANO, New York City—The name of the lovely waltz to which Norma Shearer and Leslie Howard danced in "Smilin' Through" is not known since it was an original piece composed by song writers on the coast to fit the humor of the scene. A great loss to the music lovers!

G. S., Indianapolis, Ind.; **J. O. L.**, Lynn, Mass.; **NORMA PERRY**, Montreal, Canada; **M. S. B.**, Rensselaer, N. Y.; **MARY JANE ROBERTS**, McKeesport, Pa.; **PAULA CAVELL**, Pittsford, Pa.; **DICKY**, Buffalo, N. Y.; **LORRAINE KAMPER**, St. Louis, Mo.; **BEVERLY WOOD**, Ogden, Utah.

—In the "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" the role of Harry, the coxswain, was played by Eddie Tamlyn. He is not a Sigma Chi. This picture was his first and he was also in "Harold Teen" which is his last to date. I think you must be mistaken, Beverly, about his being in "Flying Down to Rio." He may be reached at Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif. Florence Lake took the part of Dizzy and she is the sister of Arthur Lake. See the resemblance? The exterior scenes were not shot at the University of Southern California. Randolph Scott is 31 years old. Buster Crabbe is married to Adah Virginia Held. It just seems that married bliss is not the thing for such as Jack Gilbert. Maybe it's his disposition (or his hard luck)—anyway this is his fourth split up, and four women can't be very wrong!

VIRGINIA STORY, Sulphur, Okla.; **BOB CNIST**, Tiffin, Ohio; **DOROTHY M. REED**, Glen Cove, N. Y.; **GRETA FISH**, Belmont, N. Y.—Frankie Darro is about 17, is 5 feet 3 inches tall (another shorty, but then he still has time to stretch up), weighs 111 pounds and has brown eyes and hair. He is an American, born and educated in Chicago. He likes tough roles, Charlotte Greenwood, baseball, football, tennis, hockey and snappy clothes. His favorite color is blue. He dislikes ice cream cones (funny boy) silk underwear, night clubs, posing for stills, eating between meals, smoking, bed-time snacks, politics, bath salts, cooking and writing letters. He is under contract to Warner-First National Studios, Burbank, Calif., and may be reached there. He has just finished making "No Greater Glory" for Columbia, and "Merry Frinks" for Warners. Frank Albertson has dark brown eyes, and his next picture is "The Party's Over." Hal LeRoy is about 21, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. He likes dancing, music and song writing. His pet dislikes are early morning calls, back seat drivers, chicken, rubbers, walks and swimming. He married Ruth Dodd on April 12 and has been appearing at the Casino de Parez in New York. The Joans—Blondell, Bennett and Crawford, pronounce it "Jone." Garbo would probably call it "Great-a."

MRS. W. H. B., Winchester, Mass.—Gene Raymond, although his real name is Raymond Guion and his parents are French, is a native American having been born in New York City in 1908. Jan Kiepura, that handsome actor of the golden voice, is still in Europe. He is under contract to the Vienna Grand Opera Company. Sad as 'tis, he is not scheduled to make any more pictures. (And it's whispered that he's another temperamental furrier.)

MABEL JACOBSEN, Pelham Manor, N. Y.—"Death Takes a Holiday" was adapted by Maxwell Anderson from the play by Alberto Casselo. The waltz played in the garden scene near the end of the picture was the "Valse Triste" by Sidelius.

MRS. A. M. GYDESEN, Bridgeport, Conn.—Katharine Hepburn has never been in a picture with George Arliss, worse luck!

MARGARET BRIAN, Toronto, Canada; **D. W. VAN SANT**, Clinton, Iowa; **J. S. WHEELER**, Sudbury, Canada; **HELEN ALLEN**, Toronto, Canada.—You can write to John Wayne at the Monogram Pictures Studio, 1040 N. Las Palmas Ave., Hollywood, Calif. He has just finished making "The Sage Brush Trail," "Riders of Destiny" and "Lucky Texan." "The Man from Utah" and "Blue Steel" are in production.

POURGIE LANNY, Montreal, Canada—Bing Crosby is of Irish-American descent. Claudette Colbert is 28. She and Norman Foster live in separate homes.

EVELYN T. YOUNG, Syracuse, N. Y.—Hugh V. O'Connell made his last picture for 20th Century Pictures, 1041 N. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Calif. You should be able to reach him there.

J. K. T. and SUE GLEMB, Rochester, N. Y.—Douglas Walton played the part of young Pearson in "The Lost Patrol."

NORMAN A. SCHIELKE, Detroit, Mich.—The part of Jimmy Case in "He Couldn't Take It" was played by Ray Walker. I hardly think you can get a still from the picture.

M. SANDERS, Decatur, Ga.—Maynard Holmes took the part of Bradley, Jr., the spoiled son of the producer in "Dancing Lady." He is not scheduled for any new picture at present.

MISS E. RYHICKA, Pittsburgh, Pa.—Baby Rose Marie, whose real name is Rose Marie Curley, was born August 15, 1924, in New York City.

MARVIN McMILLAN, Dallas, Tex.—The cute little boy who portrayed Jimmy, Jr., in "Only Yesterday" was Jimmy Butler. Jack Oakie was born in Sedalia, Mo., November 12, 1903. He is 5 feet 10 inches tall and weighs 152 pounds.

MARGARET NELSON and L. S., London, Ont., Canada—Douglass Montgomery was born October 29, 1909, in a fashionable old section of Los Angeles. He graduated from the Los Angeles high school and worked at the Pasadena Community Play House. At 16 he had the lead in "Desire Under the Elms" in San Francisco and after that was in several plays on Broadway. He dislikes writing letters perhaps because he has such horrible handwriting. He is 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 178 pounds, likes swimming and Lois Moran. He may be reached at the Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal., where he has been making "Little Man, What Now?" with Margaret Sullivan.

WINIFRED STILES, Arlington, N. Y.—Robert Montgomery is just thirty. He was born in Beacon, N. Y., and is married to Elizabeth Allen (not the actress). He can't play the piano. You can write him at M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif.

BETH, Newark, N. J.—Gene Raymond is playing with Joan Crawford in her next picture, "Sadie McKee." You may get your photograph yet, but if you don't, why not write another letter? Many of the stars are not allowed to make personal appearances because their contracts forbid it, others dislike them, and many more do not have the time.

ROSE WINTERS, So. Chicago, Ill.—Write to George Raft at the Paramount Studios, Hollywood, Calif.

CHARLES E. LYNN, West Alexander, Pa.—Richard Cromwell is still under contract to Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif., where he receives his fan mail.

CYNTHIA TRAVERS, Fitchburg, Mass.—Randolph Scott is 31, and that is his real name. He did not serve in the World War. He was too young.

W. G. TJADER, Minneapolis, Minn.—You are right, Richard Dix will be forty July 18. He was born in St. Paul, Minn., and Richard Arlen, although born in Charlottesville, Va., attended St. Thomas College in St. Paul and after the war was instructor of swimming at the St. Paul Athletic Club. His parents still live in St. Paul.

LORETTA PALLISCO, New York City—Yes, indeed, Fred Astaire was in "Dancing Lady." Don't you remember the scene where he was teaching Joan some steps just after Patch had taken her into the show? And the Magic Carpet and Bavarian scenes? That picture could have stood a lot more of Mr. Astaire. Agreed?

MARJORIE COSWELL, LeRoy, N. Y.—Evelyn Venable is 20, and her one consuming ambition and interest is Shakespeare. She wants very much to start a Shakespearean theatre some day. She really is just the type.

ALISON WESTCOTT, Pottstown, Pa.—The music played in the love scenes of "Queen Christina" are original pieces composed by Herbert Stothart especially for that picture. They are not on sale. Sorry!

NELLIE MAKOW, Cortland, N. Y.—If you are referring to "Thirty Day Princess," Randolph Scott is not going to take Cary Grant's place. The picture is already complete with Cary in the lead along with Sylvia Sydney. It ought to be good, too. As for Paramount giving Randy a better break, I'm sure I don't know why they don't. He has just about everything, what think you?

ANN GAUJOT, Pennington Gap, Va.—"Singing Fool" was released in 1928 and "Sonny Boy" in 1929. Al Jolson had the lead in both.

BEATRICE EAGLE, Charlotte, N. C.—The theme song of "Song of Songs" was the Fourth Movement of the Sixth Symphony by Tchaikowsky. It can be obtained in music stores, if you feel up to it.

DETECTIVES—Woe is the Information Desk! It made an error in the April issue by reporting that Joe Cook had never appeared in pictures. He has, though, and the name of the picture was "Rain or Shine" released in 1930. Louise Fazenda and William Collier, Jr., were also in the cast.

All of your questions will be answered in this magazine. Address: The Information Desk, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE REPORT CARD

Going to the movies? Consult our picture rating first:
A means excellent; B means good; C means fair;
D means poor

THESE PICTURES GET "A"

BERKELEY SQUARE (Fox).
Its intriguing plot will fascinate you. Leslie Howard and Heather Angel.

BOTTOMS UP (Fox).
Fast-moving tale about movie-crashing. The music is gra-n-d. Don't miss it.

CAROLINA (Fox).
Janet Gaynor and a fine supporting cast, including Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman and Robert Young.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE (M-G-M).
A musical with Jeanette MacDonald and Ramon Novarro.

CONVENTION CITY (First National).
Packed full of laughs.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW (Universal).
John Barrymore and Bebe Daniels in Elmer Rice's successful stage play.

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY (Paramount).
Getting bored with the usual movie fare? See this.

DESIGN FOR LIVING (Paramount).
Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins and Gary Cooper will keep you amused.

ESKIMO (M-G-M).
Fine photography.

FASHION FROLICS OF 1934 (Warners).
See it.

HI, NELLIE! (Warners).
Paul Muni and Glenda Farrell make this an above-the-average newspaper story.

HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD (20th Century).
You've heard all about George Arliss' latest.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (Columbia).
Entertainment plus. With Gable and Colbert.

THE LAST ROUND-UP (Paramount).
A Western with Randolph Scott.

LITTLE WOMEN (RKO).
You've probably seen it by this time.

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE (20th Century).
Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie as telephone repairmen, and Constance Cummings and Arline Judge as their girl friends.

A MAN'S CASTLE (Columbia).
Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young.

MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN (Paramount).
Baby LeRoy all but steals the picture from Dorothea Wieck and Alice Brady.

MOULIN ROUGE (20th Century).
Don't miss La Bennett.

NANA (Sam Goldwyn).
Anna Sten.

ONLY YESTERDAY (Universal).
Margaret Sullavan will bring the tears to your eyes.

PALOOKA (20th Century).
Plenty of laughs here.

QUEEN CHRISTINA (M-G-M).
Garbo and Gilbert.

RIPTIDE (M-G-M).
Modern marriage yarn with Shearer, Montgomery and Herbert Marshall.

ROMAN SCANDALS (Sam Goldwyn).
Eddie Cantor and a host of beautiful girls.

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox).
Nice work by the entire cast, including Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll and Nigel Bruce.

STAGE MOTHER (M-G-M).
Alice Brady and Maureen O'Sullivan.

STAND UP AND CHEER (Fox).
A top-notch musical with an all-star cast.

TWENTIETH CENTURY (Columbia).
John Barrymore in the best role of his career. And Carole Lombard coming in for her share of acting honors, too. Don't miss it.

TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS (Warners).
Crooner, Dick Powell, sweetheart, Ginger Rogers and manager, Pat O'Brien, in a tale about radioland. Very well done.

VIVA VILLA (M-G-M).
First-class entertainment. Don't miss it.

WONDER BAR (Warners).
Al Jolson and an all-star cast.

THE WORLD CHANGES (First National).
Paul Muni.

THESE PICTURES GET "B"

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN (20th Century).
Newspaper yarn with Lee Tracy.

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century).
Despite the presence of Constance Bennett and Fredric March, this is Frank Morgan's picture. Worth seeing.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND (Paramount).
Charlotte Henry as Alice.

ALL OF ME (Paramount).
Poor story. But fine performances by Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, Helen Mack and George Raft save it.

ARIANE (Pathe-Cinema).
Elizabeth Bergner is most interesting.

BEGGARS IN ERMINE (Monogram).
Lionel Atwill and Henry B. Walthall.

BELOVED (Universal).
A musical with Gloria Stuart and John Boles.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL (M-G-M).
Harlow as a hard-boiled actress and Lee Tracy as her manager and press agent. Plenty of fun.

BLOOD MONEY (20th Century).
Judith Anderson's movie debut.

BOLERO (Paramount).
You'll enjoy Carole Lombard's and George Raft's dancing. Sally Rand does her stuff, too.

BY CANDLELIGHT (Universal).
Delightful comedy. Elissa Landi, Paul Lukas and Nils Asther.

CATHERINE THE GREAT (United Artists).
Elizabeth Bergner and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Interesting entertainment.

THE CHIEF (M-G-M).
Ed Wynn.

COMING OUT PARTY (Fox).
About the girls and boys of today. Frances Dee and Gene Raymond.

CRADLE SONG (Paramount).
Life in a convent. Dorothea Wieck and Evelyn Venable.

THE CRIME DOCTOR (RKO).
A thrilling mystery. Otto Kruger, Karen Morley and Nils Asther. Don't miss it.

DANCING LADY (M-G-M).
Crawford, Tone and Gable.

DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount).
The fine acting of Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable and Sir Guy Standing saves this film.

DUCK SOUP (Paramount).
The nonsensical Marx Bros.

FLYING DOWN TO RIO (RKO).
Swell music and dancing. Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers and Dolores Del Rio.

GALLANT LADY (20th Century).
Ann Harding and Otto Kruger. See it.

GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS (Fox).
Vallee, Alice Faye and Jimmy Durante in a picturization of the famous "Scandals."

GLAMOUR (Universal).
Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas.

GOOD DAME (Paramount).
Sylvia Sidney and Fredric March.

HALF A SINNER (Universal).
From the stage play, "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill playing the title role. Sally Blane and Joel McCrea supply the love interest.

HAVANA WIDOWS (First National).
A comedy with Joan Blondell and Glenda Farrell.

HEAT LIGHTNING (Warners).
Glenda Farrell, Ruth Donnelly and Lyle Talbot bring plenty of excitement to the desert auto camp which Aline MacMahon runs.

HER FIRST MATE (Universal).
A ZaSu Pitts-Slim Summerville comedy.

HER SWEETHEART, CHRISTOPHER BEAN (M-G-M).
Marie Dressler's latest film.

THE HOUSE ON 56TH STREET (Warners).
Kay Francis, gambler.

I'LL TELL THE WORLD (Universal).
Lee Tracy as the fast-talking reporter again.

I LOVED A WOMAN (First National).
Eddie Robinson gives his usual good performance. And Genevieve Tobin and Kay Francis are excellent aids.

I'M NO ANGEL (Paramount).
Mae West. (As if you didn't know.)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER (First National).
Good comedy. Joan Blondell, Pat O'Brien and Glenda Farrell.

JIMMY AND SALLY (Fox).
Claire Trevor and Jimmy Dunn.

JIMMY THE GENT (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney as an heir chaser. It's a riot.

THE KING OF THE ARENA (Universal).
Ken Maynard.

LADY KILLER (Warners).
Jimmy Cagney and Mae Clarke.

LEGONG (Bennett Productions).
Beautiful photography.

LET'S FALL IN LOVE (Columbia).
A Hollywood background. With Gregory Ratoff, Ann Sothorn and Eddie Lowe.

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG (Monogram).
Good comedy, with Bob Armstrong and Dixie Lee.

MANHATTAN MELODRAMA (M-G-M).
An interesting yarn with Clark Gable, William Powell and Myrna Loy. A bit slow.

MAN OF TWO WORLDS (RKO).
Introducing Francis Lederer to the movie fans.

A MAN'S WOMAN (Monogram).
With Hollywood locale. Marguerite De La Motte, John Halliday and Wallace Ford.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount).
Burns and Allen in a laugh-riot.

MELODY IN SPRING (Paramount).
Very light, but nicely done. Lanny Ross and Ann Sothorn.

MEN IN WHITE (M-G-M).
Clark Gable and Elizabeth Allan in the picturization of the stage success about the medical profession.

THE MYSTERY OF MR. X (M-G-M).
A thriller. With Bob Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan.

NO MORE WOMEN (Paramount).
You know what to expect when Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen get together.



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NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox). Spencer Tracy portrays the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein. Helen Twelvetrees and Alice Faye are in it, too.

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN (Columbia). Hospital drama. Ralph Bellamy, Fay Wray and Walter Connolly.

ONE MAN'S JOURNEY (RKO). Lionel Barrymore.

PADDY THE NEXT BEST THING (Fox). Janet Gaynor being very sweet, as usual.

THE POOR RICH (Universal). Teaming Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton. Lots of fun.

PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount). ZaSu Pitts, Ned Sparks, Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes in a comedy-murder mystery.

THE RIGHT TO ROMANCE (RKO). Ann Harding as a woman physician.

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY (Paramount). Larry "Buster" Crabbe and many beautiful girls, among them Ida Lupino.

SHOULD LADIES BEHAVE? (M-G-M). Excellent comedy. Alice Brady.

SIDE STREETS (Warners). Touching story of a woman in her thirties, ably played by Aline MacMahon. With Paul Kelly and Ann Dvorak.

SING AND LIKE IT (RKO). You'll enjoy ZaSu Pitts, Pert Kelton and Edward Everett Horton in this comedy.

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia). Fine drama with Elissa Landi, Joseph Schildkraut and Frank Morgan.

SIX OF A KIND (Paramount). Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland and Burns and Allen.

SMOKY (Fox). Fine story about a horse.

SONG OF SONGS (Paramount). Dietrich.

SON OF A SAILOR (First National). Joe E. Brown.

SPEED WINGS (Columbia). Tim McCoy.

SPITFIRE (RKO). For the Hepburn fans.

SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox). About a novelist (Warner Baxter) and a poetess (Rochelle Hudson). Good entertainment.

THIS MAN IS MINE (RKO). You'll enjoy this drawing-room drama with Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy and Constance Cummings. Kay Johnson deserves a rave.

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN (M-G-M). The trials and tribulations of a family. With Lionel Barrymore and Fay Bainter.

THE THUNDERING HERD (Paramount). Randy Scott in a Western.

A VERY HONORABLE GUY (Warners). Joe E. Brown—not at his best. Alice White is the gal.

WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount). Bing Crosby makes the most of a weak story. Carole Lombard, Burns and Allen are in it, too.

WHERE SINNERS MEET (RKO). Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook and Billie Burke.

WHIRLPOOL (Columbia). Jack Holt turns in his usual good performance. Remember Jean Arthur? Well, she's in this and looks more beautiful than ever.

THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount). Concerning the powers of hypnotism. John Halliday, Sir Guy Standing, Judith Allen and Tom Brown.

WILD BOYS OF THE ROAD (First National). Rather sad story about the effect of the depression on the younger generation. With Frankie Darro and Dorothy Coonan.

THESE PICTURES GET "C"

AGGIE APPLEBY, MAKER OF MEN (RKO). Fair comedy. With Wynne Gibson, Charles Farrell, William Gargan and ZaSu Pitts.

ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES (Fox). Introducing the new English actor, Hugh Williams. Helen Twelvetrees is the gal.

AS HUSBANDS GO (Fox). Sophisticated drama. With Warner Baxter and Helen Vinson.

CHARLIE CHAN'S GREATEST CASE (Fox). Warner Oland.

COLLEGE COACH (Warners). Football yarn featuring Dick Powell and Ann Dvorak.

COME ON MARINES (Paramount). Rowdy stuff. Dick Arlen and Ida Lupino.

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO (Universal). Mediocre story. Fay Wray and Paul Lukas do their best though.

THE CROSBY CASE (Universal). Wynne Gibson and Onslow Stevens.

DARK HAZARD (Warners). Edward G. Robinson gives a fine, sympathetic performance in this story of a gambler.

DAVID HARUM (Fox). Will Rogers has a lot of fun "hoss" trading.

EASY TO LOVE (Warners). Light comedy. With Genevieve Tobin, Adolphe Menjou and Mary Astor.

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT (Paramount). Dorothy Wilson and Kay Johnson stand out in this.

FINISHING SCHOOL (RKO). Nice performances by Frances Dee, Billie Burke and Ginger Rogers save this one.

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE (Paramount). Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, Mary Boland and William Gargan in the jungles. You may like it.

F. P. 1 (Fox-Gaumont). Submarine tale.

THE FRONTIER MARSHAL (Fox). John Wayne.

GAMBLING LADY (Warners). Barbara Stanwyck in the title role.

GOING HOLLYWOOD (M-G-M). Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.

HAROLD TEEN (Warners). Hal LeRoy as Harold Teen and Rochelle Hudson as Lillums of the famous comic strip. Some nice dancing by LeRoy.

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY (RKO). Wheeler and Woolsey.

I AM SUZANNE (Fox). A musical with Lilian Harvey and Gene Raymond.

I BELIEVED IN YOU (Fox). A yarn about Greenwich Village. With John Boles and Rosemary Ames.

I HATE WOMEN (Monogram). Wallace Ford does rather well in the rôle of a newspaperman. The story's mediocre.

THE INVISIBLE MAN (Universal). Claude Rains.

JOURNAL OF A CRIME (Warners). Ruth Chatterton's latest film.

LADIES MUST LOVE (Universal). June Knight and Neil Hamilton in a rather dull musical.

LONG LOST FATHER (RKO). Poor vehicle for John Barrymore.

THE LOST PATROL (RKO). Movie fare for men. Boris Karloff, Vic McLaglen and Reginald Denny head an all-male cast.

MASSACRE (Warners). Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak on an Indian Reservation.

A MODERN HERO (Warners). Nice cast but weak story. Richard Barthelmess, Jean Muir, Verree Teasdale and Marjorie Rambeau.

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS (Monogram). John Darrow and Mary Brian.

MYSTERY LINER (Monogram). Dull mystery with Noah Beery and Astrid Allyn.

NO GREATER GLORY (Columbia). George Breakston and Frankie Darro as leaders of rival gangs. The kids will like it.

OLSEN'S NIGHT OUT (Fox). El Brendel.

THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia). Poor story. Stu Erwin, Ann Sothern, and Arline Judge.

REGISTERED NURSE (Warners). Bebe Daniels and Lyle Talbot in a hospital yarn. You're probably tired of this sort of thing by this time.

THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount). Loaded down with scenery, church bells and what-not. It won't help the beautiful Marlene Dietrich much.

SHE MADE HER BED (Paramount). Bob Armstrong in an unsympathetic rôle. Sally Eilers and Richard Arlen are in it.

THE SHOW-OFF (M-G-M). Spencer Tracy and Madge Evans.

S. O. S. ICEBERG (Universal). An expedition to Greenland.

STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO). Don't let the "big names" fool you. In spite of Durante and Velez, this doesn't jell.

THE TORCH SINGER (Paramount). Claudette Colbert as a night club singer.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS (Paramount). The story is bad. George Raft as a bull-fighter and Frances Drake, a Mexican dancer. Katherine De Mille stands out in a small rôle.

THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE (M-G-M). Otto Kruger.

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING (M-G-M). Good performances by May Robson, Lewis Stone and Jean Parker rescue a mediocre story.

YOU'RE TELLING ME (Paramount). W. C. Fields.

THESE PICTURES GET "D"

BIG SHAKEDOWN (First National). Bette Davis and Ric Cortez exposing the cut-rate drug racket. A bit boring.

BOMBAY MAIL (Universal). A mystery. Starring Edmund Lowe.

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM (Paramount). Charles Farrell, Charlie Ruggles and Marguerite Churchill in Paris.

KEEP 'EM ROLLING (RKO). The story's incredible. Walter Huston is wasted in this picture.

LET'S BE RITZY (Universal). You can skip this one. Lew Ayres and Pat Ellis are in it.

MANDALAY (First National). Kay Francis and Lyle Talbot.

NO RANSOM (Liberty). Leila Hyams, Phillips Holmes and Jack LaRue in a yarn that's just too incredible.

SITTING PRETTY (Paramount). Jack Oakie, Jack Haley and Ginger Rogers in a tale about a couple of song writers. Dull stuff.

SMOKING GUNS (Universal). Not up to par. Ken Maynard and Gloria Shea.

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE (RKO). Colleen Moore and Doug Fairbanks, Jr.

TWO ALONE (RKO). Jean Parker and Tom Brown.

UNCERTAIN LADY (Universal). Edward Everett Horton and Genevieve Tobin.

UPPERWORLD (Warners). Story's bad. Warren William, Mary Astor and Ginger Rogers are in it.

WHITE WOMAN (Paramount). Charles Laughton and Carole Lombard in the tropics.

WILD GOLD (Fox). Nothing can save this one. John Boles, Claire Trevor and Harry Green.

Why George Raft Is Afraid of Women

(Continued from page 41)

I never was angry at her, not for one moment. I don't get angry with people. It was just a misunderstanding. It's okay now."

"And Virginia Pine?"

"In Chicago when reporters inquired as to whether I intended marrying her, I retaliated with what I thought was the only logical answer, that I couldn't marry because I was already married. This started things."

HE stared at me. "Look here," he said, "you and I are in a spot. Your editor probably told you to make me talk and my lawyer told me *not* to talk, but I'll say this," he leaned forward. "I never wanted to keep my marriage secret. That wasn't my idea at all. I'm new at this game . . . pictures . . . interviews. I'm a regular rookie, like in baseball. When I first signed with Paramount they asked me whether I was single. I was about to say, 'No,' when my agent poked me in the arm. 'Single,' he said. And afterwards told me it would be bad business if they thought I was married. I felt he knew more about those matters than I, so I did what I was told."

It was in 1923 that George Raft married a non-professional.

"I never had a home," he admitted. "We agreed to disagree, and we've been separated nine and a half years. Now, after all that time, this suit is slapped on me."

"If I could only get to my wife, only see her," he said. "She was always such a good pal. I know if I could talk to her everything would be all right, but she's in the hands of attorneys and I can only talk through them."

His eyes narrowed. He went on slowly, adding. "Some women finally kill the goose that lays the golden egg. I worked hard. I always have. I just refused to play stooge to Mae West in her latest picture, so Paramount said I could take ten weeks off until my next one was ready. I couldn't afford the lay-off, I have too many responsibilities. There's my mother and my wife. So I'm dancing these ten weeks. Here," he reached for a clipping, "did you see this? It appeared in yesterday's 'Mirror.' Mark Hellinger wrote it."

BECAUSE this writer feels that Mr. Hellinger has ably summed up the disgraceful alimony situation that now prevails in this country, I quote him:

"I see that George Raft is being sued for separation by a wife who suddenly popped up from nowhere. The lady is asking the insignificant sum of \$1,200 weekly as alimony."

"Some day when our courts get around to it, Justice will actually be dealt out in cases such as these. Raft has worked desperately hard to get somewhere in pictures, and the success he has achieved is due entirely to his own efforts."

"Nobody will deny that Mrs. Raft is entitled to support, in spite of the fact that she has been Mrs. Raft in name only for some years. But by what stretch of the imagination she should be permitted to cut in for huge alimony claims on a man who struggled upward alone, is more than I can figure out."

"Some day, a Judge in one of these cases is going to set a precedent. He is going to lean forward and say:

"Young woman, you have been badly advised. Had you asked for a sensible ali-

mony, the Court would not have objected. But I am tired of women who stand aside until their husbands have met with success and who then leap forward to reap the benefits. Your request for alimony is denied."

"And when the day comes, that Judge will be cheered to the echo by men and women the world over who believe in fair play."

George Raft resumed the conversation. "I don't suppose there's much of a solution unless they change the laws. I understand they're trying to push through a bill now. These days, if a man is at all in the lime-light, he gets to be a regular target."

THIS target game is no joke. That's why I say I'm more afraid of women than ever before. I can't even answer the telephone any more. Strange women ring me and say they're my cousin, or my mother, or even Mrs. Raft. They go so far as to have cards printed with the names of my friends, and then write on these cards, 'See this girl, she's an old pal!'

"The first experience I had of this kind was just before Jimmy Quirk died. He happened to have been a friend of mine, God rest his soul. One day a girl called and said she was an intimate friend of his and that he wanted me to see her. I invited her to dinner. It was during dinner that the truth gradually began to dawn upon me . . . the girl was an impostor. I said nothing, but I tested her with questions about Quirk. From her answers I could tell she did not know him."

"As soon as we finished dinner, I told her I had to rush to the theatre, and I promised to telephone her sometime. I never let on I knew she was a fake. That week she rang me several times, but I kept saying I was too busy to speak to her. She never knew the real reason, and she won't know it, unless she reads your article. I didn't tell her, because I hate scenes. But, think a minute, suppose my suspicions



International

"I have to have someone to talk to," says George Raft, "And that is one reason why the chap on his right, whom he has jokingly dubbed 'The Killer,' is always with him."

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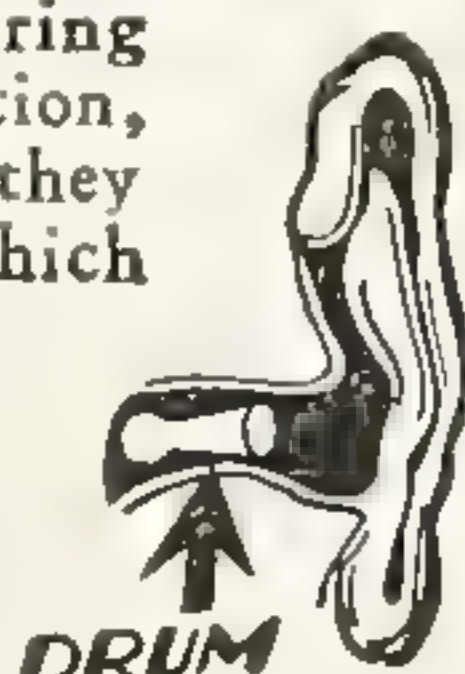


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hadn't been aroused. I might have been sued . . . and just for having dinner."

There was a knock at the door. In walked the slim young man whom Raft dubs, "The Killer."

"A note for you, George." And he handed him an envelope.

Excusing himself, Raft quickly read the message, then, "Tell her I'll 'phone at six." He grinned at me.

When "The Killer" had departed, I asked a few questions.

"Some say he's your bodyguard, some your valet, and some your secretary. What is he?"

"My pal," answered George Raft. "I have to have someone to talk to."

That reply is like him. For a man so admired by women, it is surprising how popular he is with men.

He spoke again. "I like to remember what my late friend, Wilson Mizner, once told me. 'Be nice to everyone you meet on your way up, George, for you're going to meet the same people on your way down.'"

RECENTLY, at Sing Sing prison, they told me that George Raft is rated one of the leading favorite performers. I repeated this to him.

"I sent two of my pictures up there," he said.

Then he talked about his work. He reads every line about himself, every review that appears in print. He tries to keep up with all phases of the industry.

"My next picture will be 'Limehouse

Nights.' I play a half-caste. The story's by Thomas Burke. It may be one of the original 'Limehouse Nights' tales, I don't know. I won't read the book. I read a Louis Bromfield story, and then played in the adaptation, 'Night After Night.' I vowed I'd never read the original again, they change it so."

There was a knock at the door. Once more "The Killer" entered the room.

"You go on in a few minutes, George."

Raft rose. "I'm sorry if I haven't talked very clearly," he apologized. "You see, I'm sort of muddled these days. Why, I can hardly read the papers. I hope the next time I see you, I won't be under a lawyer's supervision, and I'll be able to answer your questions, one after another, like this." He snapped his fingers. "And, if in the meanwhile, you happen to interview any up-and-coming young men, and if they want my advice, tell them I say to spend their money and enjoy it while they can, because . . . when they get near the top . . . it's no picnic!"

He smiled. We shook hands.

There is something very natural about him, something trusting and honest. He says he never acts. I believe him. And I felt sorry for him . . . George Raft, sitting there in that stuffy dressing-room . . . a prisoner of success, over-worked, pestered to death with messages, lonely, and as he puts it, "muddled."

"Goodbye," he said.

"Good luck," I said. "I hope you get a break." And I meant it.

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 17)

ABOUT A POPULAR YOUNG STAR

M. M., of New York, N. Y., writes us:

This is my first fan letter—and because of Dick Cromwell! Month after month I buy the movie magazines to read what news I may chance to find concerning him. Ever since "Tol'able David" I have waited for his pictures and news of him. Best of luck to Dick and may we have the pleasure of seeing him in more good pictures. (You'll see this handsome young man in "The Most Precious Thing in Life," with Anita Louise and Jean Arthur.)

CONCERNING THE STARS OF "IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT"

A FAN from California writes in:

You can have all your Garbos, Hepburns, and Crawford (they're swell), but personally I like Claudette Colbert. I saw "It Happened One Night" and thought it was swell. By the way, is she really going to play "Cleopatra"? (DeMille wouldn't have any one else for the role.)

Let me say just a word about your magazine—it's fine. Even though Mom doesn't especially like for me to read movie magazines (I'm only fifteen and have to do my algebra), I read MODERN SCREEN regularly. I like everything in it.

BETTY AND ANNE, of Trenton, N. J., were among those who stormed the Capitol Theatre in New York when Gable was personal-appearing:

We have been ardent Gable fans for three years and think he has that certain something that puts him at the top

of the list. We saw him in New York recently and found that besides his good looks, excellent physique and great acting ability, he has personality-plus. Oh, boy, did we enjoy "It Happened One Night."

A FAN from dear ol' Georgia finds the Colbert-Gable team something to write home about:

I think "It Happened One Night" is the best picture I've seen this year. Claudette and Clark make a fine team. (There's been a lot of talk, since the tremendous success of this picture, about teaming Colbert and Gable again BUT there are complications. If Columbia—who "discovered" the team—Paramount—to whom Claudette is under contract—and M-G-M—Gable's home company—could get together and decide which one of them will have the honor of making the next Colbert-Gable starring picture, maybe we'll see this delightful pair again.)

Ever since I saw "Adorable," I've wondered why Henri Garat hasn't been in more American pictures. People always enjoy a clean, wholesome film like "Adorable" and I hope there will be more like it. (Fox's plans for him are a bit indefinite, though he's still under contract to them. He's in his native France at the moment.)

BLAME IT ON THE FANS

MOVIEGOER, of Windsor, Ont., Canada, makes a few comments:

I note with interest that Katharine Hepburn, who won the Academy Award for her work in "Morning Glory," stated in a recent interview that she deems Greta Garbo the greatest actress in

Hollywood. (Yes, the Hepburn is frank. When reporters in New York asked her whether she would do another play, she replied in the affirmative and added slyly, "Hope I'll be better than I was last time.")

I would be gratified indeed to see in your "Between You and Me" column

more bouquets for the fair Garbo and less remarks about her feet. I have recently seen "Queen Christina" and was thrilled beyond words by the artistry of Queen Garbo. Her face registers emotion without a disgustingly soggy exhibition of glycerine tears, as most actresses do.

Let's Talk About Love

(Continued from page 14)

the ears, of course, if they don't fit into the rest of the conversation.

The above very general advice goes for meeting all kinds of people—girls and boys and older people. When you meet an attractive person of the opposite sex, naturally the manner changes a bit. That's as it should be. I think girls are wise to soften down their own personality when a man comes into the picture. Don't talk too much. One shouldn't stand there like a stick, of course, but let him do the greater part of the talking. (Another old rule, but still good.) If he's one of these strong, silent men, you can always ask questions, can't you? Ask his opinion of this local topic of interest, ask him where he works and what he does and has he seen this movie or that one and didn't he think it was a picture which would appeal to men more than women.

If he pays you a compliment—and it sounds sincere—thank him for it. If you think he's kidding—or just saying nice things because you expect it—kid back. It's all a part of the social game and one doesn't take those things seriously. If he is fresh, try to stop the freshness in a nice, gentle way. A girl can usually make a man play her game, you know.

If you sense that he wants to end the conversation, you be the one to break it off. Casually and naturally. Be sure to put across the idea that you have enjoyed talking to him—or dancing with him or meeting him.

A LONG time ago (when I was in high school, to be exact) I used to watch and ponder over a certain very popular girl. I tried to figure out just why she was so popular. I didn't have more than a speaking acquaintance with her at the time. She was rather sweet looking, but certainly not beautiful. Maybe she dressed well, you say? Well, that was the funny part of it. The girl never seemed to care a bit what she had on. Her family didn't have very much money and she made most of her own clothes—not very skilfully, at that. I remember one Hallowe'en dance and this girl arrived in a little thing she had run up at home. It was orange crepe de chine, made with two seams up the sides and a slit for the neck. She had pinned a couple of gardenias on one shoulder. That's all there was to it. Neither chic nor unusual. I hope I've put over the idea that she wasn't the best dressed gal in town.

Oddly enough, no one ever commented on her lack of smartness. They all said, "She's an awfully sweet girl," or "She certainly is clever. And peppy! Why she belongs to this, that and the other club. She's always up to her neck in some sort of activity."

And she was. I came to know her very well later on and she was just one of those people who are so vitally interested in so many things that she didn't have time to think about herself or her looks. I'm not saying, of course, that one way to be popular is to pay no attention to your



Very arty, eh what? The occasion was Harold Lloyd's birthday surprise party. Everyone came dressed à la Greenwich Village. Una Merkel and hubby, Ronald Burla, are pictured with the Lloyds.

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clothes. But I am saying that if you are really interested in enough things and enough people, folks are going to like you no matter how you look.

Now, I'm going to do an about-face and mention another way to banish unpopularity and lonesomeness. I have been stressing—because the problem is most prevalent—the case of those who are shy or self-conscious or embarrassed and for that reason do not show to their best advantage. Such people lose out because they are stiff and silent and—well, just plain dumb—especially when meeting the opposite sex. But there is another fault committed in the social game. The fault of being *too* gay, too noisy, too much the life of the party. This is especially bad in girls. A dash of wit is swell—but too many wisecracks are painful. Don't sit like a stick, but don't talk too much. Sex appeal and rowdiness never went together. You'll notice that, while the party's clown may get a few laughs, it's the demure miss (who refuses to get her frock and hair mussed up in clowning) who worries the stag line.

I've given you enough "don'ts" for this time, I believe. Here are a few "do's":

Learn to play games. I remember a hostess saying once, "I'll never invite her again. She doesn't play bridge, she can't play golf, she doesn't know how to swim. A nice girl—but what can you do with her?" Games are socially important. You may not enjoy 'em—but learn to play some

game well enough to get by in a crowd.

Read. No matter how limited your time, read enough to be able to offer a comment or two, whatever turn the conversation takes. Be sufficiently up on current events so that you need not maintain a terrified silence when the affairs of the nation are being discussed by the parlor politicians.

Learn to dance. That's a piece of trite advice, if you like, but I mean it. If you're not naturally a good dancer, balance the budget to include a few lessons from an expert.

Finally, if there is one single thing you do well—or many of them, you lucky ones—make them socially important. If you're a good cook, entertain people in your own home. If you have a knack for making a place look attractive, join some club or group where you can utilize this talent to advantage. Whatever you can do really well, you can use this gift for the enjoyment of other people and for the furtherance of your own enjoyment in life.

If you have a personal problem you would like to talk over with an understanding person, write to Alice Van Doran, in care of MODERN SCREEN MAGAZINE, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. It may be a romantic problem. It may be a problem similar to the one discussed in the above article. Whichever it is, Alice Van Doran will be glad to help you. Enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply, please.

Reviews—A Tour of Today's Talkies

(Continued from page 45)

B: WE'RE NOT DRESSING (Paramount)

Bing Crosby, Carole Lombard, Burns and Allen, Ethel Merman, Leon Errol

THIS won't help Crosby, but it gets B because of Crosby. It is true that the plot is Formula No. 23367: all about a yachting party thrown by Heiress Carole Lombard . . . shipwreck . . . desert island . . . you understand, I'm sure. Burns and Allen are discovered on the other side of the desert island, being goofy. They add very little to the film. Ethel Merman and Leon Errol have very slight parts. The dialogue is pretty bleak. However, Bing's songs and Bing himself make "We're Not Dressing" just-more-than-passable entertainment. "Lovely Little Lady" and "Love Thy Neighbor" are nice tunes.

A: SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY (Fox)

Otto Kruger, Nancy Carroll, Nigel Bruce, Heather Angel

CHARMING, happy entertainment. Otto Kruger crashes through again with an exceptional characterization and as usual the picture reflects his superb ability. All about a man-about-town whom everyone loves—especially the ladies. Henry gets along fine with the gals and the boys until he meets up with "a good woman." This picture goes out of its way to show you how important it is to be happy and how hard you should work to attain happiness. Maybe it will give you some good ideas—and even if it doesn't, you will never be able to say you weren't royally entertained. Nigel Bruce as Henry's friend turns in a beautiful piece of work and Nancy Carroll seems to have turned over a new leaf.

B: SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN (Columbia)

Elissa Landi, Frank Morgan, Joseph Schildkraut, Doris Lloyd

FINE sophisticated drama. True, one must be rather adept at subtleties to catch the import of the title, but this little matter becomes unimportant when compared to the general excellence of the picture. Frank Morgan, as the fifty-year-old millionaire, who tries to recapture his youth with a twenty-year-old actress (Elissa Landi), turns in his second astounding performance of the month—the other is the Duke in "The Affairs of Cellini." Joseph Schildkraut, well cast as the fiery young composer, finds a role equal to his capabilities. Doris Lloyd portrays the millionaire's wife to perfection. From word-of-mouth chatter, I learn that many of the critics liked Landi in her role of the actress-mistress. I didn't. I never believed her for a minute while she was playing the "hard-boiled, uncultured chorus gal" and I am wondering if you will. See this picture, though, it's well done.

B: NOW I'LL TELL, BY MRS. ARNOLD ROTHSTEIN (Fox)

Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, Alice Faye, Hobart Cavanaugh

GOOD biography of a gambler. Fox studios have a seemingly uncanny knack for miscasting Spencer Tracy, and Tracy seems to have equally as much knack for giving a swell performance in spite of it. As the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, Tracy does an excellent job. Helen Twelvetrees does right well as the gambler's wife and Hobart Cavanaugh plays Tracy's right-hand man to perfection. 'Tis really the rise and fall of a high-

Modern Screen

powered gambler with action aplenty. Better set aside an evening.

B: THE WITCHING HOUR (Paramount)

Sir Guy Standing, John Halliday, William Frawley, Judith Allen

A SWELL thriller. If you stop to think this one over after you've left the theatre, you'll realize it was just a good show—but while you're sitting there, we guarantee you will have a chill or two up and down your spine. About a gambler, John Halliday, who by accident discovers that he has the power of hypnotism and thus influences a boy (Tom Brown) to murder a rival. The rest of the picture is concerned with the trial. See this.

B: SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS (Fox)

Warner Baxter, Rosemary Ames, Rochelle Hudson, Irving Pichel, Henrietta Crosman, Mona Barrie

GOOD dramatic entertainment. A clever but touchy plot is handled with sincerity and complete conviction. Not even the obvious logical ending is here to mar its excellence. About a young girl (Rochelle Hudson) who journeys to the Big City to show her poems to a famous novelist (Warner Baxter). She makes a general nuisance of herself. When he finally tells her to go back to the small town, she can't take it because she has fallen in love with him. What happens then, we shall allow you to find out. Baxter is grand in his part and Rochelle Hudson gives her best performance to date.

B: HALF A SINNER (Universal)

Joel McCrea, Sally Blane, Berton Churchill, Russell Hopton

BERTON CHURCHILL scores. You may have seen this play under the title "Alias the Deacon." If you did, you saw Berton Churchill play the deacon, and you won't mind seeing him again. All about a clever, old card-sharp who poses as a deacon so that he may "take in" the small-townners. Mr. Churchill plays the role to the very top and steals all the acting honors in a delightful film in so doing. Sally Blane and Joel McCrea carry the love interest well. Don't pass this picture up. It's a grand evening of entertainment that will send you away with a smile.

B: THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI (20th Century)

Constance Bennett, Fredric March, Frank Morgan, Fay Wray

GOOD farce-comedy entertainment. But if you're expecting some heavy love scenes from Bennett and March, skip it. Matter of fact they are starred only on the title sheet; the real star is Frank Morgan. Frank executes his character of the willy-nilly, none-too-bright Duke with the greatest genius. How he managed to be so silly and not once become slapstick, I can't fathom. March, playing Cellini with a beard (far from becoming), stumbles through the picture without ever being able to raise a counter ripple to Morgan's great acting. Constance Bennett plays the wife of the Duke and that's about all. Who do you suppose takes second honors? Fay Wray. Honest! She does her role of "prospective mistress to the king" as deftly

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as anything. The entire picture is broad farce-comedy and gets a great number of laughs. I can't imagine how La Bennett ever got talked into this one. She hasn't much more chance than Vince Barnett, who plays stooge to Cellini. Please see this picture and tell us what you think of Frank Morgan.

C: THE PARTY'S OVER (Columbia)

Stuart Erwin, Ann Sothern, Arline Judge, Patsy Kelly

MEDIOCRE programmer. With a story obviously patterned after "Three-Cornered Moon" (but not well patterned), indifferent acting and only fair direction, this picture doesn't have much of a chance after the first reel. Stu Erwin has to support his entire family and all their hangers-on by doing a routine job while his soul cries to become a painter. Sound familiar? The dialogue and acting seem rather listless, but this is probably because both of these departments are sacrificed to gags. Think twice!

B: PRIVATE SCANDAL (Paramount)

Mary Brian, Phillips Holmes, ZaSu Pitts, Ned Sparks

MURDER made funny. It is difficult to say whether this is an excellent comedy with murder and mystery thrown in, or an excellent murder mystery with comedy touches. It has plenty of both and we think you will like it. In spite of three or four other names which are billed over him, Ned Sparks as the detective walks away with the picture. The romance, carried by Mary Brian and Phillips Holmes, is just up to standard. ZaSu Pitts brings the house down with her "key to the ladies' room gag." Watch for it. Better see it.

B: WHIRLPOOL (Columbia)

Jack Holt, Jean Arthur, Donald Cook, Allen Jenkins, Lila Lee

FOR the Jack Holt fans. Yes, while it isn't what we would call typically Holt, this picture gives him plenty of his well-known opportunities and he does well with them. But the surprise of this picture is the come-back of Jean Arthur. I haven't seen such beauty for a long spell. Jean has put on a little weight and photographs for all the world like a cross between Dietrich and Mary Nolan. When Holt goes to prison, he sends out a fake death report to his wife so that she will be free to marry. So she marries a judge. Later the judge, racketeer Holt, his daughter and wife are placed in a tough spot.

C: I HATE WOMEN (Monogram)

Wallace Ford, June Clyde, Fuzzy Knight, Bradley Page

ANOTHER picture that's just fair. In spite of a swell characterization of a newspaperman by Wally Ford and some good work by a cast that tries hard, the story is so time-worn that I don't think you will care much for this picture. Wally "hates women" because he has received so many bad deals from them. Thus, when he is forced to aid a lady-in-distress, he does it in a business-like manner until... you guessed it. If you've seen all the rest of the shows in town you might try this. It has some good acting to offset the trite story. Too bad the yarn isn't up to par.

C: STRICTLY DYNAMITE (RKO)

Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Norman Foster, William Gargan, Marian Nixon

WITHOUT benefit of spark. Yes, in spite of Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Norman Foster, William Gargan and Marian Nixon, this little epic never jells. Easily told in one sentence, but since the picture requires over an hour to divulge it, we had better let you find out what it's all about for yourselves. Durante as the joke-maker is not particularly well cast because the audience is inclined to laugh at him instead of with him. Lupe Velez didn't have a chance. Marian Nixon and Norman Foster are both rather good but Sterling Holloway, in a small part, took the blue ribbon as far as I am concerned. If you like lots of fair jokes strung together in a row, you might enjoy this.

B: MANY HAPPY RETURNS (Paramount)

Burns and Allen, Joan Marsh

ABURNS AND ALLEN riot. At last they have given Gracie and George a picture that merits their talents. Instead of their usual "walk on—be funny—walk off" type of role we find them carrying the picture. And very well carried it is, too. When Gracie's father offers George \$10 a mile if he will marry the pest and take her "far, far away," you can almost anticipate a lot of laughs. Later the old man raises the ante to \$20 and we bet you'll scream when George starts figuring how much he can make by taking Gracie to China. Nutty humor, funny situations and belly laughs galore are in store for you.

B: DOUBLE DOOR (Paramount)

Mary Morris, Evelyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing

TURN backward, turn backward. The preview audience hissed the villain, cheered the heroine and generally seemed to take this offering at its face value. Yes, it's lots of fun, this movie, if only for the change that it affords from the usual. If it weren't so beautifully acted, produced and photographed, one would be almost inclined to think this page from the dim past of melodramatic thrillers was meant to be a burlesque. Go with the idea of having some fun, and you'll have it.

C: THE SCARLET EMPRESS (Paramount)

Marlene Dietrich, John Lodge, Louise Dresser, C. Aubrey Smith, Maria Sieber

THE Von Sternberg ego! Gad, I wish this were a lengthy editorial so that I might tell you what I think of the manner in which director Von Sternberg is handling our gorgeous Dietrich. This picture is his supreme achievement in submerging Marlene in a mass of overpowering scenery, ringing bells, church services of huge and boring proportions and the steady noise of thousands of horses' hoofs until the audience almost goes crazy. 'Tis my hunch that the little "genius" of the camera is so afraid that the audience will forget for a moment that he is behind the guns that he also forgets he is supposed to be making entertainment. Poor Marlene suffers most because she is the "star," but the rest of the cast is forced to appear to their own detriment as well. Don't blame the actors.

Good News

(Continued from page 39)

he denied all Leslie said when he took "the air" twenty-four hours later. "An actor can get just as much feeling and reality into a movie scene as he can on the stage," said Lee, "and, like Mr. Howard, I have performed on both!"

HERE'S a big thrill for all you fans who remember the days when Alice Joyce was "the first lady of the screen." Alice's nineteen-year-old daughter, Alice Joyce Moore (whose Dad is Tom Moore) has been signed for an important rôle in "The Great American Harem" to be made at RKO. And they say no one is more interested in seeing the outcome of that picture than her present step-father, Clarence Brown, director at M-G-M.

Speaking of relatives, Alice Brady's sister-in-law, Katherine Alexander, has been signed for Norma Shearer's "Barretts of Wimpole Street."

SOMETIME this summer Monroe Owsley will be married to Katharine Toberman, Los Angeles socialite and daughter of one of the founders of Hollywood and one of its richest men. It will be one of the big social events of the season and everyone is wishing luck to the young actor, who first achieved film fame as the drunk young brother of Ann Harding in "Holiday," and his beautiful bride-to-be.

MIRIAM HOPKINS says she is taking off for South America within five months to star in an important picture to be made in that country. The offer comes from the Argentine where they are just crazy over blondes and Miriam in particular.

Incidentally, did you know that the Hopkins plays the piano very well, but that she absolutely refuses to touch one because she was forced to practice too much when she was a child?

MORE ROMANCE FOR MYRNA

Everyone is getting a big chuckle out of this, but Myrna Loy's set has practically been haunted lately by none other than "Cotton" Warburton, Southern California's football hero of last season. "If Cotton isn't daffy about Myrna," inquires one columnist, "I want to know what daffy is?"

IT was one of those between-scenes gab-fests on the "Strictly Dynamite" set at RKO, and the talk had turned to painful physical experiences.

"I guess," said Jimmy Durante, "my most painful experience was a mix-up with a circus elephant when I was a kid. It swung its trunk, knocked me down under its big feet and hurt my schnozzle."

"Did it step on it?" asked Eugene Pallette.

"No," came back Durante, "it walked the whole length of it!"

BING CROSBY makes no bones about the fact that he does not think he is the best actor in the world. In fact, he doesn't think he's an actor at all. Unlike most people in his profession, he keeps no scrap book with reams of favorable comments about himself. The only two clippings he has saved (and which he prizes very dearly) are a short notice

from his picture "College Humor," in which his name doesn't even appear, and a review on another crooner's picture, in which he has underscored the following line: "Mr. — has a good voice, but he can't act as well as Bing Crosby, who can't act at all."

CANNY CLAUDETTE!

The other day on the "Cleopatra" set, Cecil B. DeMille okayed a scene and ordered the company to move on to another. Claudette Colbert, however, came up to him and very sweetly asked if she couldn't do it over again. "I have been playing it with a light touch, and would like to give it a dramatic, serious undertone," she suggested. DeMille agreed, and when it was finished, proclaimed: "Best scene so far!"

Claudette believes in playing a scene several ways—thus being certain of a good one. Also, she doesn't leave everything to her director. She has a brain of her own—and uses it. But so sweetly does she go about getting her own way, that no one would ever think of calling her temperamental.

CLARA BOW is a "bridge nut." Indeed even Clark Gable's company means less to our red-head than a good hot game.

Last Sunday the society column carried an item to the effect that Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rex Bell over the week-end. This is how it happened: Clark mentioned to a mutual friend that he would like to see that ranch of the Bells, and investigate the shooting. The friend told Rex Bell. Rex spoke to Clara. "Do they play bridge?" demanded Clara. When she discovered that they did, she immediately set about arranging a meeting, at which time the invitation was extended.

AT the rear entrance of Gloria Swanson's palatial Beverly Hills home is a large sign which reads: "Beware of the children." One enters, careful not to step on the children, only to have a whole melee of barking dogs dash out—forcing a quick exit.

ONE of the strangest parties ever given in Hollywood, perhaps, was that of Adrienne Ames at the Little Club. Present were: Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Cabot, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller, Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper, Irene Jones and escort. Mrs. Cooper (Sandra Shaw) went with Bruce Cabot before she met Gary Cooper. Lupe Velez was engaged to Gary Cooper before she met Johnny. Irene Jones was the beloved of Johnny Weissmuller before he met Lupe. Husbands and wives danced together exclusively.

MARJORIE KING, back in Hollywood again, denies most vehemently that she tried to commit suicide in New York over George Raft. In the first place, she declares she didn't try to kill herself—it was just an overdose of sleeping powder—and secondly, she only saw George twice while in the East. She has chosen Frank Orsatti as her companion these days, while Raft continues to pay ardent court to Virginia Pine.

WHO WAS THIS GIRL?



Expensively dressed, but crossing the continent in a day coach, her fifty-dollar purse empty one day and filled with money the next. What was it all about?

This month's novelette, "The Adorable Little Liar," will hold you spellbound. You will thrill to every word when you learn the real identity of this amazing girl and the real reason for her mad cross-country dash.

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29x5.25-19	2.95 1.15	30x5	3.65 1.35
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WHEN you see "Twentieth Century," offer up a silent prayer for Howard Hawks, its director. Hawks didn't like the first story that was turned in and demanded a new writing job. The studio was not willing to pay the fabulous price demanded by Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, so Howard Hawks paid half the price of the re-write job out of his own pocket.

MR. JOLSON'S ALL SET!

Al Jolson has decided not to retire from the screen after all. The success of "Wonder Bar" no doubt had a great deal to do with his signing a five-year contract with Warner Bros. for one picture a year. 'Tis said that Al is thrilled about the way the public is receiving his latest picture. The Jolson-Warner Bros. combination seems to be a profitable one. "The Jazz Singer" still holds the record for rolling up a gross unequalled by any other picture since the inception of Vitaphone.

POOOR Karl! Dane! A suicide victim. He lay in the county morgue forgotten by friends and relatives. M-G-M finally claimed the body and saved Karl Dane, one time well-known actor, from a Potter's Field burial.

That will probably be the last press notice for the heart-broken man who sent a bullet into his brain because he was broke and discouraged and out of work. A woman who had befriended him says:

"The greatest interest in Karl's life was his work on the screen. When stardom came to him after his sensational success in 'The Big Parade,' he was the happiest man in the world. Then came the talkies and to Karl, oblivion. He could not understand why he slipped and eventually lost his contract. For months he could not obtain work—then it was years. He brooded continually over his lost glory. When life became too bleak, he killed himself."

JANET GAYNOR and Gene Raymond are everywhere together. Along with Margaret Lindsay (Janet's chum) and her current boy friend they made a cute foursome at the Cocoanut Grove the other

evening. Janet wore a dinner dress of blue and white print. She and Gene did a mean tango.

JUNIOR LAEMMLE is the butt of a very funny one these days. It seems Young Laemmle was terrifically enthusiastic about the studio's basket ball team and Universal was winning most of the games in competition with other studios. When the season was almost over (and it looked like the "U" team would be called "the winnah") Junior offered a huge loving cup for the champion. Before the announcement was hardly dry, Columbia sneaked over a coupla fast winning evenings and took the championship away from the Universal team. They were presented with a "thimble size" loving cup for their trouble.

Hollywood wonders what happened to the gorgeous loving cup Mr. Laemmle promised.

HOLLYWOOD stood aghast when the announcement was made: "William Gargan to play opposite Loretta Young in 'Professional Correspondent' at M-G-M." Bill Gargan, as you remember, is the unfortunate lad who made a very stinging crack about Joan Crawford's acting ability to a magazine interviewer. Joan is rumored to have laid down the law at that time that Gargan could never work on the same studio lot as she. We are all wondering what will happen the first time La Crawford bumps into frank-and-earnest Gargan in the M-G-M commissary. The result will probably cause Mrs. Winchell's little boy Walter to say, "Flash!"

THE extra players in Hollywood sent up a long squawk this week about their treatment on the Mae West picture. Nothing that Mae did, understand, because they all seem to like her. But instead of putting 410 extra players to work for atmosphere in one of the scenes, an economically-minded assistant ordered 210 extra players and 200 dummies. The fact that extras are starving while sawdust dummies take their place seems to make little difference to the boys who like black ink better than red.

GLORIA'S ONE UP ON CONNIE!

Gloria Swanson turned down eight definite picture offers in one year because "she had a hunch they wouldn't be good." And when Gloria goes against her hunches, she makes a bad picture. Interesting to note that included in the "turned-down" list was one which Connie Bennett finally accepted. The Bennett-Swanson feud is of long standing, so it must have given Gloria some little bit of pleasure to know she had first choice on a Bennett flicker and that Connie took what she spurned!

LUPE VELEZ has recently added \$4,000 worth of improvements to her Beverly Hills house. The living-room has been enlarged ten more feet and a new library added with an elaborate bar which Johnny won as a prize. However, the biggest improvement is Johnny's bedroom and bath... especially the bath which is the largest in Beverly Hills with a huge rubbing table in the center. From his bedroom is a stairway that leads directly to the swimming pool. Most convenient!

WHAT with Francis Lederer building a new home and Stefi Duna helping him furnish it, it looks more than ever like their romance may culminate in marriage.

George Raft also seems house-bound. With Adolphe Menjou building a new house for his soon-to-be-bride, Verree Teasdale, George has shown considerable interest in the mansion formerly occupied by Adolphe. If George, who has lived in nothing but apartments all his life, does break down and buy a home, Virginia Pine will no doubt answer the doorbell as Mrs. G. Raft.

JACKIE COOPER has got his first stand-in, a young lad by the name of Johnny Dunsmuir and they are having a swell time together at Catalina Island on the "Treasure Island" picture. . . . 'Tis rumored that Junior Laemmle will soon marry a society girl who is busy graduating from finishing school at the moment. . . . Warren William took last week off to hunt boars, although why he left Hollywood for the purpose few can understand. . . . A little gal named Majel McConnell won a contest in Spokane, Washington, because she looked like Janet Gaynor and she was stopped three times during her first day on the Warner lot because she looked like Bette Davis. . . . Hollywood is placing bets on the future romantic story of Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny Farrow, the odds now seem to be 10 to 7 against the probability of marriage. . . . Belgium has just passed a law supervising kissing on the screen so that no youngsters under sixteen years can learn this delightful habit from the silver screen.

LEO CARRILLO certainly earned his money since signing an M-G-M contract a few weeks ago. In that time he has officiated at five civic banquets, a Breakfast Club meeting and three luncheons, all as M-G-M's representative. As yet, however, he has been assigned no picture.

THREE major studios are anxious to buy a book called "Let's Have a Baby," but Will Hays says the title is immoral. It occurs to quite a number in Hollywood that the title could be twice as immoral if it were switched to "Let's Not!"

IRENE FRANKLIN walked into the studio commissary the other noontime, all decked out for her role in "Down to Their Last Yacht," and declared, "I'm oozing ostrich plumes from every pore!"



What the well-dressed Greenwich Villageite will wear! Helen Ferguson, Lois Wilson, Connie Baker and Marian Nixon are just a few of the merry-makers at Harold Lloyd's "Greenwich Village" party.

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